

The book cover features a wide, ornate border. The top and bottom edges are decorated with a repeating geometric pattern of interlocking 'X' shapes. The left and right sides of the border are more complex, featuring stylized human figures in traditional attire, possibly representing deities or ancestors, standing within rectangular frames. The corners of the border are also decorated with intricate geometric designs.

THE
AFRICAN
BOOK
OF THE
DEAD

The African Book of the Dead
RAW MANUSCRIPT

The papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead :

Hormom Version

Silano Version

Brannan Version

Draminia Version

Vilapsa Version

Valva Version

The Opening of the Mouth Rituals :

The Brannan opening of the mouth ritual

The Autistia opening of the mouth ritual

Papyrus of Inefi - Kabbernal Pyramid Texts

The papyrus of Zhem

Papyrus of Sekmeth-Brannan - The Insectian Pyramid Texts

Papyrus of Izu - The Insectian Book of the Dead - Geb-Brannan version

Insectian Book of the Dead - Bearer of the Canon

The Insectian Book of the Dead - Geb-Pulpus version

Pulpus Popol Vuh

Insectian Book of Lies

Papyrus of Bennes

The Scarab Book of the Dead

Brannan Culture Book

Hebezeen Tree of Life

Lbok Book of the Celestial Cow

Lbok Amduat

Brannan boek der aarde

Brannan boek der grotten

Brannan book of gates

The Irad

The Iradian book of the dead

Basthaft

Hyenian Book of the Dead

TAANNAAT BOOK OF THE HUNT

TAAN NAAT Book of the Indian Hunger Flies

Preface

The African Book of the Dead is Survival literature.

This oracle came through in times of great persecution, tribulation, slavery, torture and imprisonment, from a time of exile.

These are songs of lamentation, songs of war, as a book of psalms and poetry, so it should not be taken literally.

It came through as amazonian hiërogllyphs, as prose, as cave paintings, very primal.

It is a shamanic medicine wheel, and it came through in raw form, so please do not go whining about spelling errors or grammar errors, as then this book is not for you.

You don't step into an Egyptian catacomb or a native American cave with cave paintings to whine about spelling errors or grammar errors either, as they were known to encrypt their messages.

The African book of the dead : Its texts are endless. Much of it got lost, just like many of the primal Egyptology got lost throughout times, and much of native American scripture. The manuscripts of the African book of the dead are sometimes in Dutch, sometimes in American, not in modern-western forms but in African forms, so we are more speaking about African-Dutch and African-American.

You cannot understand fully African mythology and Egyptian mythology and Egyptology without Insectian scripture, as that is its bridge, also called the Africa bridge. Insectism is the key to unlock and decode Africology and Egyptology. Therefore these scriptures are a must to delve deeper into those mythologies and its shamanism. This is also the key to understanding the world and life as a whole much better. Basically we experience life through a certain prisma, a certain stone, and we have to learn to use these stones as in an oracle, going to the deeper stones. Insectism is a key in that. It's an oracle and a map to learn how to use the oracle, in these dangerous realms of the dead. A lot of dangers are luring, so the travellers have to wake up. The oracle reaches out for the travellers for that matter. This is why insectianism or insectism came to this world.

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Hormom version

Rediga

1.

1. Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... 2. They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. 3. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open 4. Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

5. The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 6. But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask 7. She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot 8. i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

9. Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... 10. From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... 11. He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... 12. These are the

seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books 13. Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

1. I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies .. Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... 2. I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... 3. I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... 4. I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always says ... their breaths are lethal ... 5. we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... 6. an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... 7. swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

1. Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ... She's a duck from arcturus ... Her automatons all in a circle 2. Big Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air, to bring the children home ... 3. The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owl spider is coming to me ... 4. i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. 5. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... 6. There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... 7. He's weaving new languages on your face ... 8. Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ... traumatic pictures traumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... 9. There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ... two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ...

darkness so close to light 10.he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... 11. see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... 12.Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... 13.i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ...14.you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... 15.you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections 16.enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... 17.to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

1.I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past.2.I lost them in a dream of races. 3.Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... 4.Capricorn's gift5. An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. 6.I wonder where this train is going to. 7.People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, 8.but this time I have a very easy one. 9.Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? 10.To let you enter the Big Clock ? 11.My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats 12.The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? 13.It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. 14.They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. 15.She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. 16.His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods.17. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away.18. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me 19.I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling20. Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someone21.These dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... 22.The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I am23.There the dolls knock on his

doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina 24.Look at your watches When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come home now ...25.I'm sorry, the zebra says and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place 26.They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow 27.How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows28. Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row 29.A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared 30.What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it31. I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them 32.It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel 33.I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes 34.I get so lost with all these colors and shapes 35.You see the whole world with all its things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? 36.No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now 37.There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice38. I'm everything, he says Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water 39.But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in 40.Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy 41.I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version 42.I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep43. It got too much

3.

1.Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother,There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... 2.There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that

little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind 3.I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time4.And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true 5.it was a beautiful ornament,.... I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it 6.I wished I would know..... See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

1.Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... 2.By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... 3.Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... 4.Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... 5.These are the bones... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ...6. I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... 7.one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... 8.we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... 9.There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ...10. I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... 11.These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... 12.There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... 13.There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ...14. It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ...15. The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ...16. It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... 17.It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...18. I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

2.

1.Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... 2.Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...3. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ...4. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go,

I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... 5. History made me taller, birds have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... 6. They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud 7. I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through 8. I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... 9. These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... 10. Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... 11. Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... 12. There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... 13. Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? 14. Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

3.

1. Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... 2. These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... 3. I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, sais the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... 4. I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... 5. There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds 6. There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... 7. The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... 8. While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... 9. Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... 10. Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day .. someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... 11. These soldiers are all frozen ... 12. When the licorice strikes, they will all

fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... 13.To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... 14.What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... 15.There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... 16.mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ...17.it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... 18.these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

4.

1.The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page 2.Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue 3.Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... 4.Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ...5. This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... 6.These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... 7.In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue 8.Red England, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... 9.And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... 10.Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today 11.The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins 12.The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... 13.The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream 14.Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free 15.These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

5.

1.Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history 2.Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me 3.You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... 4.It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... 5.Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... 6.We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me 7.Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... 8.Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ...9. I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spred over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... 10.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me 11.Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles 12.I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... 13.These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet14.So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... 15.These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee16.History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... 17.I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry 18.These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... 19.It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves 20.They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... 21.Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month 22.Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye 23.Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday 24.She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit 25.Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the silver lights And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... 26.It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how 27.History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go 28.My wounds are deep but that's how I met the silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... 29. Not knowing what they were hiding ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ...Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years 30.to hide them in a sacred book.... And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own

friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... 31.just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator 32.when no one seems to listen ...

Samin

1.

1.The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. 2.Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... 3.Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... 4.But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... 5.Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... 6.This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... 7. The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today8.Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... 9.Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? 10.Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... 11.Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... 12.It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? 13.The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? 14. It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. 14.they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... 15.while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. 16.oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. 17.while the needles of gramophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... 18.confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie 19.like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... 20.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... 21.all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... 22. all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... 23.two altars in the skies ... who dies

best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... 24.good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... 25.under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... 26.dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. 27.dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peackocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... 28.by dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... 29.while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... 30.it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... 31.while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... 32.we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats 33.from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... 34.the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... 35.these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns painted on his face.... 36. i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... 2.they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... 3.on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. 4.created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 5.a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament... Land of the siren I am finally free ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. 6.back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. 7.rising higher .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... 8. The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... they see the land of

the smiles. 9.Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ...10. I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... 11.spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... 12.Black orange... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I spin the ornaments hesitation ... [b. I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...] 13.The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... 14.doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... 15.Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... 16.take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. 17.Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... 18.centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... for new books on the shows

3.

1.These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... these heads on coins ... 2.spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... 3.spreading green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines 4.while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... 5.spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... 6.so many heads on a die ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts 7.I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... 8.I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ...

4.

1.He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... 2. He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... 3.He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home

... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ...

[APPENDIX]

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their

judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see

the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them

higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-

Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF EMINIUS-LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI : Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN

Khert-Neter : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoth's House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Emini Day /6. nightmares of truth

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on

the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars ... the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh,

let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If

it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the

pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red

chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three

presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves,

diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld,

while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on

my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves

come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in
bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates
are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was
always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the
sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the
dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all
flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were
hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns
here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring
the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange
checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the
bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ...
the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b.
They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in
the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy
rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it
brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ...
striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch
the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11.
Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of
striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the
lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red
October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the
orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia
end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many
roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.]
13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b.
having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are
fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his
yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the
boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while
liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a
basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a
cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ...
bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is
riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted
mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring
you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ...

turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ...

becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their
 money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their
 stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the
 hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the
 hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa
 clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp
 rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until
 snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day]
 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b.
 They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind
 christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ...
 to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They
 are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla
 planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched
 before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they
 can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the
 cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise
 into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be
 nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold
 conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising ...
 eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's
 curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ...
 and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world
 beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked
 scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic
 movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in
 big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too
 cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the
 tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b.
 They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ...
 Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic
 barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from
 baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while
 Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from

a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ...

Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are doctors in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed mooses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be

no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves

to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the

red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many

colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dad's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian

seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was

whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the

cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride

everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind

comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These ..

are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakersmen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakersmen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance

and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristol brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Silano version

Udiapsa – Chapter 1-4

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Pakamos –Chapter 1-2

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Kwebbe - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Deabebbe Sapur – Chapter 1-13

Kwibbibs – Chapter 1-16

Kjebbih Sapur – Chapter 1-7

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of

death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of truths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to

judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over

these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of

your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins

beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their coccoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your

guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoths House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the

Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharao Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless

the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66.

Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it says ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold

materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...
 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose

as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the

pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red

chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new

flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are

falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov

rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breading the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the

black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were

hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. ... Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him]

[18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until

snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day]

10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the

broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are

nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of

paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind

the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...] [c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked

balloons ...] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclouse ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay

... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dad's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elf's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this

the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on

eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exodus rises up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a two-face ... while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabet ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breathe without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlites in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower,

you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrups in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are

eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own

ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the

businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags ... for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with

razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's Sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now you're waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your mom's worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your mom's occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your mom's worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ...

so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the

games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomach The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white

chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with

those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the

tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His

butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaos, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot

waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The

waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as

their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the

wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at

someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The

stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's

getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's

all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teached me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is

breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk ... 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadada's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much

ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines

backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or

are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything

away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ...

doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet mooses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's doctors ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel

Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to

fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure.

8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth]

9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them

10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings

11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ...

12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ...

13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ...

14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ...

15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun

16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ...

17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ...

18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them

19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be

20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good

21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other

22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses

23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages

24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds

25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him.

26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons.

27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but

my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liquor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight ... 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not

marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, dominating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3. Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun

tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's

Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of

helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers ... 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it was like lightening struck his face ... but he became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them but he knew his real body was inside he felt like his skin was torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ... 28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-

zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical about it and

didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. 52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen ... that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated ... 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked ... It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequenties were burning them inside ... Organisations started to melt away ... for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust ... People were set in fire ... 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning ... There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming ... Playgrounds were burning away schools ... churches ... Justice-courtsshops ... And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them ... Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes ... They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information ... it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure ... Many famous old scientists were shot away ... A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth ... with many young leaders ... 60. It was like the insects were born on earth ... Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth ... Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence ... he saw the dangers hanging over the earth ...

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die
2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger

and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developped this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmosses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blanco for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a docter with some injection-needles Suddenly the docter walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the docter is like a giant to him 21. The docter has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the docter asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden

ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharao's pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it ..." And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't

time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament the tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one

minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringing group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to

Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recordings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's tempel. Be a templar of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix

of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 78. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slime sort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants

taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all

alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white

rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercises which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the python to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has its own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and conduct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polar patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeeded in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in

allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breath in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could

only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22. They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on it's way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman sais softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman sais. The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles,

and gives a hand to the preacherman. The doctor is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoiled. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomach. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher says. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachermen in your stories, in such shameful ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a doctor or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man says. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?' 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the

preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. 5. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was

safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truely happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dorment, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contact and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44. 'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to

lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find its way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of its body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the

stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was there last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be separated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to separate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of

the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomach of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be opened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmfull lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attrack the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they

really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life

upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma

zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ...waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5. No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspian, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the

bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the wasprians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. 39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species

.... There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Brannan version

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos.

You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again.

Oh, Ova, with your golden smile.

Bow down over the heads of Venus.

Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves.

You know all their books.

Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers.

Lead us all to Izu.

Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs.

Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers.

Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts.

Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead.

Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos.

Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile.

Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART :

Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau].

Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths.

Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine.

Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away.

Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths.

Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu.

Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills.

Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise.

Teach us about the seven moons.

Amen.

Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons.

Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris.

Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth.

Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts.

Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls.

Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul.

Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise.

let their souls guide us for the rest of our days.

Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house.

Let the sheep guide you there.

His holy books will guide you.

Amen.

Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead.

Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls.

You will feel a spirit in your heart.

It is the bird of Ra-Izu.

Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters.

We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray.

We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead.

There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth.

Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH :

First Judgement :

You will say these words.

I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead.

If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements.

I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying.

It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds.

It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray.

Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth.

In him we can see in righteousness.

I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick.

Second Judgement :

In doubts we cannot see you.

Wash us.

Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts.

Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away.

Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust.

Amen.

Let this softness test us.

This Eye of Ra-Izu.

It will eat me away.

It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence.

Make me holy.

Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground.

Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu.

Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go.

Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat.

Third Judgement :

Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes.

May it be sealed by attention.

May it be usefull, and not a power to judge.

The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge.

In him all the judges get their eyes.

Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well.

The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day.

On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge.

Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged.

Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it.

Fourth Judgement :

Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood.

If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean.

If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.]

Holy is Sarsia.

If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death.

Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears.

If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you.

If you judge someone by race, cursed are you.

Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned.

If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice.

Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat.

Fifth Judgement :

By the feather of the goddess Maat.

She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you.

She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals.

If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker.

If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person.

If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan.

Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement :

If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple.

You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it.

Seventh Judgement :

Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light.

Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength.

Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house.

Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra.

Amen.

Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears.

There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes.

There they will see the golden hand of Thoth.

Amen-Ra-Amen.

Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire.

The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads.

Amen-Thoth-Amen :

Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves.

Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ...

Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ...

Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden staves. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN :

Prayer to find the lost ships.

I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins.

I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos.

Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ...

Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight.

Grant me with the food of your griffons.

Do not lead me astray.

Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier.

Only living to save your animals, as they save me.

As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs.

Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity.

Talgamen-Amen.

Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries.

Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me.

Let me write on your jewels, my love to you.

Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN :

Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen.

I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow.

For it is righteousness you want to see.

Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds.

Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies.

Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there.

Do your birds sit high ?

I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back.

Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament.

Oh, holy one, of golden beards.

Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos.

I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV :

Where the holy statues stand.

Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor.

To share all the riches, also to the realms of death.

Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne.

Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions.

Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers.

Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart.

For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside.

Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu.

Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL ELSEFIC :

Hymn to Elsefic.

Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food.

Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns.

Baals were your friends, the donkeys.

You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings.

You gave ornaments on their hearts.

You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher.

You led your children by a striped rod.

Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight.

Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord.

Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath.

Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak.

Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak.

Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones.

Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide.

Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns.

Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them.

Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets.

Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA :

Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits.

Destroy my mirror, and give me yours.

Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me.

I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables.

Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days.

Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords.

Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples.

There, where the tigers roar.

Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu.

Your birds will let your spirits sour.

The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions.

While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night.

You watch the golden suns.

We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra.

Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks.

Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps.

Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high.

Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night.

Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks.

Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness.

Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open.

Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN :

Shes the queen of my heart.

Shes the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu.

Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place.

We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun.

Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness.

It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home.

We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti.

You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky.

You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL EMINIUS FIRE :

You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells.

You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day.

Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea.

Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire.

Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit.

Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God.

Raise the halls of Amenti.

Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire.

Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold.

Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire.

Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire.

Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu.

Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun.
Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die.
Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands.
Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day.
Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience.
In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite.
The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days.
Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU :

Lords of Amenti unite.
Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth.
It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it.
Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod.
Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos.
Burn him in Eminius Fire.
Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free.
Do not sin.
Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA.
Ra-Amenti will stand behind you.
Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions.
Do not sin.
Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords.
Eminius, be closed.
The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF EMINIUS-LUCA :

Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes.
Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me.

Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes.

Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness.

Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight.

Let me escape into a new week.

The week of your golden breads.

Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others.

When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights.

Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies.

Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles.

Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies.

Let them not eat my legs.

Cover them by the shields of turtles.

Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves.

Make me thin enough to enter.

Let me discover the lines between the lines ..

To make them bend into solar lights.

Show me the halls of the elves of dead.

Draw these circles on the walls.

Aton-Amen-Aton.

Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves.

Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death.

Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water.

Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be.

Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light.

I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul.

I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins.

Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls.

Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ...

I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner.

I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter.

The publics and the audiences don't accept you.

You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic.

You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians.

Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti.

Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves.

Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest.

Oh, Osiris-Ra, dont fear when you walk through the temples of materos.

They will initiate you deeper.

Let their stings guide you.

Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks.

We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats.

Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss.

You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors.

You will adopt their gods.

You will come beyond good and evil.

You will come beyond winning and losing.

When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you.

And the enemy of that faith will save you.

Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you.

Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil.

There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES AVANI :

Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead.

Be in fear if you have sinned, for they dont have mercy.

They pierce hearts, lungs and organs.

There is no grace, only purifying rituals.

There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid.

You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid.

In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits.

You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani.

Only then you will be set free from these misleadings.

The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI :

Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals.

Fight against sexual desires in these areas.

Do not satisfy yourself by luxury.

Do not eat too much fruits.

And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions.

Do not wear socks in your shoes.

Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave.

Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani.

Invoke her by candlelight.

Speak her name into the flame.

Wear torn clothes and cover your head.

Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit].

Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau].

I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul.

Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul].

Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens.

Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen.

Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN KHERT-NETER :

Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food.

Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh.

Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House.

Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls.

I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin.

I havent scorned the gods of my town.

I speak righteous words.

I havent sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra.

Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One].

Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter.

Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud.

Amen.

Allow me to move myself.

Allow me to breath.

By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth.

Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food.

Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood.

Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise.

Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield].

Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminius Day /6. nightmares of truth

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1.Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ...

2.You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ...

3.All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4.The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...]

5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...]

6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...]

7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.]

8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1.The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.]

2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate]

3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon]

4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.]

5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...]

6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.]

8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...]

9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible]

10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.]

[11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx]

[12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.]

[13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.]

[14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.]

2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside ... with these boys from lynx ...]

3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...]

4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.]

5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind]

6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrops sink ... [b. into another space.]

7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...]

8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.]

9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...]

11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...]

12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...]

13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside

14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...]

[15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.]

2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...]

3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high]

4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.]

5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...]

6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...]
7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]
8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails]
9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...]
10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...]
11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...]
12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies]
13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march]
14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...]
- [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...]
- [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...]
- [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of

the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight]

[18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess]

[19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...]

[20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...

2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip.

3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ?

4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ...

5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ?

7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there.

8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.]

9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.]

10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches]

12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.]

13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time]

14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.]

15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.]

16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them]

17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.]

18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.]

19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.]

20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.]

21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.]

22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.]
2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.]
3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.]
4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.]
5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.]
6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.]
7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...]
8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.]
10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.]
11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.]
12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.]

13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

1. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.]

2. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.]

3. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it.

4. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now.

5. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.]

6. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.]

7. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry.

8. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.]

9. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

10. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.]

11. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.]

12. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.]

13. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos.

14. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.

15. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry.

16. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.]

17. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.]

18. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.]

19. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

20. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.]

21. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.]

22. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.]

23. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves.

24. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

25. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm.

26. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.]

27. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.]

28. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again.

29. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.]

30. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.]

31. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.]

32. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.]

33. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.]

34. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.]

35. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria]

2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...]

3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...]

4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...]

5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken.

6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ...

7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...]

8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...]

[9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.]

2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach.

3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy.

4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise.

5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.]

6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it

rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace.

7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide.

9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.]

10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.]

11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.]

12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.]

13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies.

14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle.

15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, pyramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we

cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.]

17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.]
2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.]
3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.]
4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.]
5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...]
6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming]
7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.]
8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ...
9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine]
11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...]
12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.]
13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.]
14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.]
15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...]
16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...]
17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.]
18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.]
19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.]

20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.]

21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall]

23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.]

24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.]

25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu.

26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.]

27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...]

28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night]

[29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...
[b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...]
2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ...
3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...]
4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...]
5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale]
6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ?
7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...]
8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...]

9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...]

10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...]

11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...]

12. What if the orange becomes red ... [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope ... with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.]

13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...]

14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...]

15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...]

[16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow]

[17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him]

[18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker]

[19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...]

2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.]

4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun.

5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching.

6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.]

7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes

8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...]

9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day]

10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.]

11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.]

[12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics]

[13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?]

[14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...

[15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse]

[16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything]

[17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...]

[18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]]

[[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]]

[[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight.

2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night.

3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry

4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]]

5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...]

6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...]

7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...]

8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.]

2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...]

4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]]

5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers.

6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.]

7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]]

8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]]

9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.]

10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.]

11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]]

12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.]

13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]]

14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]]

2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]]

3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]]

4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]]

5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.]

7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ...

9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ...

10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes

11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ...

12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.]

13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.]

14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are doctors in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]]

15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.]

16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...]

17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...]

18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand

19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge

[20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.]

[21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]]

2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.]

3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlights and strange lights of gamble]

4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]]

5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]]
6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]]
7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ...
8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face
9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica
10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories]
- [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes.
2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ...
3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ...
4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn]
5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ...
6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ...

7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ...

8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]]

9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...]

10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ...

[11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]]

[12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room]

[13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]]

[14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]]

[15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ...

2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]]

3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ...

4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ...

5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands

6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ...

7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ...

8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]]

9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ...

10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...]

11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ...

[12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ...

14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.]

15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ...

16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...]

17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]]

18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...]

19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...]

20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]]

21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..]

[22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...]

[23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...]

[24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]]

[25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...]

[26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...]

[27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]]

[28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.]

[29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...]

[30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...]

[31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ...

2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ...

3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]]

4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...]
5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.]
6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ...
7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ...
8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]]
9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money
10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ...
- [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]]
- [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...]
- [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.
2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.]
3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice.
4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ...

5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ...
6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside
7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ...
8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ...
9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ...
10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ...
11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ...
12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...]
13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ...
14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]]
15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess]
2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.]
3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.]

4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...]
5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ...
6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face.
7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]]
8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu.
9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]]
10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]
11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ...
12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ...
13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..]
14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ...
15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ...
16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.]
17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elve's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.]

18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.]
19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.]
20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death
21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ...
22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ...
23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ...
24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ?
2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ...
3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ...
4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ...
5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ...
6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ...
7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising ..

8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ...
9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccons, the Arabian Seadragons ...
10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ...
11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks.
2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her.
3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ...
4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ...
5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ...
6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ...
7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ...
8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books.
9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night
10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful

11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach ... thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me
12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ...
13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue
14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books.
15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ...
16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard
17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ...
18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ...
19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple
20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ?
21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ...
22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ...
23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ...

24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world

25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ...

26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments.

27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ...

28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ...

29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ...

30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ...

32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ...

33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ...

34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ?

35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ...

36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ...
37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ?
38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ...
39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ...
40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.]
41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ...
42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ...
43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ...
44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exodus rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ...
46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ...
47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...]
48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ...

49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ...
2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ...
3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ...
4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.]
5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ...
6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ...
7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue
8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..]
9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city ..
10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]]
11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet.
12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face.

13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping.

2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired.

3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one.

4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess.

5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens.

6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch.

7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day.

8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ...

9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies.

10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver.

11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn.

12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ...

13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend.

14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ...

15. Watch these ornaments of glue ...

16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ...

17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ...

18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ...
19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ...
20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ...
21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces ..
22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ...
23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ...
24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ...
25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ...
26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ...
27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters.
28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ...
29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ...
30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings.
31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me.
33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue.
34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ...

35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ...
36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ...
37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold
38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause.
39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ...
40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee.
41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ...
42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ...
43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ...
2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ...
3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ...
4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ...
5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ...
6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ...

7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead (Draminia Version)

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands

of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who

lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Emini Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Emini suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Emini Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Emini Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Emini-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Emini Swords. Emini, be closed. The sword and altar of Emini is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF EMINIUS-LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI : Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the

balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN

Khert-Neter : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoths House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen

HALLS OF KELB

The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.

By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and

even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.

They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves.

Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps)

Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects)

Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies)

Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders)

Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects)

Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects)

Hall VII – Ant Ship

Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ?

You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.

I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ?

You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.

I have done that, can I have access now ?

Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb.

Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.

Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.

In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire.

When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan.

Pyramids on Izu

If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival :

The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu

The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II

The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra

Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra.

Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan :

Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us

access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs.

Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun.

Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds)

I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock

II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn

III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten

IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery

V – The Golden Coffins of Faery

VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery

VII – The White Coffins of Faery

VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery

These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead.

Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen.

Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminus Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.]

Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles.

Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Eminus Day /6. nightmares of truth

VII - Insutinia

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ...

They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I

always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of

rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of

dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...
 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
 6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay

down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6.

Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my

time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the

blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon
here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand

tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakings ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There

are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many

eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling

the banana roads ... for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit ... waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the

boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The

suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ...

Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlights and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns

and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elve's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a

carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock

trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then

the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamenteion feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be

discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dad's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ...] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic

dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elf's museum in a shark's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboy's chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of Indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in baker trees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death ... 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an Arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these bird statues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly ... to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a banana boat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacocoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ...

thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the

nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exodus rises up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling

waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrups in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch

these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the

birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to

remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers,

pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19.

No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your

life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ...

doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he sais, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he sais Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see al my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It

smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Thoth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonai. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonai ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of

the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting

in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty

bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaos, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't

seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes

of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the

treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at

someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake,

there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing

through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teachd me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading

It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Piramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadada's cloudship

bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one

and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off

his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the

pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it

takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well,

they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Vilapsa version

Temup

Sea of Quin

The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers :

First Gate : Gate of Uprightness

Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...

Second Gate : Gate of Honesty

Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw

Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation between Shoes

Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain

Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.

Fifth Gate : Gate of Nuin

Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors

Key : There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Their fathers have smoken too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments.

Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors

Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. There where the nephews live. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.

Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes

Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.

Ninth Gate : Gate of Ulias

Key : He's a flyian mariner, without an army. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea

Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples. Their immunology systems are overactive, but a White Golden Hand takes them away. They just need to have a good circulation, and he teaches them art. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. They have no shape here, only movement and change. They are free.

Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom

Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free, no identity, no names. It's shifting so fast into endless summers, to become blue on top ... a bit blue.

Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup

Key : He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship.

Thirteenth Gate : Them of the fourty-one hours of Brannan

Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.

Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel

Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan

Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaos of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.

Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the pharao's of Brannan

Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, and bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts.

Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping Fruit

Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make jericho rise. Let us rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it.

Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land

Key : I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.

Nineteenth Gate : Gate of Jerom

Key : Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...

Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho

Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top.

Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho

Key : On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...

Twentysecond Gate : Gate of the Jericho Pharaoh's

Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteeds sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Piper's Son

Key : Under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.

Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian

Key : Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch.

Twentyfifth Gate : Gate of Bekehelm

Key : My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. On high materos we take flight. The fly rises from the chessboard. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock. His sword is a checked spoon.

In here a god is living called Bekehelm's Tune, like a dwarf. He cares for the forests in this gate

Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear

Key : There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho

Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts.

Twentyeighth Gate : Gate of Uliäl

Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? These chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...

Twentyninth Gate : The Gate of Usifex

Key : All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening.

Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men

Key : The frog has some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.

Thirtyfirst Gate : The Gate of the Hollow Eye

Key : The frog is your friend. He's now spitting sand. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear

Key : The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner.

Thirtythird Gate : The Gate of the Ganner-Dog

Key : You see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ... There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for

new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.

Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty

Key : While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of these pirateships making me blind

Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering of Shoes

Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of the Frogs of Domom

Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers.

Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers

Key : The cat slays a spider.

Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers

Key : A fly comes forward.

Thirtynineth Gate : The Gate of the Living Shoes

Key : Flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug.

Fourtieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe

Key : A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin.

Fourtyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying Cricket

Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

These were the Fourty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

[APPENDIX]

Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see

the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies.

OPENING OF THE WIDOW SPIDER - THE THIRD HEART : Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen.

Papyrus of Ra-Izu

When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

SEVEN JUDGEMENTS ON THE EYE BY THE SWORD OF THOTH : First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes.

May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage.

Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

THE SEVEN HALLS OF MATEROS

You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors.

FIRST HALL - TALGAMEN : Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe

of Izu and the first hall of Materos. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen.

SECOND HALL - LOKOGAMEN : Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours.

THIRD HALL - BELCANOV : Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit.

FOURTH HALL – ELSEFIC : Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food.

FIFTH HALL - AMENTI-RA : Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons

of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun.

SIXTH HALL - SONDER SUN : She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads.

SEVENTH HALL – EMINIUS FIRE : You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

RITUAL AND SACREMENTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF EMINIUS-AMENTI BEHIND YOU : Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH.

RITUAL AND PRAYER TO NOT TO BE EATEN BY THE CROCODILES OF EMINIUS-

LUCA : Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man.

Let me enter.

You cannot enter.

Why not ?

You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man.

I am now a harder man, can I enter ?

No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities.

66,77,88 Can I enter now ?

Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man.

HYMNS OF OVA [APPENDIX]

Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. You have the rod for it.

Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengthen you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengthen you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth.

THE HOUSE OF THOTH – BUILT ON SEVEN PILLARS – THE HALLS OF DEAD ELVES – AVANI : Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown.

PRAYER AND RITUAL TO NOT BE DROWNED IN THE WATERS OF AVANI : Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys.

PRAYERS, SACREMENTS, HYMNS AND RITUALS TO BECOME A CITIZEN IN KHERT-NETER : Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoths House. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden

heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter.

First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy

Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily

Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat

Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]

Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger

Sixth Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Marazanta

Seventh Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Amen

I - Puchalini -

Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

II - Tupuchette -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

III - Tuvunius

1. High Materos /2. The Ganner Clown

IV - Fluvulua -

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

V - Pirfumata -

Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

VI - Kazuponia -

Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2. banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Emini-us Day /6. nightmares of truth

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds

lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into

another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we

found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...
2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with

stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm.
 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes

skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...]

5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...]

8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...]

[9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange

balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, pyramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple

is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground ... until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we

rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning

by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it

brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night ... like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be

nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold
 conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising
 eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's
 curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ...
 and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world
 beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked
 scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic
 movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in
 big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too
 cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the
 tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b.
 They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ...
 Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic
 barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [19. These are cakes from
 baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [20.
 These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while
 Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies.
 These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's
 shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch
 the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are
 strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on
 chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning
 into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the
 broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a
 strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us
 to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here
 the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and
 coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ...
 [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these
 lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard
 when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of
 dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden

checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ...

they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liqors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liqors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing

Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclouse ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]]

10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elve's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ...

While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy

books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us

and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exodus rises up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ...

Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of

Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the

alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Valva version

Plerus

Shrieking Boys Clock

They shriek when they fall, They shriek when the goat falls from the hill, They shriek when an old man loses his hat, They shriek when a grandmother takes her grandson by the ear, They shriek ... They shriek in their clock, When time falls, They shriek when the tart gets too many candles, When the lantern becomes too hot, They shriek ... They shriek in their ornaments, They shriek when their

indian shoes become too tight, They shriek ... They shriek when the shark changes the cake .. They can't stand the changes ... They shriek when people watch them ... They shriek when they feel someone's hand ... They shriek ... They shriek when their trousers become too short ... They like to wear tall trousers over them ... Their shriek when the ring stings the finger .. When the rose bites them in the neck ... They shriek when they get the tattoo ... They are the boys of hyperventilation ... with the hypersensitive guns ... They are empathic to goats ... but they let the rest die ... They are the boys of hysteria, They are the soldiers from the small box ... with their pale soft lips ... because they let them bleed too much ... They move by their shrieks ... Opening the waterfalls of tears ... They still love the pink ones ... They still go through custard's cocoon ... They still love to lick the spoon ... These boys from the shrieking clock ... They still grow in trees, and in green hills ... while their eyes are closed ... to drink from milk ... that sweet milk ... while their lips are vibrating ... for they bit them too much ... And then they become ... the wild boys ... To become tall boys in the night ... on top of mornings ... They lay their flowers surprised ... This clock ... so many strange things happening and it all happens ... when they shriek ... Shrieking Boys Clock ...

Flowerfields

Marazanta in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles Marazanta in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my rose's bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... The flowers are so warm ... Marazanta in the air ... We are leaving, the show is over .. Heading for the buildings of the poles ... The roses will bloom tonight Leading me to new flowerfields ... New honeybees ... Here between the flowerfields ... with the cockatoos on my shoulders I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for the buildings of the poles ... no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... and he speaks about Izu ... he speaks about the coffeepot ... and times for tea full of juices and dreamwaters ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu where they bring new sand to the bottom ... the transformation portals, like magical mirrors in the sky here the wizards become monsters here the faeries become trees the witches sand ... here the giants become dwarves here they know that the mirror is just a gate of transformation ... here they know that every movement is transformation ... every breath, every trip it's happening while stepping through hosedoors

golden pirate ship

These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... to hear th most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ... Don't keep your pictures of fright ... but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ... These boys from lynx these criminals inside These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign .. They know the snares to move the tears, this land beyond the custard These wizards hearts And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ... the handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside the beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...

I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ... they have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ... this plastic wood would be good to be a suit ... the wood is soft in marchpane land ... but this is the world beyond cockaigne ... if coins are slaves, then why do i pay ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march .. through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ... but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...

Boys from Lynx III

under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... wathcing the snakes come alive ... there's an orange pink forestroad ... drawing us inside ... under purple roofs we sit ... with all these bakerman's faces ... doing nothing but staring at a pit ... where the snakes rise ... and here the dice are playing ... these faces can be tall ... until they are tall whispers hiding us for the storm i call out your name ... i call out for your tall decisions ... let me have my own election days ... i call out to these bakerman's faces ... i need some coins to start this automaton ... this faery barrelorgan ... with sugar melting inside ... with icecream from delirium ... i need oil for my racecars riding ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... daddy, the flame's in the red eye ... while a silver eye strikes us to the end ... to these bakerman's faces ... so many nipples on a face ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it makes the ancient fishes rise in the ponds ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with peacocks horrorshows ... tall windows on the attic ... waving at snow ... here divas are rising ... fullcoloured birds from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... with peacock's horrorshows ... tall windows on the arric .. waving at snow ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding ... when the pink silver strikes ... they roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings ... making their operas blowing up their balloons these snakeballoons ... while a ladybug is sitting on my head ... giving me numbers and nipples they roar like wolves these boys from lynx like hounds they make decisions ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... while arabian trains get slower like frozen toadstools with faces ... give me the seeds the powders of delirium plants ... give me the ornaments these forestroad snakes ... there are tongues of tall decisions .. and balls of strange footballfields ... these bakerman balloons ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the silver strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

wings of dementia

Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts it is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elf's glue running ... so strange ... i'm amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many hearts inside ... these wizard hearts banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... where I'm having red dwarf shoes pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... i have autistic hearts from the wizard ... i'm flying by the wings of dementia a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... ravalan madok ... there are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... it brings me to something ... oh i believe we can communicate through this ... it's like my face has a thousand nipples ... you like to stare at it ... to become drunk ... you like to touch it watching the milk flow ... these tears inside ... Me and my crazy world ... I have brown spots so brown ... presents from the moon ... scars of a pirate ... sovenirs from a day in the zoo ... vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... for the wizard has fires in his eyes ... his hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room these hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ... roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... to drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes like new alphabets penetrating my mind ... i have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my hearts ... these wizard hearts

Broken Bridge

where plants are the senses of a new world, don't cut it again, for you might cut yourself away. the boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they sell their roses ... to keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... they wear the stripes on their faces .. they have scars in their necks ... they sell the old feathers to the young ... and then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... the worlds within worlds bring the feelings ... i take flight to izu

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into

sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...] 3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...] 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...] 5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken. 6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... 7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...] 8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...] [9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.] 2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach. 3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise. 5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace. 7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls

or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.] 10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.] 11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.] 12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.] 13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. 15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

Samin

1.

1. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. 2. Can you see what he's dreaming? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... 3. Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... 4. But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... 5. Let us escape together ... and I will make a president of you ... 6. This clock in you, it's just a Las Vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... 7. The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today ... 8. Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... 9. Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters ... where? 10. Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals ... They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... 11. Purple liars standing in the riddle ... coming from the golden pear ... 12. It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while Spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your

back hold it ? 13.The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? 14. It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. 14.they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... 15.while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. 16.oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. 17.while the needles of gramophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... 18.confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie 19.like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... 20.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... 21.all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... 22. all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... 23.two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... 24.good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... 25.under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... 26.dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. 27.dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peackocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... 28.by dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... 29.while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... 30.it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... 31.while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... 32.we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats 33.from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... 34.the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... 35.these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns painted

on his face.... 36. i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1. Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... 2.they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... 3.on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. 4.created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 5.a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament... Land of the siren I am finally free ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. 6.back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. 7.rising higher .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... 8. The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... they see the land of the smiles. 9.Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ...10. I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by own hands ... I have a family for that ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... 11.spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... 12.Black orange... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I spin the ornaments hesitation ... [b. I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...] 13.The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... 14.doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... 15.Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revours don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... 16.take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. 17.Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... 18.centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... for new books on the shows

3.

1.These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... these heads on coins ... 2.spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... 3.spreading green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange

curtains ... starting the gambles machines 4.while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind
parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... 5.spreading the green
green watersides ... like green tomato seeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ...
losing the game he's a god of gamble ... 6.so many heads on a die ... there are strange cars in the air
exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... I show you the books
behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts 7.I'm the gambler's trafficlight ...
exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... 8.I'm the
easterclaus gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines... I'm crying
fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ...

4.

1.He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ...
in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he
paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... 2. He's banker clause ... an
eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all
working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ...
3.He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder
animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home
... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the
flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ...

Brannan Opening of the Mouth Ritual

of : Het Boek van de Elf Stammen van Brannan

Grondtekst/ Manuscript in Nederlands en Engels

Liturgy of Funerary Offerings

PART I – FROM THE SOUTHERN TOMBES

1. Rediga

2. Cleria
3. Recel
4. Samin
5. Birebacha
6. Rakham
7. Silano
8. Mirg

PART II – FROM THE SOLAR TOMBES

1. Vilapsa
2. Valva
3. Hormom

Liturgy of Funerary Offerings

PART I – FROM THE SOUTHERN TOMBES

Rediga

1.

Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarf is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarf's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of

love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owlspider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprecauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder

where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live. And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? And Someone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's my friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boy Eh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someone These dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lights Now, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I am There the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out ! The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child back No ! The dolls say he needs to come home now I'm sorry, the zebra says and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it There a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of them His face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnet I'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriage The colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapes Ten firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he says that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of one What did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he says the Lion's Tea again When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ... for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he says Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope

Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

3.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother,There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same timeAnd it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at easeHe tells me he has a present for meHe had waited for the right momentIt was a present from my real fatherWhen the storm was after their boatMy father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many yearsThen my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She sais when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

Bastet Leugenboek ; Robhold ; Ben jij een boom. Ben jij een groene staaf. De zwarte zon heeft jouw genade geschonken. Heb je al diep in de ogen van de staaf gekeken. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf, heb je genade van de zwarte zon verkregen. Als een boom was je, staande in de storm, ja, jij droeg ze, al die bladeren, van verborgen dagen. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf. Heb je Geb gemeden of heb je tegen hem gestreden als tegen een oude vader die het niet meer wist, of heb je hem bedrogen. Mocht je hem, of haatte je hem. Ben je deel van de Gebbieten, deel van de groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken.Ben je de boom, ben je de groene staaf, heeft Geb je hart bedrogen, of schonk hij je de levenslust, heeft hij jou de militaire macht gegeven, of gaf hij jouw armoede uit een pot. Kom nu gauw, kom nu tot de zwarte zon, en zie wat hij voor je heeft. Al je bomen zullen tot leven komen, zie dan toe of ze je beminnen of verstoten voor eeuwig. Zal Geb je liefhebben als hij tot jou zal komen. Hij stond daar aan je deur, toen jij je opsloot in je kast. Buiten staan zijn geweren in standaarden op het gras, gewoon tussen de huizen, en pakte hij jou, maakte hij jou tot zijn vrouw. Ben je bedrogen, heeft hij je gekust, heeft hij je gemist toen jij van hem probeerde te ontsnappen, weet mijn kind, je redt het tegen hem, als je hem in waarheid hebt bemint. Ben je een boom, ben je van groen geluk, heeft zijn zwarte hond je gebeten, of heeft hij jou afgezonderd in verdriet in een diepe kast waar hij je niet zou raken. Wie haalde jou daar vandaan ? Wie heeft jou naar de sterren genomen. Heeft de zwarte zon jou genade geschonken. Boom van geluk, boom van groene verlichting, boom van kracht, van parelstappen, diep in het zand vond jij je geluk, bij Geb deelde jij je smarten. Een huis van beweging, een huis van groen geluk, een huis van delen, waar Geb jou altijd heeft gemeden, je dacht waar blijft mijn geluk, maar kind, alleen wanneer je naar verlichting zoekt is geluk je deel, eerlijk geluk, groen geluk. Kijk naar omhoog en vang de groene regen op, wanneer de zwarte regen tegen je heeft gestreden. Die zwarte hond, die hij tot je zond, jou naar vervelende plaatsen heeft gebracht, door Geb voelde je je gemeden. Al die soldaten tegen jou, al die vliegende hoofden, tegen jou, zij zullen altijd tegen je

strijden, totdat je Geb vindt in het verdriet. Ja, altijd heeft hij je gemedend, ja, altijd heeft hij tegen je gestreden, Geb, de boom, totdat je het verborgene ontdekt, en tot hem vlucht. Als door groen sap beweeg je, door groen sap leef je, op weg naar verlichting, als je een boom bent, zul je eeuwig leven. De rest is reeds verloren. Ik weet, je leeft in bevroren dromen ... ik weet je leeft in parels verborgen ... Boom van geluk, doe de kastdeur open, boom van geluk, laat ons niet buiten staan. Geb is hier met al zijn standaardgeweren, op de muren loopt hij, naar binnen kijkt hij niet. Boom van verlichting, van groene verlichting, open de deur voor ons, opdat het licht der zwarte zon op ons zal schijnen, en onze bomen tot leven zullen komen, in de rijen van Geb. Zij zullen ons meenemen naar de sterren, naar het eeuwige geluk. Ben je een boom, ben je groen geluk, beloof je de sterren niet te breken, wanneer zij tot je komen, om te vertellen van de verborgenheden van de zwarte zon, waardoor je je altijd voelde gemedend. Droom je van geluk, of van verlichting. Geluk komt niet zomaar, maar altijd met een doel, en vanuit een bron, die bron is groene verlichting, komende vanuit het hart van Geb, de aardvader. Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, de bliksem sloeg in, waar heeft hij jou wel niet allemaal van losgetrokken. Je dacht dat je niets meer overhield. Maar heus, mijn kind het was beter, toen hij je daar sloeg. Nu staat hij dan voor je, jou kast opengetrokken, waar jij je in dieptes verborg, om complotten tegen hem te smeden. Ken je zorgen, ken zijn verdriet. Als soldaat staat hij voor je, terwijl zijn zwarte hond brult op de achtergrond. Een hond van liefde, maar zo heb jij het nooit gezien, als een dreiging zag je het. Als soldaat staat hij voor jou kast, waar jij diep in weg bent gedoken, als het verborgene ben je, maar hij maakt snelle pas, zijn geweerstandaarden staan tussen de huizen, en hij loopt over de muren van het kasteel, van de burcht, zonder binnenin te kijken. Hij kijkt naar jou. Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, als een soldaat gaf hij een klap in je gezicht. Hij is bij je in de kast gekomen, en zijn hond bijt je, waar is nu het licht. Ben je nog steeds in strijd tegen Geb, tegen al zijn soldaten en honden. Of heb je je bij zijn liefde neergelegd, en bij al zijn vreemde plannen. Van het geweer schrok je, de lange man staat op, schudt de boom, en raapt de veren. Van het geweer schrok je, van zijn blaffende hond, als een soldaat stond hij voor je, met een geweer in zijn armen, dat hij in je kast drukte. Ben je nog steeds voor hem op de vlucht. Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem, het deed pijn, als soldaat tussen de huizen, nam hij alles van je af. En bracht hij jou tot het bos, tot de groene verlichting, tot het mos, tot een dobbelsteen van hogere bomen, tegen hogere winden vocht je, en omhulde hem. Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem het deed pijn, toen hij jou afzonderde toen hij jouw heupen brak, toen hij je kleeft wegscheurde. Als bliksem kwam hij, als bliksem ging hij, met een hond die alleen kon bijten, en jou kon laten wegslijten. In groen geluk ben je gekomen. Soldaten komen, soldaten gaan, Geb was hier, nu is alleen zijn vlam nog daar. 'K heb je al het goede gegeven, de groene verlichting, en een reis om de zwarte zon, die eeuwig zal duren, in je herinnering, ja het zal groeien, opdat al je bomen vrij zijn, oh boom. Geb stond voor je, nam je hand, maar de kast dook je in, achter de gordijnen, om te vluchten voor schuld, en hij gaf je het mijne. Geb stond voor je, Geb liet je niet gaan, als door de bliksem getroffen sprak je zijn naam, gaf je hem al wat je bezat. Als door een bom getroffen stond je daar, en Geb keek naar jou. Het rechtshuis bracht je tot de boom. Als een rechter tussen de huizen kwam het tot jou. Ben je een boom, een groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken. Zijn je bomen tot leven gekomen, of staan ze nog steeds waar ze stonden. Toon mij je hart, dan kniel je hier, toon mij je lever, dan kost het je niets, diep van binnen in jouw kast vertoon je steeds dezelfde sterren. Is dat jouw vertier. Tot Geb ben je gekomen. Een rechter tussen de huizen, soldaten voor de kasten, en wat loopt op de muren van jouw burchten, zijn het de schaduwen van een duister verleden, als de zwarte nacht de zwarte zon. verraad me niet, verraad me niet, want het licht steekt door de dagen, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik zal jou ook behouden, als een rechter tussen de huizen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik ben de bliksem op jouw trappen, waar de bomen staan, waar de bomen staan, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Laat mij tot jouw kasten komen, laat me in, verdedig je niet, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. Vang voor mij die bliksem op, ik kan het niet verdragen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als zijn honden bijten. Samen staan we sterk, als rechters tussen de huizen. Kom tot mijn kasten liefste, laat de genade van de zwarte zon ons tezamen verbinden voor altijd, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. ben jij een boom, een hartendief, een grote genade, een grote brief, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Ben jij het die ik bemin, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Wees mijn rechter tussen de huizen, wees de standaard van mijn geweren, wanneer geb tot de kasten komt, als een soldaat, een harde man. Ik heb zijn woorden nog niet begrepen, Hij heeft mij niet gegrepen. Wees mijn geweren als standaarden tussen de huizen, dan zal ik de jouwe zijn, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en zijn bliksemen werpt, onze keukens doorzoekt als een schutter. Wees mijn schutter, wees mijn gids, wees mijn hond, oh Anubis, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Leidt mij tot de rode kap, door de ruiten heen, dieper in de kasten. Kom tot mijn kasten, wees mijn rechter, mijn geweren in standaarden tussen de ruiten en de huizen, oh Anubisieten, en leidt mij weg. Loop rondom mijn muren, loop eroverheen, kijk niet naar binnen, maar naar mij, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en het harde in de straten valt. Anubis, wees mij tot een harde, en ga mij voort door de ruiten heen, langs de huizen, langs de standaarden, als Geb tot de nachten komt, als een hond, een wolf van het verlee. En Robhold is als de hartsdarm, herschrijvende de wetten, brengende zijn kussen van vuur en pijn, om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen. Dit zal hen allen brengen tot een nieuw land. Was niet de judaskus daartoe de weg ? Nu dan hebt gij ware liefde gevonden. Ook hebt gij de darmen der

ademhaling niet veracht. Wat jij wel hebt veracht is het hart en de ademhaling der mensen. Hierin hebt jij goed gedaan. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk. Heeft de zwarte zon je gevonden, of sloeg hij je stuk.

2.

Het koninkrijk Gods dan bestaat in darmen, en zijn anatomie. Van mono's hebt jij niets willen weten, maar ziet, jij zijt genaderd tot Zkum. Zal het u branden, of zal het u uitleiden. Bent jij een boom, een stralend geluk, bent jij door Geb gevonden, of sloeg hij uw stuk. Bent jij dan door darmen gewurld, jij die het hart opdroeg tot een vreemde god. Hiervan heb ik nooit iets geweten. De kus der leugen zette het vuur aan, brengende het liefdeslitteken. Mijn hart is een darm, mijn long is een darm, twee strepen gekruisd, zij vormen de veredeling van het woord. Aan het darmenkruis hing ik. Zij waren nog niet klaar met mij. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk, heeft Judas je gevonden, of sloeg hij je stuk. Beminde hij je met een kus, een vurige kus van verraad, een groot gemis, een tranendal vol. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk, wie kuste jou na die dagen van geluk, wie bracht jou naar de overkant, wie maakte jou als brandend zand. De littekenen der liefde zijn als vuur, wie kuste jou daar in die schuur. Ben jij een boom, met schuivende letters, in rijen schuiven zij, ben jij een bastet, een leugenbastet, vol namen en vol reclame ... Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk ... Wie heeft jou gevonden en wie sloeg jou stuk ... wie gaf jou de kus des doods ... wie offerde jou op het leugenaltaar ... Wie ligt naast jou, wie heeft er verdriet ... die kus van pijn die geeft mij verdriet ... als een vuur maakt het mij een met jou ... een liefdeslitteken ... wij praten nog steeds met elkaar ... Waar moet ik naartoe ... een judaskus achtervolgt mij ... stervende na de dood, in een liefdesfontein, makende mij puur en rein ... Zij bracht haar geliefde naar het brandende zand waar zij hem nogmaals aan de leugen offerde ... een vreemd strand ... een vreemde molen ... latende het licht door, was mijn oog geen darm in den beginne, maar nu, ik ben zo arm ... een vreemde juweel op mijn kop, zo wreed, zonder genaa ... Zij bracht mij naar dat brandende zand, tot een hoge haag, brandend als mijn lot ... Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, mijn woorden verbrand ... Het as nam zij van mijn edelstenen, en zij wierp mij over de kostbare steden ... Zij heeft mij vermoord door een kus ... Zij raakte mij aan in moedertaal, de oplossing zoekend in mijn rode straal Zij bracht mij naar een leugenstrand, de aarde is verboden, tot een toren steeg ik op, over brandende treden, kokende van liefde, stralende van sentimenteel lot ... Zij bracht mij naar het leugenstrand, een modderige woning, met vier daken werd ik opgebrand, als een sigaret wees ik haar aan ... Jij bracht mijn dochters tot de rare spijsen ... Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, een verwelkte woning, als een oude vrouw was jij aan mijn hand ... En toen boog jij voorover, om mij eeuwig vaarwel te zeggen ... in jouw leugenboot vertrok je ... in jouw leugenboot verging je, met je armen uitgestrekt tot de laatste dood Zij gaf mij een leugenstrand, een vermakelijke woning ... Tot Zkum ben ik gegaan ...

3.

De leugen geneest mij, een oude taal. Zij brengt mij tot de dieptes van het bestaan ... De kussen van het kruis, wat darmen tussen jou en God ... de hartsdarm werd ons verboden ... je geloofde niet in mono's ... en al die oranje leugenaars ... Zij zijn als vissen in snelle boten ... hun steken branden, ongehoord ... Tot stilte zullen wij komen ... over dit charlaken koord Het is als de ziekte van karma Zij maakte in het graf haar woning ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandende met oud vuur, een oude muur ... hebben wij doorbroken God zegt het is vreemd vuur, maar de Mono heeft het uitgemolken ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandend van oud vuur ... het oude uur ... waar de dag is aangebroken ... Wordt wakker man, want de karazuur heeft je bedrogen ... Het was een moordende kus, de stem van het verleden deze liefde is zo overdreven ... een slagveld is het ... Kom, vertel me wat je naam is ... Oranje leugenaars, zij zeilen op de zeeën van Bastet ... als leugenkussen zijn zij ... op zoek naar oude pret ... in flessen opgeborgen ... het waren de dagen zonder zorgen ... maar heus ... zij spreken alleen een vreemde taal houd hen niet voor schuldig tegen het einde van de morgen ... Als zeilschepen zijn zij, de kussen van pijn ... om liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... steeds praten zij tot oude bekenden ... Wij waren toch vrienden eens ? Zie, het is allemaal welgemeend ... die kussen van mij werken nog steeds ... Je hebt laatst nog van mij gedroomd ... Moeten wij nu een leugen-oorlog voeren om aan elkaar te ontkomen ? Jij spreekt mijn taal niet ... dus laten we er maar mee stoppen. De woningen zijn zo zuur hier, waar kussen oorlog hebben gevoerd ... De kussen van oorlog nooit te duur ... Al mijn wagens zijn in vuur Jij hebt mij bedrogen ... jij hebt mij laten gaan ... met een kus van leugen naar een nieuwe woning ... Ketenkussen gaf jij mij ... maar mijn Judas liegt erger dan jij ... Met een kus verraadde jij mij, met een kus verraadde ik jou, met een kus van oorlog ertussen, als de weegschaal van een kus des doods ... Maar de kus van pijn leidde mij tot Zkum, tot een nieuwe wereld .. ik ben eindelijk vrij van jou ... de kus van verlatenheid gaf ik jou ... Kussen van pijn, als darmen tussen jou en mij. Nog zoveel moet er veranderen, liefste ik hoor je, je bent bij mij ... Als een vuur in mijn borst is Neith ... haar lichaam is van darmen gemaakt ... als je maar weet dat ik haar nooit verlaat ... Er zijn darmen tussen haar en mij ... kussen van pijn om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... spreek tot mij ... Neith, zacht geluk ... Je hartsdarm maakt je blij ...

je longdarm brengt jou adem van mij ... Houdt vol, we moeten nog even zwemmen, door deze zeeën van geluk ... totdat we op het eiland zijn ... met de kussen van pijn ... liefdesdarmen tussen jou en mij ... in Zkum leven wij ... Je oordarm gaat rechtstreeks in mijn hart, en ook je oogdarm eindigt daar ... Je eet en adem darm weten mijn hart ook te vinden ... en mijn hart wordt steeds meer een hartsdarm ... een litteken der liefde ... ik hoor je woorden met mijn hart, en ze cirkelen door mijn lichaam, het maakt me duizelig ... je woorden zijn als vuur ... is er leven in je ... Mijn hart bloeit en groeit ... het brandt mijn kleren naar onderen en opzij ... Anubis, ik zie de darmen van je hart ... ze zijn als liefdesarmen ... ze worden zo lang en dun ... en dan neem je me mee ... Ik zie je hart gloeien ... ik zie je kussen bloeien ... als ballonnen in de lucht ... Liefste, huil niet meer ... ik ben bij je toen bloedvaten nog darmen waren ... rode strepen ... Anubis, eet het leugenbrood, en wordt sterk ...

4.

Log ; En de zenuwen zullen tot darmen worden, en alle darmen zullen uitkomen in de hartsdarm. Zo zal dan Anubis de scarabee worden van de hartsdarm. zo zal er dan een tweede hartsdarm zijn in de buik en een derde in de rug. En de hartsdarm zal de koning zijn van de rode strepen. En de ogen zullen groeien en meerdere kleuren hebben. En ook zal er een hartsdarm in de onderrug komen, en daarna zullen er hartsdarmen komen in de armen en benen. En dan zal het hele lichaam tot een hartsdarm worden. En er zullen vierhonderd stralen van leugenkussen zijn, en tien stralen van pijnkussen, twee van doodskussen, een van een hellekus. Verder zal er ook een zijn van een deliriumkus, en zij zal de lokogamen dragen. Dan zullen de leugentranen gaan stromen. En de leugentranen zullen spreken, hoge woorden, en dan zullen er darmen voortkomen uit de darmen, om te bouwen het nieuwe jericho ...

En Judas zal daar op de troon zitten met zijn grappen ... En er zullen nieuwe hartsdarmen voortkomen uit de hartsdarmen, en zij zullen webben vormen, en zij zullen heten het nieuwe sodom ... Hier zal Anubis zijn troon hebben ... En dit zal een leugentroon zijn ... En die leugentroon zal vol zijn met de vogels van sigaret, de levende boeken ... zij komen wanneer je bidt, en je je handen vouwt ... dan zullen zij liegen ... liegen zoals ze dat nog nooit eerder hebben gedaan ... Zij zijn de ergsten onder de oranje leugenaars ... De legendes maken hen waar ... de nieuwe darmen zijn zij ... door hen reizen oranje leugenaars ... en waterlichten ... tot de dame van cartoon ... De vogels van sigaret zijn op weg naar sodom, naar de leugentroon van Anubis, waar zij zullen neerstrijken met nieuwe verhalen ... nieuwe leugens ... Ik ga kapot van verdriet ... Ik hoor je niet, ik zie je niet, Ik weet niet eens wie je bent ... Pluk de rozen met mij, en laten wij tot het kasteel gaan ... Velen maakten hier naam ... Op de rozen heb ik verhalen geschreven ... Als vogels van sigaretten ... kom, er is nog zoveel te beleven. Ben jij een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Geb je meegenomen, of heeft hij je aan je lot overgelaten, een panterkermis, een pantermarkt met een stok in je kaken ... vreemde kruizen ... trekkoordjes ... de pantermarkt aan 't leugenstrand ... welverdiend trek jij er doorheen ... naar de overkant van Getsemane ... twee slangen, twee honden ... zij hebben jou verslonden was 't maar weer nacht ... want deze lichten branden mij, erger dan ik had verwacht ... Ben je een boom, een stralend geluk, heeft Bastet je meegenomen naar haar paradijs, de sfinxen languit op haar banken gestrekt ... of heeft zij jou op een schip naar de hel gezet ? Ben je een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Bastet je opgenomen, of werd je opgelicht ... 't is maar waar de dromen bloeien ... 't is maar waar het schip vergaat ... tussen haar benen werd ik omgedraaid ... Ben je een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Geb je tot haar meegenomen, of bracht hij je naar 't gesticht ... Op de rozen hier heb ik verhalen geschreven als vogels van sigaretten ... kom, er is nog zoveel te beleven ... laten we zwemmen tot het eiland van bastet, haar leugentongen hebben ons gered kun je nu mijn liefste zijn ... een panterhand ligt op 't leugenstrand ... 't is bijna voorbij ... Nooit wil ik nog terug naar die vreemde markt ... nooit meer terug naar de panterhand ik spring opzij, en liefste, hou me vast er komen vlammen uit op dit leugenstrand ... laten we zwemmen naar het eiland van bastet ... haar leugentongen hebben ons gered zoveel wachters van getsemane grepen me vast, maar Judas bracht me op het vaste land ... met deze vogels van sigaret ... Zij maakten van mij een vogel, een vogel van sigaret, een boek zonder bladeren, het zaad ligt nog te slapen ... een dromerig verhaal zonder einde, zal snel tot me glijden ... liefste hou me vast ... je jurk is beschreven als een vogel van sigaret door de darmen van je longen gaan de letters traag, en draaien in allerlei golven ... als slangen die glijden tot de zonnehaag ... een hondenhaag een zonnehaag met al die vogels van sigaret ... zij hebben mij gestoken, maar vanavond brengen ze me pret grote pret, zonder zorgen De letters gaan hier snel ... je weet het wel, je weet het wel ... de letters gaan hier snel ... met deze vogels van sigaret ... je weet het wel de letters gaan hier snel ... Ben je een boom, een stralend geluk ... ben je een boom, een stralend licht ... ik heb je steeds geschreven ... ik hou van jouw gedicht in grote letters schreef je mij ... eenmalig bewees jij liefde aan mij ben je een boom, een stralend gezicht ... een zonnetje en een leugengedicht Oh, jouw bootje ging snel, met de aapjes op je schoot ... maar nu ben jij een boze droom, maar nu ben jij een boze droom ... op een nachtvlinder vluchtte ik Toe, nachtmerrie ga snel voorbij, ik luister naar mijn slaapliedjes op een rij een boos gedicht ... maakte mij zo droevig ... ik zwom tot het eiland van Bastet ... waar haar leugentongen mij hebben gered ... op een nachtvlinder vluchtte ik tussen haar benen

werd ik omgedraaid ... op de zomer wacht ik ... tot de boze droom geheel is uitgewaaid ... Ga snel voorbij oh nachtmerrie, ga snel voorbij, oh pot met vergif, want tot de woning van bastet ben ik gekomen ... met haar boeken als bomen, als hoge dromen over een overweldigend licht door de vogels van sigaret zal ik daar komen ... zij komen in mijn dromen ... met tongen als lucifers Jongens wat een geluk, ik droomde over nieuwsberichten ... ze konden niet meer stuk ik zat op een hoge kruik, met gele madeliefjes in een pot die zeiden de leugen is je lot ... op hoge poten liep ik weg, maar ze konden me nog net achterhalen ... aan de telefoon spraken zij mijn namen op de achterkant van een koffiepote stond het beschreven, mijn lot ... Door de kamer van het licht ... kwam ik tot dit gedicht ... roze namen op een koffiepote beschrijven daar mijn lot, madeliefjes had ik maar nooit naar jullie geluisterd had ik maar nooit mezelf aan die beeldbuis gekluisterd, er is geen redden aan totdat Bastet spreekt, mijn naam ... boze dromen ga toch weg, mijn huis heeft al genoeg van jouw pech ... ga het straatje maar weer uit, en neem eens een andere spruit ... Er komen stripboeken uit de gekarde tranenzeen ... als zaad rijzen ze op ... al die tranen, toch niet voor niets ... maar was het niet één grote leugen ?

5.

Het zijn filmjes die je het bed in krijgen, maar shhh... waren wij niet op zoek naar de gouden sigaren ? Tekenfilmpjes of iets anders ? Ik weet het niet. Ik draai nog steeds met mijn vingers na die nare dag ... Bastet heeft me misschien wel vergeten ... Vandaag heb ik een oud stuk gevonden van een verhaal wat ik eens had geschreven, over een konijnenziekenhuis ... IJs golft met lijm, hier achter de woestijnen. Het is bij mij onderhand Bastet voor en na. Hier komen de schoenen en laarzen tot leven Het rolt vanuit vreemde bomen Hier rollen de knikkers ... Ze is een rolschaatsdame, terwijl ze haar vleugels diep binnenin haar verbergt. Haar witte tong verbrandt het as nog een keer, vreemde wegen van ... verzekeringen ... Gewoonlijks waren het insecten, ijs golvend met lijm ... Gewoonlijks gaf het licht, maar nu is het donker in de nachten, tussen de muren van Jericho ... Als je het aanraakt laat het je nooit meer gaan ... maar je kunt het nooit vasthouden, want het glijdt weg als natte modder ... Het groeit vanuit een konijnenlaars ... het is op weg naar je hoofd het is de wereld van strips en tekenfilms ... als in werelden van sprookjes ... de vertes zijn dichtbij, en nooit beangstigend daar waar de angst stierf tussen de muren van Jericho waar de dames alleen wandelen waar de rolschaatsdames zijn reddende de speelgoed-soldaatjes uit de vuilnisbergen Er is magisch as tussen de muren, komende tot leven in de nachten, ijs golvend met lijm ... vreemde zaadjes van verzekeringen ... daar waar ziekenhuizen branden Het zijn konijnenziekenhuizen, vol met nummers het vliegt en brandt glijdende Deze konijnen zijn roze, en bouwen een vreemd hotel vanuit een ijzeren laars waar ijs met lijm golft ... Er hangen vreemde zaden in bomen, groeiende totdat het voedsel is op harige schalen ... Zijn hoofd is op de munt en nu is hij zo ver weg ... maar hij maakte het tot je zakken ... Het is alsof hij overal is, maar je kunt het niet aanraken ... Het is als de vloek van verzekeringen, op een witte dag Allen achter glas, terwijl er iemand ontsnapt ... kunnen wij ons niet bewegen Spugende zand, op weg naar het land, waar ijs golft met lijm ... Zaden van vreemde vruchten ... voor een ziekenhuis van konijnen En de dame heeft rolschaatsen, en ze werkt in het ziekenhuis van konijnen De tranen worden geklutst tot zaad ... daar ... in een vreemde machine Haar hoofd is op de munt, maar ze heeft geen vrienden daarom huilt ze zo vaak Ze hebben het nodig voor hun zaadmachines De strips moeten klaar zijn aan het einde van iedere week en maand ... Ze is een vreemde boom, een konijnenboom Ze leeft in een laars, en reist onder de grond met de vreemde liften ervan ... Ik maak woning in een konijnschoen, waar het konijnenooft staat Ik voel het glas van het roddelblad ... Hoe lang duren deze reisjes Er zijn tranenmeren in deze schoenen ... De munt is hard Aan het eind heb ik geen vrienden mee De jongen gemaakt van sigaretten ... een vreemde lift naar de reuzenschoen De reuzenschoen is vol van tranen ... voelende het glas van de de strips en de tekenfilms tranen van zand Vreemde lijmen hier ... in het land van lijm, waar het ijs golft konijnenlijm, dat de tekenfilms spint Er is tekenfilm drank te drinken vreemde draaimolens brengende je dieper en dieper in een konijnenziekenhuis, een vreemd konijnenhol in een konijnenlaars waar zaden zwemmen als vissen waar verzekeringen in het rond branden Dit zijn vreemde klokken in konijnschoenen, en vreemde konijnschoenen in klokken ... Het tikt op mijn zebra-horloge groeiende als plastik waar het speelgoed oprijst De reus voelt nog steeds het glas van de tijd in tranen van zand totdat de muis hem geeft ... de vleugels van dementia ... om een kabouter te worden deze roddelbladen ... vreemde klokken in vreemde wachtkamers totdat de deuren open gaan, door de vleugelen van dementia ... vreemde liften in een konijnenkaars vreemde veren, vreemde ladders in een konijnenlaars Deze konijnschoenen reizen op de vleugelen van dementia, als de armen van vreemde klokken, vreemde flessen, waar waterlichten uit voortkomen, op weg naar de cartoondame ... zij bezit een vreemde schoenenwinkel, als de boekenwinkel van venus De sigarettenklok wordt kleiner ... Het lijkt dat de reus weer een kabouter wordt en bij mij ? Het is nog steeds Bastet voor en na ... Er zijn spinnen op de ogen van konijnen, om de tranen in zaden te veranderen ... totdat het verf geworden is voor de zeen van cartoon Vreemde flessenmachines in een ziekenhuis voor konijnen Op de vuilnisbergen staan rode schaakborden De stukken openen de kranen van het verleden

Het rode goud laat de gezichten van het verleden zien ... al die bakkerman's gezichten Het is een vreemd ziekenhuis met vreemde drankmachines al die bakkerman's gezichten omhoogkomende door het oor van verzekeringen Het oor van het konijn verblindt hen allen ... daar waar lijm golft met ijs Zij zijn de soldaten van verzekeringen dronken gokkers vliegende op de vleugelen van dementia ... met hun juwelen van spaanse nachten Het is weer zo ver ... Ik sta weer in de roddelbladen ... blubbermonsters heffen hun kaken op om te blaffen ... vreemde pudding op m'n bord gelukkig is het een roddelblad van konijnen ... bubbels komen uit hun monden, en ik voel het harde glas ... ik kan niet vluchten ballerina's naast mij huilen zand Zouden hierdoor al die woestijnen komen ? Zij van dementia gaan daar wonen ... Vreemde lichten blaffen tot mij ... Ik lijk wel een schaakstuk van een rood schaakbord ... Daar is Bastet hoog in de lucht ... Ziet ze me dan niet ? ... De banken zijn hier zacht ... sfinxen liggen hier languit Het is een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ... Er komen kleine bubbels uit de monden van de rolschaatsdames ... Ze brengen de laatste roddelbladen nu huil ik zand ... Wie klutst het tranenzand ? Er groeien daar vreemde bomen ... en letters komen voort ik kan weer boeken schrijven ... leugenboeken of zal ik ook roddelbladen gaan persen ? Ik ben een vreemde dokter in een konijnenziekenhuis ... Ze bekogelen mij met roddelbladen ... vreemde lichten blaffen tot mij ... er komen kleine bubbels uit mijn mond, en zand uit mijn ogen als nooit tevoren ... nu kan ik baas worden van een roddelbedrijf Ze danst in het paarse en roze licht ... ze klutst de tranen tot zaad ... morgen moeten de roddelbladen klaar zijn met hun comics en cartoons ... met hun dansende letters ... waar lijm golft met ijs ... Achter rode schaakborden staan ze De roddelfabrieken staan klaar, om de rode schaakborden heen ... zittende op hun hoge stoelen ... rood tegen geel ... waar oranje lichten uit voortkomen ... oranje tegen rood waar de diepere kleuren uit voort komen als vruchten ... rood tegen blauw rood tegen zwart ja vele oorlogen zijn hier ... om de tranen te maken tot zaad ... waar stripboeken oprijzen, en later de cartoons ... Ook het diepe zand komt omhoog ... en de bubbels ... om de roddelbladen te maken ... zij staan allen achter glas ... wanneer de lichten komen oh, wat blaffen zij terwijl de verzekeringsmeesters en de belastingmeesters er omheen staan in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis waar ik een vreemde dokter ben staande bij een ketel de vruchten zijn morgen duur ... alleen Bastet kan ze kopen ... maar ziet ze mij wel ? Kijk dan wat ik voor je heb gemaakt ? Maar zij wil de leugenboeken de romans Oh, maar dat kan ik ook wel ... let maar op ... Zij koken de tranen tot vreemd zaad leugenzaad waar geen roddelblad tegenop kan ... Kluts de tranen tot romans tot vreemde letters ... achter hoog zand ... Achter leugenzand brachten ze mij in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis ... En achter dit leugenzand staan vreemde banken, vreemde postbanken, en vreemde brieven ... vreemde dagboeken en vreemde gedichten ... vreemde letteren komen voort ... Letters vol van leugens als leugenletters achter glas staan zij zo ver weg, maar ook zo dichtbij ... aanraken kun je ze niet vanille druipt van hen ... als ijs gemixt met lijm Op witte chocolade blokken worden ze geschreven, door waterlichten lang en stijf ... En ze kopen hun letters bij de banken ... en ze verzenden hun letters door hun postbodes vreemde bananen ... blauw en stijf Deze letters zijn vreemde postbodes, vreemde pistolen vreemde munten die de drankmachines bedienen ... in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis Vreemde drankmachines dragen deze letters ... vreemde boeken zijn het ... Ja, zij voeren recht hier ... in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis ... Hier worden de boeken geschreven door gokmachines Het is een fucking alfabetsteiling ... Kom, laat mij je de boeken zien achter de boeken, de letters achter de letters, en de veilingen achter de veilingen. Hij is een letterboer .. in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ...

6.

Boeken worden geschreven door de sportuitslagen en de rode schaak uitslagen ... Zij bepalen de opstelling der letters ... en zij berijden de gokmachines van alfabet ...De hoogst vliegende boeken bepalen de letters ... zij zenden hun postbodes uit ... maar het is maar een copieermachine ... in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis een belastingmachine een vreemde fabriek ... Vreemde belastingcirkels en verzekeringscirkels afwisselend aan elkaar, als een vreemde zwart-witte trap ... Het is maar de media, het oor van een reus ... en morgen is het een oog ... Zoveel postbodes in cirkels ... als de wielen van een snelle bus als klokken komen zij verder naar huis moeten zij, naar het leugenstrand ... waar in stiltes nieuwe letters worden geboren in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ... De grappen liggen daar tussen vreemd gespuis een vreemd reisbureau is het ... de goden willen naar huis ... een nieuwe taal moeten zij leren ... Het is een vreemde school, een vreemd rapport ... waar de meester weer leerling wordt ... Door diepe misleidingen weten geliefden elkaar te winnen, door verlokkingen ... Zo gaan de wijsheden met elkaar om ... Zij verbergen hun waarheden tussen raadsels en zwoele verhalen ... en vinden elkaar terug op verborgen en afgelegen eilanden ... kundig bouwden ze hun muren ... maar elkaar bedrogen hebben ze nooit ... Ze spreken waarheid tot elkaar, in goed verpakte flessen ... Door leugenboeken trekken ze elkaars aandacht ... Spreek tot mij in raadselen, in verhalen ongehoord ... leidt mij door de wildernissen van het leven, waar zoveel oren klaar staan om ons te vereten ... Spreek tot mij in verhalen en gedichten, door omwegen ... We kunnen elkaar niet rechtstreeks beminnen ... teveel kapers op de kust ... We moeten eerst onze wereld bouwen ... Ik voel je hand door je verhaal, ik voel je lippen door jouw raadselachtige taal ... een taal van tranen

en van kruizen van leugens en van pijnen ... Leer mij die taal verstaan ... Bastet, je bent altijd voor en na ... Je taal is wild en gevaarlijk ... woest, want je wilt geen indringers ...

7.

Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharao ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ... The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

8.

Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharao have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

9.

Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

10.

Grandfather's Wartrauma ; The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ... This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of Friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me Hours of Friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly tropheeHistory, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of Friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharaoh mates of pharaoh. They found the mates of pharaoh, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharaoh are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I met the mates of pharaoh ...I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of Friday ... And I once saw my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my fathers mates ... to hide pharaoh's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of Friday take them away ...Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book, like the mates of pharaoh in the tombe And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... of pharaoh's matesHis father's mates just masks of pharaoh just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator when no one seems to listen ...

1.

Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. En de sfinx nam het boek in de hand, en brak het zegel. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ... Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ... The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when

abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmasoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done ..Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in septembers brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylight, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a

black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder
suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed
them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them
in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an
auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's
bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty
dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told
about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's
faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish
mirrors. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm
gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile,
until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a
nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they
promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallow, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on
daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your
medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank
now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head
stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands
created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are
hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to
watch this Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ...
Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of
other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into
a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan
on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my
second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an
icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother
decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two
spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for
two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your
mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard
day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to
be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes
of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ...
Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ...
free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the
treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The
red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea
is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a
golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under
blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a
Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen
angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles
at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers ..
moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes
... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ...
with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual
fee ... Six transmissions on day three lappossessed by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical
threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still
under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with
sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio
I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ...
I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... I have a
family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ...
breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest

money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breathe good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

3.

These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lapped in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gambles machines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it says ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ... I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow

behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

4.

It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the

smoke is rising ... bakers come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a baker's face ... a face on a strange stamp ... still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons ... he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship ... All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's ... still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water ... sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank ... making the waters rise ... Pharaoh is drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school ... and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer ... in a mailman's bag ... Pharaoh is doing the dishes ... burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight ... going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite ... It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it ... It's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes ... on a baker's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat ... having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ... a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again ... it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ... ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging ... chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets ... on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag ... written on a strange ornament ... while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job ... making the stamps in dark places ... taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows ... On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelfth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling ... making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it ... when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills ... saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads ... he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies ... together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank ... from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools ... making stamps of them ... the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle ... under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes ... to make the land drunk ... These deserts are in fire ... they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia ... back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high ... bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint ... and now the gold is streaming ... with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go

home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

5.

And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocoon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard says it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the

Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaoh A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Birebacha

1.

Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmas trees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ... Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of England between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimic's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimic's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the broadcast lady of cartoon The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

2.

When it breathes it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple

curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

3.

These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ... showing them were the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain Masters of the great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue

belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

4.

She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toylant once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the dayin the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ... Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norms are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still

sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toys
 statues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barker
 faces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked,
 turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer
 unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart,
 but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in
 daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his
 kiteFlying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my
 hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the
 cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner,
 crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on
 chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the
 dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly
 i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still
 my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my
 mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree stands ...i'm wise enough to climb
 along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these
 comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they
 are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret .. I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can
 only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They
 have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of
 waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights
 from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It
 flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached
 your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ...
 rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on
 my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my
 eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's
 staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking
 Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

5.

You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors
 opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's
 the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and
 some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the
 deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on,
 for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to
 the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ...
 these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ...
 turn me on ... These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are
 ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an
 autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the
 night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to
 their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a
 dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we
 sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel
 through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of
 a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys
 from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from
 tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a
 pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions
 ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared
 with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from

lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ... The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ... There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

6.

He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ... The movie egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ...

spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattooed by the waterlights ... They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ... There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlights.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ... They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

7.

and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's

cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

Rakham

1.

Egyptian Book of Hell ; Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, wearing the feather of Banchelo, which is the fourth pyramid of hell. All travellers have to go through the fortyfour pyramids of Egyptian Hell, for purification and direction. By fire-mummification they have to head to the circle of the fourteen earths, by the higher gods seen as the invisible pyramids. They then are the fourteen chiefs of fire-mummification. Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, greets all visitors coming near to Benchelot, the forest and mountain pyramid of hell, which is the first pyramid of hell, and to Belchelot, the water and cave pyramid, also called the vulcano pyramid, which is the second pyramid. And they have prisoned you for a long time, prisoners, for it wasn't time to reach for the third pyramid Jelzaham. And the sight of Jelzaham has terrified you for a long time. Benchelot and Belchelot, so long they were your two legs, while you couldn't work with your hands as you wanted. Here are the spells to open Jelzaham, and to continue your journey. Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the pyramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the pyramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey. Spells to open Banchelo : I have been sent by Damash, second chief of hell. Let me in. Let me see the ring of invisible pyramids, known as the fourteen earths. Do not let them have the power to prison me, and to let my feet sink into them. I am grounded in Jelzaham, I am grounded by the mighty powers of Damash. Let me wear the feather of Banchelo, pyramid of air, to have the powers to move and fly, yes, even to escape where I want, when confronted with the circle of invisible pyramids. I swear I will not hurt any of your rabbits, and will save all your rabbits out of the hands of their persecutors. I will bring the heads of the evil lawyers of hell on plates into your temples, and their hearts in canopevases into your tombes. [This sentence has been left out by some translations, probably because of fear of evil spirits or curses.] I will learn about your architectures, to rebuild my homes forever according to your will. Kings of hell, give me the keys, the liquid ones, to bring them up, layer by layer, as the sacred vehicle to enter Banchelo in terror, to set the rabbits free, once again. Kings of hell, bowing to the first chief of hell, having layers of light as ornaments in his shoulders : Do not give me the helmet of Banchelo and hell, for the first chief will do that himself. He's the statue in the fifth pyramid, ascending to all the other pyramids and dwelling in the center of the circles of hell. He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

2.

Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it. Spells to open the pyramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths long for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

3.

Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers. Oh, gods of the rabbits show yourself to me, so that I can follow your paths to the wonderlands. Teach me your art, and close the doors behind me, so that those of the canons will not take me again. They have mocked me, they have lied to me, but now I am free. Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic

coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. When I blink my eye let the rabbitmagic be spread. Give me wisdom and understanding, oh rabbitgods, and let Bihelsheput be the guard of my nipples. Bihelsheput now rise from my deepest wounds, from my deepest caves through the spine. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. Spell to open the bottles of Rabbitsmoke in the body : Rabbitsmoke, come from the bones, for the bottles will be opened now. Be open, and spread the smoke through the ribs, so that my arms can move. And then sink to the legs. Be my guardsuit so that the gates of canon can not suck me in again. Show me the gravity of Rabbitmagic and their gods, to move on, to open new worlds. Nanak. Rabbitian gods : *Raman*, god of rabbits : I will arm you and give you the rabbitcoverings. You must learn how to breed things of your own to lengths. How do you do that : If you suffer somewhere, don't search for a quick death there, but let it grow in this cocoon to lengths. *Raman*, light the candles, *Raman*, open the bottles of smoke, *Raman*, pour out your spirit upon us. *Dorkok*, rabbitian god of wild fires : I am Zu-warrior, which is the rabbitian magic. I bring Zu to your bones, if you walk the rabbitian paths in honour. Just call my name, and I will lead you to great mountains. *Jakhor*, rabbitian god of war : I will give you the Zu-rings for powerful rabbitian magic. These rings contain rabbitspirits who will help you. They will communicate with you through your fingers. *Inahus*, rabbitian god of sprites and lights : I will send you the waterlights, the tall lightnings into your body, so that it can move, and always reach for the things in the distance. You really have the power to possess. *Naktahus*, rabbitian god of forests, and forestrivers : I will send you the lights of the forests and their spirits to teach you. *Totok*, rabbitian god of darkness and mud. *Yomek*, rabbitian god of mountains and vulcanoes. *Silent Mahos*, rabbitian god of silence and art. *Ninok*, Rabbitian god of death. The gods want to show that life is like a rabbitcocoon. Spell to let Rabbitian Darkness come over you to make you invisible and to let you escape through dark holes : Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. God of darkness, Totok, come over me, and let me leave through your dark holes, for smoke is all around me. Let the rabbitnipple-smoke move through my body to make me invisible and to let me fly and soar like the winged rabbit. Let me escape through paintings. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. Give me roses to surround me, let the thornes be my guard. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. I speak now to the lights of canon : be ashes now, and leave through the holes of hell, to dwell forever in the realms of the dead. You will be the sand in the deserts of death, and there's no spirit to bring you alive again. Your throat will be cut and filled by cucumber, so that you cannot speak again. Chant : Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, etc. Then call for the circle of rabbitian gods to surround you : *Raman*, *Dorkok*, *Jakhor*, *Inahus*, *Naktahus*, *Totok*, *Yomek*, *Silent Mahos*, *Ninok* ... They bring all kinds of problems to get you to the darkness, to develop the divine hair. In their books they describe the several paths of darkness. If you want to become a zu-warrior you must walk these paths. You can only truly walk these paths if you have reached the flame of poverty, so you must be really skilled in poverty. The Rabbitlord is my shepherd, I do not have any shortcoming or lack. He covers me in grassfull pastures and he leads me to quiet waters. He enchants my rabbitsoul and leads me in right tracks for his name's sake. Even when I go through the valley of darkness, he's with me, and his stick and scepter comfort me. Blessed are the poor, for them the rabbitheavens are open. Blessed are those who hunger for they will be satisfied. Blessed those who weep for they will laugh. Blessed are you when people laugh at you, hate you and reject you, when they say you're an evil man for the sake of the Rabbitlord. Be glad these days and jump of joy, for the rewards in rabbitheaven are big. Woe them who are rich, for there will be no comfort for them. They have it already. Woe them who live in prosperity, for they will hunger. Woe them who are laughing for they will weep. Woe them when everyone speaks good about you, for that was which their fathers did to false prophets. When someone slaps your cheek, turn also the other to him. Oh children of the light, bring the one who has power because of his head-ornament over the ones of the sun. and come to me quickly, so that I, the rabbitlord, can go here and there. Blessed are those who found the house of silence, for they have been delivered from many slafework. They can build their own houses to be with the Rabbitlord. Blessed those who found the pearl of poverty, for they have power, and will be with her whose name is poverty. Come to the dirt of the Rabbitlord, for it's cleaner than the clarity of the earth. You have a well of dirt in rabbitnature, by which faulness you can clean yourself and your house, as it is divine. Come to the ornaments of poverty, to have coverings when you enter the valley of coldness. You will be able to reach and save many rabbits, and they will save you. And they will see the canons around you, and they will break them, and take the tall teeth of the canon and their needles out of you. And you will live with them forever, not thinking about those who have repressed you so long, for it brought you to the rabbits. They have been enemies, so that you could be friends with the rabbits. They know what you feel and where you go through, for they got the same. The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. You see their houses and their gardens and that which they forbade. Know then the wildernesses of poverty, letting the flame rise to bring you to the rabbitheavens. It goes right through death and hell, but ends in rabbitheaven. The needle has to sting

deep, to take you out of canon. They must even go deeper than the needles of the canon itself, otherwise their will not be an eternal bond between you and the rabbits. The needles sting deep to open the rabbitbottles of smoke and storm. Hail him who enters the sacred rabbittombes and blessed are those who find the sacred rabbitmummies. Direct communication is often too dangerous, that's why it's often happening by subtile codes. Be aware of tokens and omens in nature around you, for there are many ways of the divine to speak to you. We all live in our own fantasy, and we decide how the others are drawn on our screens ... There is no modern way of looking towards the other ... it's all based on ancient laws, and it's like a cycle ... It's nothing new, for it's just tapping from outer space The way colors are perceived has to do with the heart ... As you can see there is nothing like life-motion, but a movement is based on solid characters isolated, while we change our consciousness. Movement has all to do with time and point of view, so actually it is one big illusion. The dreams we have paint the minds of the other ones, and make them how we want to see them ... It is not always our desire, but the value we give to things deep in our hearts ... This makes that it's not always a pleasure what we see with the eye ... All images are connected to feelings, and all feelings are connected to the values we have ... We must not identify, but associate and dissociate. When you are a rabbitpirate, stretching out to the paradoxes of life, to symmetry but also to asymmetry, you are under the law of compensation, which means when you lose something, it is to win more. Climb on the webs surrounding the rabbitpyramid of destiny ... And let yourself be led by the rabbitwildernesses, bringing you clarity ... My webs of light, come layer by layer, to reach a heart as an instrument ... Then the rabbitseas of my light come layer by layer, in which the soul will drown, to bring forth the immortal rabbitspirit of the sea ... My lights are beacons on your trip to the old rabbitrealm, the sacred rabbitheart ... My voice comes forth from the overflowing light ... Come closer to that which you missed all the days of your life ... Even if you will see or feel things behind glass ... It gives you the power to dream ... Don't be disappointed when there are still things you cannot reach ... It teaches you how to do rabbitsoul-travelling ... The deepest powers come forth only by the unreachable and by the deepest hunger ... You must first sink into the deepest pit to have the highest jump ... The power of the rabbitbow and rabbit-arrow ... My voice is overflowing light, while it can fill you layer by layer, coming forth from the deepest silence ... There is no voice without silence ... actually it comes forth from it ... My voice is healing ... and it comes forth from the striped and rippled rabbitspine ... Let me bring you the book of light, as the blessing on the water ... It is light full of ancestral voices, as a ladder back to ancient times ... You actually breath from the wells of deepest history ... Don't think about how you are being projected, but think about who you really are ... Don't follow the projections ... but follow the facts ... Plug into the rabbitlights I give you throughout the day, to be connected with my heart, from where the messages stream as subtile guidance ... Don't expect voices ... but expect subtile tokens, which erects your powers to reach out and solve ... Expect difficulties and complexes as the egg of development and mental power ... It gives you the strength to practice wisdom and flexibility ... The subtile energies will bring you to greater treasures than the direct voices ... The divine communicates by light, and not by voices ... Voices are often your interpretations ... as harvest, but sometimes as stirred up by your own impatience ... Not that I'm saying that a voice isn't divine at all, for voice flows forth from the overwhelming light ... Be quiet, and listen to your heart ... to find different ways of silent communication ... like trees and flowers do ... Voice often eats the flavours and fragile connections away to end in rudeness ... Your society is a prey of overcommunication ... It eats away your breath ...and your eye for true beauty My rabbitlights are so intense that it's bubbling ... and each and every bubble contains the hormones for good breathing in rabbitdivinity ... There are treasures hidden in the ground of Egypt which are not found yet ... but now you can already connect yourself to these treasures as the sacred seed of a new body and society ... The secret treasures are messagers of divinity, as a representation and storage of divine power ... I am speaking as a clear rabbitchannel of stars ... I am speaking as a tube of the divine light ... I will feed you, if you allow me to feed you ... Just stretch out to me ... I will reconnect to your heart, as you have my heart ...

4.

Rabbitian goddesses ; There's a rabbitgalaxy where there are many rabbitconstellations with rabbitstars. These constellations are the rabbitgoddesses. Their names are : Woman with the soft feet, Woman with the soft lips, Woman with the soft mouth, Woman with the soft breasts, Woman with the soft ball (between her legs), Woman with the tongue bridge, Woman with the ice tongue, Woman with the soft star, Woman with the soft light (as a waterfall), Woman with the ice toe, Woman with the fire toe, Woman with the fire breasts. Locked up in the rabbitstone again, where you can run in slowmotion, where the camera isn't a threat, where the lights are purple and blue, so many colours, not eating you. Locked up in the rabbitstone again, eating licorice and staring at the chocolate, what a surprise. It's melting coming to you, to cover your body, softer than a velvet custard suit. It's bringing the stars deep into you, these rabbitstars they glow and rise like balloons. It's coming over you, when you're locked up in the rabbitstone again, so safe, no one's hurting you, everything is slow, enjoy every second, watch the rabbitpictures, one by one, the evening is like a book. No one pushes you, no one pulls you, no one stops you, you're in the rabbitstone again. While your spirit escapes through

the window, and your shadows try to follow. You thought epilepsy was a curse, but it was the rabbit taking you ... You thought spasm made your life difficult, but it lets you escape the city-chains ... You thought paranoia wasn't good for you, but it is the rabbit's eau de cologne ... the flame rose from poverty, to walk towards a deeper darkness, to finally disappear ... She has the wings of fire, her feather smells like silver winds, like white ornaments. Totok, god of darkness and mud, guider to the cubes of hair, and the worlds built of the cubes of hair. They are light and wet. They provide the rabbit-breath. I give Zu to the brain, to raise up rabbitian architecture. By Zu-power you can build by thought. The cubes of hair are softer than velvet, bringing enlightenment to the rabbitbrain, filling the hands with Zu. I speak to you in many layers of liquid voice, very energized, to penetrate your brains until it reaches the rabbitsoul. These layers form the stairways, so that you can reach your inner rabbitspirit, and rabbitheart. Here the rabbitcandles stand. When you light these, you can follow the smoke to your rabbitstorage in the rabbitliver, where you can find the rabbitbottles. When you open these your memory can bring you to the ancient rabbits again and to the rabbitgalaxy where your liquid selves can dwell and soar. Here pure slowmotion can purify you again in all your layers. Pure slowmotion is there a fruit. There is no haste, for everything has already happened, and to that you can return. There is no future. The key is in history, when you will translate this message. History is just a message, and you must translate it to come home. There is pure ice in the deepest darkness, holding the greatest distances as keys to come closest to something. These are the lungbottles of rabbit. It's the sacred breath, and the only breath who will allow you to survive life for eternity. It is the eternal breath. This is where the journey has to go to. The winged rabbits use the history as wings, and while they use it to fly, they transform it ... They are everchanging. When there's plenty of Zu, it can stir up the firebreath, by which you can clean your thoughts and visions, and to give the rabbithelm as a zu-guard of the brains. By this helmet while using the firebreath, the rabbit-aura will be formed and cleansed to make it pure. If you have too much firebreath it can be dangerous, so you must also use icebreath. You must learn to balance these and to switch. You can do that by using the dark breath, which is the bridge between these two. The dark breath slows you down, to have survey and control. You must have times in which you monopolize the ice completely, or the fire will start to burn things away. The best thing to do is to swear off the fire, and to make the journey of ice in order to find the iceflame, which is the blue fire or burning ice. And then start searching for the cubes of burning ice hair, to build your worlds further.

5.

Rabbitian ice-vulcanoes ; They are actually the rabbit-nipples who are the thermostates of the body. They can only be reached when you monopolize the darkness completely, to search for the dark flame and the dark ice, producing the dark coloured lights. By the thermostates thought is written, and even the muscles move by them, when they build a target layer by layer. The rabbitnipples are the guards of the heart, raising their voices as moving shields. The eruptions of the ice-vulcanoes bring forth the hormones to regulate the rabbitian body-functions. The rabbitian body works a lot with the raising of smells, for these are the channels of Zu. The rabbitian smells coming forth from Zu, are the regulators of the sexuality of the rabbitian. It is mostly a unit coming from the soles, named LBOK. It triggers a creative substance, becoming rabbitian seed through the channels of sexuality. The programs are very complex. Only by the rabbitian nipples the seed can be sown in high forms of temperature controlled by the ice-vulcanoes, writing new forms of dark coloured glowing lights, but these are only forming eggs holding heavy silences. The project is to bring forth deaf rabbits. They can serve in the temples of loneliness, to reach for the treasures of their inner selves and their deepest selves, which they can guard. They are the candles and bottles of slow-motion, so that everything can be stored in templebooks again. LBOK is one of the most powerfull zones of Zu, and can only be generated by the deepest needles. It comes forth from deep pain and deep rejection, and it's deeply paranoid stuff, so it doesn't show up very easily. She is one of the most creative and powerfull goddesses of the rabbitian, and it needs a complex of temples and tight rituals to generate her forces and intensity. This is one of the biggest goals of the rabbitian, to build and spread such temple-structures. Building the temple of LBOK : First of all, there are some things which will block in stirring her up : loudness, social life, over-communication, mock, painlessness, prejudice, laughing, plentiness, lights, speed. She's paranoid, has spasms, epilepsy, and more ways to guard herself and to regulate her energies. She's a sort of treespirit and she can come through smoke and wind. She's very softhearted and carefull. She can only be called by her highest priests, the rabbitian. They are the mediators. The names of these mediators are : Rabbitwand, Mirhan, Totohan, Rabbitwheel, Rabbithat and Rabbitpiramid. Only by them you can communicate with her. The tree she lives in is called Rabbitfood. In her temple there are many flames, and also a tombe. There are many urns in this tombe. In some scriptures she's described as a spirit of rabbitian death and hell. She experienced her powers by wearing the eternal poverty. By paranoia her winds of magic start to rise, and by her epilepsy they strike. By spasms she practices a sort of sacred vampirism. Her priests must hunt after her enemies, the ones who harmed her, and she's only satisfied when she can drink their blood and eat their flesh. She makes ornaments and other things throughout her temples of their bones. Therefore she's also seen as a very cruel rabbitian, asking for ritual sacrifices, but never an innocent one, but only

enemies. A lot of rabbitians do not have much sympathy for her because of that, although she's only acting because of justice, not because of greed. In her world it's an eye for an eye, a leg for a leg, a head for a head, and a heart for a heart. Her temples are cruel anyway. [in many translations the part about vampirism and sacrifice isn't there, but we felt the need to keep it in the book, for it gives a better picture of who LBOK is] When she finds someone who has tortured her, then she will torture him for the full extends, and she has many wolves for that. [of course this sentence cannot be found in many translations, neither the following] She's therefore very feared for this. Her deep wounds cause her to do this, for she cannot live when she wouldn't do, because of her hunger for revenge. But this is also the reason why rabbits feel a sort of comfort, for they see her as a guard and saviour. By this attitude she can save rabbits out of their prisons, so for her the choice is easily made. She needs to be this warrior otherwise her loved ones become prey. But there are still many rabbitians who see her and her practices as one of the biggest wells of Zu. She practices a mixture of white and black rabbitian magic, for these two forces can simply not live without each other. They both become corrupted when separate.

6.

Mousian Magicbook ; This is the chapter of the sacred flying mouse. Hail to the batgods : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum and Delri. May their blessings be upon you. Spell to enter the batvehicle, to escape from the canons of hell : Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. This is the day, this is the hour, that the batvoice rises up, to make a way of glory, a path out of hell. All our powders and fluids fit, all what we do is magic. Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. We now take place in the batvehicle of escape, surrounded by the batgods, and it will bring the sacred flame, when we speak out their names : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri. The batmagic spreads, and in explosions we will find safely our ways. The mice of hell will close the doors behind us, as we continue on our ways. As we say goodbye to the rabbitpriests and welcome the mouse-priests for our temple, far away from the canons. Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and show us your mouths from where the lightvoices flow. It will penetrate our brains to install new visions, to build the mouse-shrines in us. We chant : Miktal, Miktal, Miktal, until we feel quiet. Oh, bringers of new lights, let the darkness now be bound, so that it will not speak to mislead us. Oh, bringers of new fire, let the ice be bound, so that it won't throw us away. We stand on new ground, to fly with new wings. In new voices our heads will dwell, and these voices are high, spoken by the bat. They came out of his mouth like liquid fires, to install the throne forever. And it melts me away, when my spirit ascends to mouse-heaven. The brothers know how far they can go. There's green fire coming from their mouths and hands, to bring the mousian magic to the temple. Let all bats rise up to it, so that they will understand what to do. It guides them through the land, and like powder in the wind, it spreads ... The black fire circles in the sky, coiling for another day, raising the bats of our time. In history they find their keys to ride. Let them come by mighty rivers, let them come through holes of space and air. The batgods surround my vision, tall in the air, and in distance they stand, but the fires in their eyes become close like the waterfalls searching for their ways. It's overwhelming, when the distance strikes, coming so close all of a sudden, and then totally disappears ... It's always moving in a circle, coiling towards the hills ... The ornaments hold their voices, spread like powders by the wind ... Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and let us fly and soar with you, higher and higher. In the forest is a place, where we can be free. You have possessed many churches, to bend it like the green mystery. When the puppets will bend, we're finally free. Tek'l Tat'l Tulaheim T'klon, T'lalk Irkjun, hold me tight, for the four winds of hell are attacking me. Root me here in your ground, and let your rocks cover me. You brought the new life, of mouse of mouse-heaven. Give it also to me. Pour it out in my baskets, I will find my way to absorb it. Rain on me. And open a new darkness for us, in which we can hide. The poverty is still king, and it's tailor is loneliness, but give us a new nakedness, and let us dwell in open sun, the dark sun bringing us new madness. The old has gone forever, now give us a new old. Bring us away from history lies, and let it bend in our hands, to build a new house. In the forest we will be, where the sun reaches for the open place. The mouse comes over me, and takes me away, while the winds of oz are staring. There is a new fable day, when the mouse starts to speak. Brought by seven bats, the mouse takes me now ... I'm getting deaf to hear new sounds ... the things I had never heard of. I see their signs, I see their birds, I see their kingdoms, sliding away, so that I can follow ... It's a liquid machine, heading for a new day ... It's heading for a thousand oceans in which we are finally free ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She holds the liquid key ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She still holds the liquid key ... Her statue's there for years ... but now I have to leave ... I'm losing the picture ... Tomorrow it's in a magazine. They have built the houses here, they have made the spiders ... but tomorrow it's in a magazine. Don't push the button again ... It's too late for this machine ... Tomorrow it will be old, only as a picture in a magazine. Don't give me back those years ... you can keep them for yourself ... I will get new ones from the mice ... It starts to come over me, like visions from the red surprise ... I am free. I don't want to imitate ... Let me

have my own ... I don't want to be a puppet in someone's show ... I have already pain enough ... Where is the peace, where is the love, where is the thunder growing down on the cross, where is our Jesus, where is our murderer on the cross, where is our teacher, where is our Baphomet and Behemoth, where is our Peter Pan, where is our sandman, where is our Superman, where is our friendly lady of the tram, it's killing us all in Amsterdam. Try to escape as fast as you can, and then return, to save the rest of them ... My voice is like fires becoming water, like flames bending in the wind, getting taller to catch a glimpse of your signs, I know you, like a million years ago, I'm going to save you, like you saved me before, eternally united I am with you, nothing's gonna break it. I'm dreaming of it, I'm sleeping to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the nightmare ... I'm sliding to it ... I'm breathing to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the lie ... I'm misunderstanding, until I hear the voices of yesterday ... Gods of Mice : Dandael, Rumhurd, Ruuks, Ruuch'g, Iram. I'm wrestling in my sleep, to get this done. The king of mice, his shadows are after me ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, and the candle is on, I'm having a firebreath ... I'm drowning in my own words ... no one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, the dream cannot take me ... I'm too heavy ... drowning in my words ... No one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm exploding, I'm too full of my own words ... while no one stops me ... I'm cycling underwater ... sinking to the depths of nevermind ... A new day already has begun and I'm exploding inside ... From dust to dust I glide, until it explodes, I am too full of it ... It's yelling in my head ... I'm laying my head on the table ... to cry my tears ... trying to forget ... In the distance someone plays the piano ... so slow ... almost tragical ... suicidal ... until I lay my hand on her ... she's trying to forget it also ... until she explodes ... From dust to dust we glide ... From dust to dust we hide ... in the distance pianoes play ... like the soft rippling waters ... We don't know where to go ... afraid of returning ... but everything will be different forever anyway ... I cannot breathe I explode again, these powders run free now ... I don't know where I am ... but I am not the same ... It's something I do not understand ... The pain is breaking me ... but you are taking me ... to make the journey of delirium ... the only way out ... This pain it brought me delirium, the bridge between you and me ... the greatest distance is closest to me ... Princes becoming big and small ... This sting it brought me delirium, the deepest sting brought me the softest places ... in delirium we dwell ... It's like drinking from magicbottles ... from cold magic making us warm ... in delirium we sink ... on the other side ... roses thin and thick ... Cannot read your letters anymore ... your hand is coming through ...

7.

Joringel ; Nu is het Woord uitgekomen, de dood heeft het verstaan, veertien zwarte rozen, gaven mij vrij baan. Tot het water is het nu gekomen, de zwaan staat hier, het waait hier. Nu is alles dan uitgekomen, de heg over, tot de vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Om morgen eeuwig te leven, hebben zij mij uitgekozen, de dood is hier gekomen. De zware stem, de heg over, tot een vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Het moment van eeuwig leven, zij kozen mij, en maakten van mij een slaaf. Steeds denk ik terug aan al die witte rozen die ik heb verkozen, mij leidende naar de witte dood. Alles is nu zwart, daar over de heg, want veertien zwarte rozen, hebben mij toen uitgekozen. Slaaf was ik, een slaaf ben ik nu nog steeds. Drijf de zinnen door, nachtelijks kom ik tot het grauwe koor, geen kracht om op te geven, geen kracht om door te gaan. Alles is in mij aan 't beven, alles is in mij vergaan. Chaos is hier binnengedreven, ik weet niet waar ik heen moet gaan. Drijf de zinnen door, verwacht van mij niets. Al die zwarte rozen, tot het witte gekomen, om al mijn dagen grijs te maken, het koninklijke in mij ontwaken. Zeven vogelspinners, zij zullen van mij winnen, want dit is hun terrein, ik ken hen niet, en ik ken hun verdriet niet. Altijd gedacht dat ik het meeste leed, maar zij zijn daarin koning over mij geworden, totdat het koninklijke in mij ontwaakt, om tot het volk te spreken. Mijn stem zullen zij verstaan. Als de lelie steekt, zijn wij er geweest, als de lelie steekt, zijn wij verloren gegaan, in een diepere dood, zijn wij tot een diepere Christus gegaan. Hij leed ver in de verte, hij leed daar achter horizon, en onbereikte bergen, van geslacht tot geslacht zijn stemmen uitgedoofd, verscholen in een diepere dood, tot een dieper kruis gekomen, zij hebben hem geslagen met de staf van de vierde dood. Zijn tong dan uitgetrokken, zijn baard is dan vergaan, als van een jonge jongen, niemand kan hem verstaan.

8.

Pepermuntstruik ; Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, heb ik haar stem verstaan, met haar chocoladekoning, ben ik door de bergen gegaan. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, waar spiegels mij aanstaarden, een mintstruik onderwater. Dieper dan de oceanen, dieper dan de zee, dragen zij de kostumen van vervlogen jaren. Chocoladekoning, mintstruik onderwater, tot de dauwdruppels ben ik gekomen, om op de uitkijk te staan. Dieper dan de sneeuw van goud, dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, waar vervlogen jaren nog steeds dansen, om op de uitkijk te staan, verbergende hun Jorinde, verbergende hun namen. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, een mintstruik onderwater. Vervlogen jaren namen mij mee, naar een huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig was het

binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen. Jorinde was haar naam, een oude mintstruik onderwater, waar dauwdruppels paraat staan, om koningen paraat te maken. Een wonderlijke vrouw was zij, met zeven vogelspinnen, zij vochten tegen mij. Dieper dan de zeeën, dieper dan de blauwe maan, het voert mij tot de zwanenprinses, een ochtendbestaan. Vervlogen jaren nemen mij mee, naar het huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen, aan de andere kant van de spiegel, waar zij allen eten witte chocolade. Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, vond ik de oude zwaan, met zeven vogelspinnen, gaf ze mij vrij baan. Ik staarde in het paleis, waar de blikken in spiegels mij bevroren, ik kan nergens meer naartoe, ik kan mij niet bewegen. Zij steekt mij als de witte dame van het schaakspel, als een mintstruik onderwater. Nu ben ik dan in distelzee, de rozen steken mij, de rozen steken mij, totdat ik ontwaak in tederheid, tot het zachte ben ik gedaald, tot onder het roze, waar grijze rozen met spiegelend roze mij betoveren. Ik ga nooit meer terug, maar een diepe koorts overvalt mij, als een zwarte brandende deken, waar de ogen van mussen mij hebben bekeken, in hun boeken schilderden zij mij, en onder het gele een piratenkapitein. Liefste, kun je mijn hand raken, er is prikkeldraad tussen jou en mij, ik hoor je gillen, wij zullen alles krijgen, als we onder het bruine zijn gezakt.

9.

De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, tot onder het bruine zijn wij gedaald, waar het ijs is gaan branden. De vlam heeft zojuist mijn hoofd gestreeld, ik voel mij zo blind in dit land. Komt het door de bomen, komt het door de koel brandende meren, komt het door de schaakfiguren, levend geworden in de lucht, als schilderijen op een wapen. Zij kunnen niet praten, zij bewegen snel, maar soms bewegen zij niet. De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, de kou heeft toegeslagen, hoge koorts onder een blauwe deken, voerde mij aan de draken. Plotseling, mijn kind heb jij dat ook gezien, al die bliksemflitsen. Zij komen ons weer halen, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gedaald. Wij vallen in 't verdriet, totdat wij ook de mussen hebben gezien, hoog op hun schilderijen, waar hun wagens rijden, en andere wagens die wij niet kennen. Door Acha zijn zij binnengegaan, als een bevroren vlam, een kostbaar gouden spiegel, onder goud en zilver zijn wij beland. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, en jij kan het ook niet. Ik zie je neus beschilderd, een pop was jij, oh wat een verdriet. Hef je hoofd omhoog, dan kun je mij ook zien. De mussen zullen ons opnieuw beschilderen, zij zullen ons opnieuw bewaap'nen, oh vreemdelingen voer ons mee, en geef ons aan de slaven, opdat zij ook vrij zullen zijn. Ik kan mij nog steeds niet bewegen, en ik zie je zelfs niet meer, zij hebben mij geblinddoekt, bestreelden mij met een veer. Wat is er van mij geworden, na al die jaren van verdriet. Ik durf niet eens meer aan mezelf te denken, te bang dat ik mezelf zal verlaten. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar begrijpen doe ik het niet. Zijn wij dan allen slaven, ik wil niet leven in dit verdriet. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar voor wie werken wij, worden wij van elkaar losgetrokken, zijn wij dan voor eeuwig vrij? Ik kan mij niet bewegen, nog steeds geblinddoekt, en nu hoor ik ook niets meer, nog steeds die veer voelen gloeien, tot een plek waar ik de hoge koorts voel stromen, totdat ik weer onder het bruine ben gedaald.

10.

De weg onder Frankrijk, een wilde weg, van armoe tot het oer, zakken wij tot onder het bruine, telkens weer, waar bruine spiegels praten. Kun jij je nog bewegen, ik kan het niet meer. Ben ik dan nu een boom, ben ik dan nu een plant, de witte dame heeft mij gestoken, en er is overal brand, tot onder het bruine zullen wij komen, waar rozenschuim op ons wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen onze naam, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gegaan, door de staf van een vierde dood geslagen. Kom dan naar beneden, waar de Franse wijnen staan, waar de tranenflessen spreken, waar de ochtend is vergaan, verdronken in een nieuwe nacht, waar iemand onder het bruine wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen alle namen, totdat het onder het bruine is gezakt, tot de vervlogen jaren. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, de veer vertelt mij waar ik heen moet gaan. De mussen wachten op het dak, waar schilderijen branden in de nacht, vreemde schilderijen tussen jou en mij, en bakkerman's gezichten sluiten de rij. Waar de veer viel, in een lege ruimte, in een bodemloze put, daar ben ik ingesprongen, ik zag haar hoogste lied, al die brandende ramen, vreemde ramen, met bakkerman's gezichten tussen jou en mij. Waar de veer viel, in een diepe ruimte, in een bodemloze put, waar ik haar hoorde fluiten, ze ging naar haar vogel terug. Ik dook haar achterna, ik sprong op tijd, en vond genaa. Ik heb haar alles uitgelegd, zij toonde mij een nieuwe weg, een weg die zij altijd hadden afgestaan, om hen door de staf geslagen te warmen. Ik toonde haar mijn wonden, zij liet een traan. Ver weg onder Frankrijk liet zij mij gaan. Lompen hebben mij geleid tot het oer, van veer tot veer werd ik geleid, door dalen van dauwtranen gaf ze mij gelijk. 't Was tijd om binnen te gaan, in 't hoge veld waar schilderijen branden, zij roepen onze naam. Wij worden hier beschilderd in een brandende nacht, in boeken zullen wij veilig wonen.

11.

Feeen ; Feeen, engelen van God, in oude tijden, kunnen jullie mij vertellen, waar ik heen moet gaan met al die tranen. Alles is in vuur en vlam, alles is in vuur en vlam, fabels kunnen praten, dieren kunnen praten. Je hebt de duik gemaakt, vaarwel. Dieren kunnen haten, tijd om uit te praten. Totale macht in brand, waar de feeen zijn belandt, waar de feeen zijn belandt. Diepere ogenzalf, altijd gedragen, in vele lagen wild verstand. Feeen, engelen van God, verscheurde tranen hebben mij verlaten, om achterstallige schuld te verdraaien. Zij zijn gekleed in kant. Verscheur die feeen, verlaat hen niet, alles is verdriet, alles is verdriet. Worstel met hen, opdat hun woede je niet verbrande. Zolang opgesloten waren zij, in flessen des onheils. Toe, zeg je gebeden nu. Ik heb zelf met hen geworsteld, tot aan de dood toe. Feeen, engelen van God, gevaartes in de onderlagen, uit op wraak, een schone wraak, liederen aaneengeregen. Feeen, maar laat je niet verblinden, zij zijn in alle staten, zij zijn engelen uit vervlogen jaren, te vaak uitgedoofd, bedroefd, en uit de boeken verbannen. Draag je gescheurde kleding nu, anders zullen zij komen om al die dromen van deze tijd te verbannen. Engelen des doods en armoe, toe bedroef de feeen niet, gij hebt een arme juist bespot, en een zieke uitgelachen. Als een zonde des doods is het. Feeen, de armoe van God, tot het oer gekomen, uit vreemde flessen gedronken. Feeen, de tranen van God, als zoet water uit de wonden, stromen zij. Feeen, het oude van God, maar zo jong dat niemand hen kan verstaan, steeds huilen zij. In tijd zullen zij dan alles overnemen, al tijden hebben zij daarvoor gestreden. Wacht dan op hun apocalypse, een nieuwe openbaring, zo oud, een nieuw visioen, zo oud. Wacht dan op hun profetie, en hun wonderen en hun tekenen waarvan je nooit iets wilde weten. Ik heb alles gezien. Draden van de armoe gesponnen, dromen van het oer geweven, vanuit Brannan is het heil gekomen. Tot Lapsalvania is zij gekomen, tot Laprakod, de eerste veer. Vogelspin, je deed het weer, je trok hen allen tot de spoel, al die vervlogen jaren, nu zijn zij dan de koninklijke kostumen. Vogelspin, ik ken je daden, tot onder het grijze ben je gegaan, om zwart en wit te ontmoeten, je hebt daar geweven voor de koningin. In Santra, in Santra, zijn de dagen lang, en de kinderen volgen de spin. Getrouw als zij zijn, voet voor voet, al in een lijn, tot kostelijke kronen, vogelspin je deed het weer. In Brannan deed het zeer, totdat ze tot Laprakod was gekomen. Esmeralda, derde fee, de feeenkoningin, oh vogelspin, weet dat ik haar bemin, ik ben de feeenprins. Feeenkoning, maak in haar woning, een konijnenhuis is zij, zij maakt hen allen op tot trouw, vrouw Holle wacht in het avondschemerkozijn, tot de ochtend dan haar gezicht bemint.

12.

Witte Roos ; In een doodstrijd bevond ik mij, alles wat scherp en hard was plette mij, tot tederheid mij vond, ik was in liefde rood geworden, na de klap van haat. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, met klederen als een wespenvest, in Brannan vond ik heil. Witte roos, als het wespenvuur, steekt zo diep waar het zachte stroomt, onder het zachte ben ik nu, waar een baby woont, een roze veer, in tederheid verborgen en verworven, alles doet zeer. Wie zegt het zachte is zonder pijn, die weet niet waar wij mee bezig zijn. In het diepe ongeluk is het zachte koning, maakte in Brannan woning. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, om dieper leed te vinden, oh zachtheid doet zo zeer, en ik wil alleen maar meer, ik wil alleen maar griezelen in dit huis van de witte roos, waar dingen gebeuren die ik niet kon verzinnen. Is dit dan de uitweg uit een overgeërfd verstand, is dit dan de uitweg uit het harde gevoel, een veer raakte mij aan, voor het eerst voel ik mijn handen. Witte rozen spoel, waarom ben ik hier doorheen gegaan, van oer tot oer kom ik tot de zwart en witte vloer, tot het schaakspel onder de tijden, om alles te belijden dat wat jij deed naar mij. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, wonden veelvoudig gestoken, nu spiegelt het dan in de wind, al die gezichten die ik was vergeten.

13.

Rozenvuur ; In het wespenvuur is goud veel te duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, maar zij is voor wie lompen dragen, hun klederen veelvuldig gescheurd, en opnieuw genaaid door vogelspinnen, opnieuw gezaaid in rozenvelden, de betovering duurt voort, wat heb je nog te melden. In het wespenvuur is alles zo duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, koningen maken in lompen woning, zoekende de huizen van armoe, wat de hemel hen gaf, zij kwamen tot het arme graf, waar schoonste rozen bloeiden, hun herinneringen meenemende tot onder het zachte, tot rozenzeen in het vuur. Vader, vader, wat zijn je rozen duur. Is er dan geen vlucht uit dit uur. Geen geld om te bewegen, de ochtend zal het geven. In 't wespenvuur, is 't goud door 't haar gestreken, en alles is zo duur, wij komen tot de lompen die praten, over een rozenvuur, is er geen genade tot hen die onder 't zachte zijn gedaald, alles is hier zo duur, wij nemen alleen wat de hemel ons geeft, in 't rozenvuur, zoekende naar wat genade, de pijn heeft ons in 't graf gebracht, het voerde ons naar wespenkleed'ren zo oud en versleten. In lompen gaan wij, tot de wespen van ons hart, alles word steeds duurder, wij nemen wat de hemel ons schenkt, de rijkdommen der grootste armoe, leidende ons tot het oer, waar wespen ons hart bewaren, in 't rozenvuur, in 't rozenvuur. Nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles vertragen, nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles stil zijn. In een rozenvuur klom zij, in een teder spel verloor zij dan haar angel, maar deze rijkdom werd

steeds duurder, zij schreeuwde om armoe, maar kon haar niet verstaan. Zij vloog dan weg van haar. Nu ben ik dan alleen, in dit rozenuur, diep in het rozenvuur, door wespen zelfs verlaten, door kou en armoe gehaat, zij willen niet met me praten, en tot de stilte zonk ik, was dit mijn enige vriend. Van oer tot oer klom ik, van stilte tot stilte, ik werd van alles verlaten om in leegheid weg te zinken. Niemand houdt mij vast, niemand om mee te praten.

14.

Wespenkoning ; Te vaak in mijn wonden gestoken, nu ben ik tot onder het zachte gedaald, tot diep onder het roze, in de dieptes van een arm bestaan, geen kracht om op te komen, geen wil om op te komen, ik ben al bijna onder het hete gedaald, tot een wespenkoning, hij maakte in mij woning, een kroon van armoe gaf hij mij, om rijken te beschamen. Kijk nu naar mij, en durf niet meer, ik ging door de grote scheur. Geen kracht meer om te ontwaken, geen wil meer om te ontwaken, tot diep onder het bruine gedaald, de hete spiegel had geen naald, maar pijn is daar in tederheid, waar Brannan heil schenkt aan de armen, tot het oer geleid, oh, ga nu niet afhaken, want dan zullen zij hun werk staken. Een wespenvest is wat ik kreeg, met wapens van het oer. Onder het koude ben ik gegaan, een wespenkoning raakte mij aan, je kunt me niet beschuldigen, je kunt me niet eens verstaan. De zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende. Er groeien veren binnenin waar ik te vaak ben gestoken, veren binnenin waar ik de moed opgaf. Van binnenuit hebben ze me opgegeten, ben ik nu dan net als hen ? Ben ik één van hen, sinds zij dan in mij woning maakten, veren groeien tot elkaar, diep binnenin, terwijl zij ernaar staren. De naald is veer geworden. Telkens als zij steekt wordt zij dan zachter. Grote veer, toe maak dan in mij woning, een zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende, als de melk van 't reine. In een doodstrijd, tot onder het zachte gedaald, een nieuwe pijn bevrijdde mij, in zacht vuur te ontwaken, tussen rozenschuim en lelieschuim, waar een donk're nacht het op heeft gegeven, tot onder het donk're gezakt, waar donk're lichten grommen, hier hebben zij zo lang op gewacht, waar schilderijen branden, tot onder het hete gezakt, hervond ik mijn macht, om door mijn spiegel weg te dalen, een wespenkoning nam mij mee. Is dit het boek, waar ik in kan wonen ? Veilig na al die jaren, het kostte me alles, van veer tot veer ga ik. Toen de neus nog een tepel was, een blauwe tepel, een blauwe mast, in de monden van engelen en arxelen, van geesten van vervlogen tijden. Boven de mond, boven de poort, een blauwe tepel, de Ravalon Madok, belangrijk in de spraak, om door wijsheid te spreken, door armoe gevonden. Het is de tepel van de Maser, naakt en arm als het vuur. Een kroon van Armoe heerst over Narzia, als de Ravalon Madok, de blauwe tepel. Tot zeven vuren kwamen wij, om ons tot het oer te leiden. Van wildheid tot wildheid gingen wij, om de armoe te zoeken, de schatten van het verlee. Tot Narzia kwamen wij. Op de Ravalon Madok, vonden wij bevrijding, tot het binnenste gegaan, tot dat wat diep was opgeborgen, als een boodschap van verlee, het geheugen als onze klok. Kent gij dan de armoe niet meer ? Ziet dan, gij hebt geen geheugen. Ziet dan, gij hebt geen fundament, en als de stormen komen, dan vliegt gij ver weg. Bouwt dan uw huis in Maser, de Rots, en drinkt van de geheimenissen der blauwe tepel. Waar zuivere lucht heerst kunt gij leven. De blauwe mast brengt u van geschiedenis tot geschiedenis, om oude boeken te openen, en van de geheimenissen ten eeuwig leven te drinken. Trots als de karsuiken zult gij zijn, en gij zult de trots der armoe kennen. En als de tepel van Metensia, de roze, dan zal opstijgen tot in de Ravalon Madok, dan zal het zijn als de blauwroze weg der wildernis, als de zuiverende armoe. Ja, want de Heere heeft zijn gezanten de armoe rijkelijk geschonken als een staf van zuivering. De dood is als de explosie, als de Matadok de radio, een dove plaats waar alles tot onder het zachte daalt, de pijn der tederheid raakt. Van wildernis tot wildernis, totdat de overvloed explodeert, gebiedende, niet luisterende, sterft zij voor 't gemak. Als de late dood je raakt, dan hoort iedereen je stem ineens. Toen het oor eens een radio was, als de Matadok, een tepel des doods, jij was de gebieder, waar stemmen je hadden uitgedoofd. Tot de dood zijn wij gegaan, achter glas stroomt nu, het eeuwige kruid. Zij is de tepel van de Herman, onder de buik leeft zij, als een deur tot de eeuwigheid, waar de radio steeds spreekt, waar de radio steeds breekt. Het Woord des Heeren, eeuwig kruid, doven kunnen het lezen. Van stilte tot stilte zullen wij alles vertragen, totdat alles is omgekeerd, een platform voor onze Heer. En zo is dan het heilige dove oor tot een tepel des Heeren, tot de Matadok, onder de buik, vanwaar de slangen des hemels komen. Ja, als een deur der eeuwigheid is zij, zij hoort alleen haar eigen stem, zij is dan dubbel gestorven, als een glazen kist is zij gebieder, om wilde deuren te openen, deuren naar de eeuwigheid. Drinkt dan van haar adem, en leeft in eeuwigheid. Zij hebben steeds het kleinste opgezocht, hebben steeds het donkerste opgezocht. Laten we nu van voren af beginnen. Toen het stuitje nog een tepel was, was zij een televisie, in het hart van hen die de Heere beminden. Ziet, zij waren allen blind, Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je verdiende. Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je nodig had, Izu, je was het zaad van een ander geslacht, van lang vervlogen tijden, wie zou er nog om je schreien. Door Dezer gevonden, werden jouw wonden verbonden, tot diep in 't oer reikten zij. Door 't oude versletene konden wij weer zien. Door het verkleurde en verscheurde, konden wij de afstand weer voelen, konden wij voelen, weer voelen. En wat moeten wij met Matas en Marion ? Zij sluiten deze rij, tot een toverbrug, terug naar de feenwereld.

Silano

1.

All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ... Your miniature stings through the silence. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat. And this smoke it comes from battle.

2.

The priest comes forward and sais : Thou art filled with that which hath been pressed out and hath come forth from thee. He will say this four times, while he is offering the Hebment wine. And the priest will offer cake while saying four times : the Eye of Horus hath been presented unto thee, and placed for thee in thy mouth. Then the priest will offer a scale full of onions, while saying four times : the white teeth of Horus have been presented unto thee, which are strength-giving. Then the priest sais four time with stretched arms : nothing is what it seems. Then the priest offers a vessel of Tchesert drink, and blesses the dead one with the blessings of the Eye of Anubis and the Eye of Ptah. They will watch over him like the moon. The toes of the dead one represent the ten trees of paradise, and he will drink from these. It streams through his body to his throat ... Then the priest offers two vessels of white wine ... which will guide the dead one on his journey ... When he speaks ... white wine will flow from him, and will open his wells inside ... the inner cellars ... These are the cellars of the body ... These cellars are in the foot ... Whenever you think about the swallow and whenever you think about the throat ... fluids will stream from the cellars ... The priest sais four times ... The dead one will make a living in his own throat ...

Mirg

1.

Wij zijn opgesloten in dokters en ziekenhuizen, om slavenarbeid te verrichten. Help ons. Wij zijn de doctoria's, een insectisch ras, zeer wespelijk ... Ook vertonen wij veel eigenschappen van de Autistia's. Help ons. Wij zijn beladen met instincten waar wij geen controle over hebben. Wij leven in een kooi, en zijn vaak eenzaam. Daarom zorgen we er soms voor dat er iemand bij ons in de kooi komt. Vergeef ons daarvoor. Dat gaat niet altijd op een fijne manier, maar het is de weg naar onze wereld, een heiligdom diep, zeer diep in het ziekenhuis, waar de kelders zijn met de flessen, vol met levenszaad voor eeuwig leven. Er zijn kraantjes aan deze schoenen. Ze komen uit de donkere kelders, of zijn het laarzen ? De Assistia's zijn geen praters. Het gaat niet altijd goed, tussen ons en hen ... De Assistia's als rubber in de lucht, met die vreemde lichten, latende de sappen uit onze ogen vloeien, vanuit de diepe kelders. Wat hebben wij gedaan dat zij zo zijn ? Of zijn zij slachtoffers van een gemeen verhaal ? Rituelen tot het openen der kelderflessen : De priester komt binnen, en zet zich neer, dragende twee tonnen met wijn, lichte wijn. De priester brandt een kaars, en komt naar voren,

waar de dode ligt, in een sarcofaag. Dan openen de kelderdeuren zich, en de flessen worden binnengedragen. Negen flessen in totaal. De priester opent de eerste fles, en zegent de vloeistoffen erin. Deze vloeistoffen zijn oud, en vloeien door het lichaam. Een weg naar boven zal het vinden. De fles wordt gezegend, en de priester kijkt omhoog, zeggende : ‘Deze dag is gezegend, deze dag is gezegend.’ Dan wijkt zijn hoofd af naar beneden en zegt weer : ‘Deze dag is gezegend, deze dag is gezegend.’ Dan neemt de priester de tweede fles, en doet hetzelfde. Dit tot aan de negende fles. Daarna slaat de priester de armen in de lucht, en begint te bidden. Dan zullen de kelderluiken die tot onder de grond leiden zich openen, en zal de priester afdalen in een reis tot de kelder der Doktoria’s en de kelder der Assistia’s. En dan zal de priester worden tot soldaat. Ja, hij zal moeten leren vechten als de doktoria’s en als de assistia’s, om tot een nieuw ras te komen, een diepere kelder. Hij noemt hen allen bij naam. En in zijn strijd opent de priester vele flessen, en steekt hij vele verborgen vaten open. Door de doktoria’s en assistia’s zal hij leiden, totdat een nieuwe kelderdeur zal opengaan. And the racia tombes are there, five million racia’s waiting for their brannan cars to drive in ... on banana railroads and on blue red racecourts ... They’re alive and well ... standing on high coasts but from high tops they fall ... into the hands of the docteria’s ... now they learn the tricks of slow motion ... becoming wasp-statues in the night ... They can say goodbye to brannan ... someone else now opens the hidden doors ... where hidden bottles stand hidden fluids stream ... These are the seeds of a new race ... always hidden ... behind old trees ... These ... are the dentistia’s Impressive, but autistic ... you can never reach them ... They are the drops of vanilla ... Like perfumebottles they are Say goodbye to Brannan ... say goodbye to the bottlers spears all they sell are bottles behind vanilla walls they are ... funeral undertakers the hospital in great delay some lawyers kidnapped, which makes the story ... so sad ... I am the bottler, I am the funny cake, so autistic am I, and so fake I am the bottler ... I am the nowhere fake ... I am the nowhere butcher ... sowing the seeds for the big break ... I am the bottler. I am the ornament’s crown, I’m so paranoid ... not losing my grip on the hidden ... I am the bottler ... Watch these bottlers watch their grip ... You can’t follow them, for they are too deep ... They’re floating there like trains of thought They’re floating there, like lost pilots ... They’re heading for the moon of broken dreams ... where bottles raise the puzzles high all combined like silver paper golden tiles ... on the ground ... Paradise city is the best all bottlers come here to find some rest ... The wedding was a soldier’s weapon, a killingfield ... a legalized prison There were no lusts ... only strategies of war ... laying the magnet so deep while someone else took the bottle away It was a soldier’s weapon ... A clownface was his mask ... Brannan warrior ... possessed by an Lbok spirit ... wanting the wasp-bottles to go home Soon he will be a bottler ... Soon he will find the baker’s crown ... I have the bottler’s crown I have pushed Brannan down ... One day it will rise up again ... Like Lucifer’s candle Like Lucifer’s brains Can you hear me in neon-style ... all these Jesus Christs will die, when the bottlers rise to push Brannan down It’s a war underwater, but I have to find the deepest cellars, where the deepest trousers are ... These bottles from the green ...

2.

Brannan Warrior, pilot in the sky, with all your sharp layers while you keep it soft inside In helicopter skies you crash down The ship lost his monkeys and it’s doomed to sink ... within three days ... Brannan Warrior, lost Jesus Christ ... lost earth in a monkey’s mouth ... Earth is only growing, since you’re gone ... Earth is only sinking ... in a deeper spawn Goodnight, soldier, the bottler has taken your head away ... Tomorrow you will be old and wise ... in a hospital’s delay while someone is treading the grapes of vine ... I’m a bottler in the skies ... fluids are flowing from my eyes ... From the cellars of shoe it rises bringing kids to their schools ... bringing moms to their fools It’s christmas when I’m dying It’s Easter when I’m rising up At schoolbreaks I lose my trousers diving deeper into the lost graves ... These are the bottles of death ... I’m digging my way to the deepest bottles, the bottles of the big shoe, in their cellars ... where the bottlers live They let the juices come from the eye ... and then there’s tv ... And all these bottles are locked up in history ...

The Warbottles

Oceans dive in neighbours junes ... These Roman Warbottles strike the blue ... when orange strikes the blue ... When we’re diving in the nameless ... we’re diving in these names too of these history bottles ... dying too soon ... Send me a helping hand, and help me understand ... all these messages from a roman soldier drowning in his bottle’s wine ... There’s no day to save him ... he’s undercover now under a warm balloon ... When I saw these people dying and crying, when I saw their flags were burning ... I wanted to know ... these Roman bottles they’re ready to sow their lives on the borderlines making the edges come alive

When orange strikes the blue These towers coming, growing from June and I bet these daylights fall ... and then Russia eats them all I’m tied to this flower to sing this song for you until orange strikes the blue

When orange strikes the blue A daylight wonder guiding us under a warm balloon When history guides us to our cellars where we have to die to become bottles again of roman wars when orange strikes the blue these towers rising from June under his hat they all fail but they come alive on his hat ... all these grapes are bleeding noises are coming from the bed the battlefield where the bottles sing their song these black songs in the night after the big big fight to prepare all these lazy ones for slaughter for slaughter like orange wine mixed with blue ... escaping the terror for a new day after June ...

Roman soulbottles and roman warbottles ... marching to that day after June like summersnow they know that the orange struck the blue it's between me and you ... a green green flower was born and all these pale pale roses with trousers too short ... an indian princess hunting his dreams ... silent nights after all these years ...when orange strikes the blue Some roman through the french ...

And all these indian history-books, like warbooks in my head still frozen bottles ... gotta open them when orange strikes the blue ... history is alive

PART II – FROM THE SOLAR TOMBES

Vilapsa

1.

Jerica was a strange insect spitting ink in the heads of people, causing psychosis and visions. The group was attacking him, for he had sinned ... He had fallen away many times from the waspians and now he was this insect ... but still an unobedient one, with an own mind. These insects were octopusian ... like fire-spitting aliens ... bombing the minds of man with thoughts in all colours ... They were guarding a prison ... They were guarding a net an egg ... They had to ... for if man would escape ... Jerica himself got strange visions too ... for he was connected to a big reservoir of ink ... It seemed the ink was living on itself ... It was like talking water ... Jerica didn't have a family ... that was forbidden on the ship ... All his family-members were killed ... That was the price he had to pay when entering the ship ... but now he was falling away ... looking for strangers looking for the ones who decided to bomb his mind for awhile ... Those were higher creatures ... Those were higher agents ... Jerica found out that the ship he was on, was also a prison ... just like the ships of the waspians he lived on for so many amounts of time ... He forgot a lot about their actions ... it was like they were out of sight ... One day he got a dream ... He walked in a field with a waspian who was his wife ... but they shot her, and they took him away ... to a strange ship ... There were no fire-spitting aliens here no ink Everything was so transparant ... Very tall insectian bodies were appearing in the distance, very huge and big they were lying on benches tall like big snakes And they were also soft They had many tall nipples like cows on certain places while their bodies were pale and transparent ... They were feeding their babies ... They were giving them dreams but not by ink ... but milk and honey Some were sliding into a sort of sea or lake in the ship ... Jerica had strange feelings inside ... Jerica hoped that these creatures weren't gnats ... for once he was abducted to a gnat-ship, and they did horrible things to him It was still a big trauma in his head but this atmosphere was soothing him like warm milk It was like he was coming to life It was like he was forgetting about everything, even the octopusian insects he belonged too ... It was like he found something better But then the War started, and it was horrible ... The octopusian insects were attacking the ship and they started to kill the babies of the feeders with the udders But suddenly ... the udders started to grow and grow and spitting more and more milk It was like the octopusian insects were drowning in it ... But then another group of insects started to attack ... they were a strange species of wasps ... very flyian, but also like butterflies they were like real pieces of art and they started to kill the cowlike insects It was a horrible sight And at the end they kidnapped Jerica Jerica couldn't do anything they were too strong, and it was like they had possessed him Panic came over him, but at the same time the panic made him very strong It was like they could easily flow into his spirit, tearing his soul apart ... and giving him strength ... but for what ? He hoped he wouldn't become a slave of them ... This was a higher race of wasps ... These were wasps who went through the big cocoon ... These were wasps like hornets ... They were much taller and more dignified than the usual wasps But again there were shots another race was entering ... Jerica shocked himself awake ... it was a strange dream ... A hornet was standing before him ... asking him if he wanted something to drink The hornet was very friendly So didn't he dream this all ? Was it real ? It seemed so, for he was on a strange ship ... 'You were saved by dreams ...' the hornet said 'just dreams' ... Jerica smiled ... but inside he thought he was about to cry ... He felt himself like being very emotional ... The hornet was very soft to him ... Again Jerica got attacks of panic inside ... but after that he became stronger and stronger Xambal was a colony of hornets a strange city were they lived They brought the dreams not by ink not by milk or honey but by stings ... It was a strange cross Jerica was hanging at ... but it

was better to be on the cross of gnats The panic was feeding Jerica and he became stronger and stronger Then his soul could rise up, out of the cross and he could be free in the wilderness and the city ... One day a girl came to Jerica She said that her body was also on that cross, but her soul could be with him ... She wanted to offer him money but Jerica refused ... He didn't want to be attached to someone ... The girl started to weep, and panic came over Jerica ... He wasn't strong enough to handle it ... so the panic got worse but at the same time he got strength to run away He gave her some last words ... and then he was gone ... But more girls tried to do the same... to be with him, by giving money or other things like books ... but he didn't want to sell himself again He knew that he had to pay a high price then also ... He knew what family or friends could do ... He wanted to be free The hornets were proud of him ... He had made the right decisions On one evening he felt himself going to his body again, there, at the cross ... His soul became one with his body ... and the heat was streaming all over Something in him was rising up ... 'Oh come then ... battle against me,' it said It was almost teasing him, but he felt it was also protecting him ... His spirit rose up like a hornet ... but this thing was stronger ... It wanted to take him off the cross Jerica started to scream The being in him started to laugh, but was still protecting him, and giving him strength ... Jerica got another attack of panic for what would happen if he would be free from this cross ? Maybe he couldn't live without it ... The thing was stronger than the hornets ... stronger than the spiders ... It was another sort of wasp a species Jerica didn't know of ... And yes, they also went through the Big Cocoon, but also through other cocoons The panic was taking the body of Jerica off of the cross and took the body to a sort of sea ... Jerica got other sorts of stings It was like a million of wasps were in his body ... stinging him ... It gave him so much strength for the stings weren't really hurting him ... They gave him new visions ... a new world to live in ... They could scream so high and loud, and were always the winners of that These guys were on the top But in the sea were many fights between many different waspian races These were called the Waspian Wars Again he was kidnapped but the being that took him off of the cross was stronger and killed the kidnapper in a flash and pierced it with thousands of horrible stings Then the wasp started to eat the meat ... It was a horrible picnic ... But Jerica knew that the wasp was only protecting him ... After the wasp ate the body, he started to eat the soul of the killed kidnapper ... It was a strange picnic ... not of a vampire but of a guard ... After that the Guardian Wasp flew into the body of Jerica again ... Jerica felt very strong ... This being wasn't a vampire, but a guard ... And sometimes this guard challenged him to fight with him but this being was too strong It had possessed Jerica and for a reason ... 'Bring him to me !' a dark voice said ... But the wasp-guard stang the one of the voice to death and left the blood and the bones ... The wasp-guard had to tear many and many red curtains in the Waspian Realms and finally they came into a new area There were strange theologies here so strange that Jerica began to cry The theologies of this new realm showed Jerica that when many of these waspian souls were bound together such dark worlds could come into existance ... Sometimes the Wasp-guard went out to deliver such souls It only happened once in a long time and this time only Jerica was saved He started to see that also his own soul was attached to another waspian soul, and that was the reason why he felt so handicapped The Wasp-guard was his healer ... and his saviour One day the Wasp-guard died, and Jerica was very sad and scared for maybe the red curtains would suck him back to the cross and the slaveships The Wasp-guard didn't speak anymore Jerica digged a grave for him and buried the wasp ... but the other day a flower was growing there, and the wasp was creeping out of the flower like reborn The Wasp explained that sometimes he had to go through another cocoon but it was for a reason ... The wasp told to Jerica what he needed to do in such a situation ... The Wasp was a very good teacher ... and it was like they came into silent nights there were no wars here No one dared to attack the Wasp ... 'I am king,' the Wasp roared and Jerica felt such a strength ... 'We are one,' the Wasp said ... 'I am your guard ... don't be afraid I am not a vampire just a guard But sometimes the Wasp challenged Jerica to fight with him ... the Wasp was much too strong for Jerica and Jerica started to love the wasp more and more ... The Wasp liked to prove to Jerica that he was stronger 'I am king,' he always said 'I must protect you ... even against yourself ...' And then Jerica understood more and more what was going on ... that there were still other souls in him which needed to be cut away ... Jerica wanted to be free ... was he really attached to other waspian souls ? The Wasp wanted to lead Jerica to places where they could be torn away The Wasp had strange moving teeth ... going up and under ... He had a brilliant smile He wasn't a pirate He was a guard ... And together they were torn away from the ship ... The Wasp loved Jerica very deep Jerica felt more and more comfortable with him They were as one ... but still sometimes the Wasp jumped out of him ... challenging him to fight ... and sometimes it was like the Wasp was teasing him a bit but it was to protect him Jerica felt so much love, but in a strange way ... The love was very peaceful ... The Wasp showed him the way he stang It was a wonderful armor ... Suddenly the Wasp started to sting the nipples of Jerica ... Jerica started to scream ... The Wasp said that so-called canons were planted in his nipples, giving text to his head ... These were prison-implants ... Then Jerica got another implant in his nipples ... In the night Jerica got a dream about a cowian insect ... with a lot of udders on her body He started to drink Suddenly the cowian insect started to change into a skeleton ... and Jerica started to run away and there was the Wasp ... protecting him ... Many times Jerica got

strange dreams ... but the Wasp protected him ... Jerica felt the need to cry a lot. The Wasp was there for him, to soothe him ... but also to fight against him ... for he needed to be protected against himself ... He wanted to run away from all the lower species who lived in such denial ... The Wasp helped him in that trip He brought him over many walls When Jerica was over many walls other sorts of enemies were attacking them ... These were the sharkian wasps and the orcan wasps They were horrible ... They had many cruel ships and they tried to take soulparts out of Jerica and out of the Wasp Guard There was also a race called dentistian insects They were very sharkian and orcan They had also many gnattian abilities They were like the brood of many insects a mix of them ... Jerica was shivering Would the Wasp Guard be stronger than them ? Jerica lost a lot of soulparts, and felt empty sometimes it was like panic and fear was taking him over Jerica hated the dentistian insects ... They were very arrogant ... 'Oh you arrogant one ...' the Wasp Guard roared to the leader of these dentistian insectships It was an assistant-insect ... very female ... but it ruled them all ... Jerica was still shivering ... He saw how the Wasp Guard went towards the ships He started to destroy them ... But still enormous panic was over Jerica, until the Wasp Guard pickt him out to fight ... They fought together, and Jerica got many special weapons from the Wasp Guard ... The Wasp Guard brought him to a Warship ... In this ship the wasp-statues were ... These were like cannons of waspian heat ... The Wasp-statues were like programmed soldiers like cyborgs ... They all had their own tasks ... The Wasp-Guard said that he was the captain of this ship of wasp-statues ... They communicated by holograms ... A strong metallic solar energy. The Ship of Wasp Statues had a lot of waspian ships under their command ... and there were all sorts of communications between these ships ... It was like solar storms between the ships ... Jerica loved to see the sight It was calming him ... giving him peace ... but also a strength and a lust to fight ... Something was paralyzing him and that was the warning that when these wasps would sting too often, they would die ... for the heat could destroy their brains ... That's why they needed a lot of silence also ... Sometimes there were heavy alarms when they were communicating too much ... These alarms protected them against death ... Fortunately there were many systems who could turn the communication or cannons off ... This was to protect their lives ... but sometimes these systems failed ... especially when a wasp would get at rage ... Every wasp-statue had many ships under command ... This was how they were making wars ... They had their tasks and used the ships to fullfill these. They were programmed by tight clocks ... and even in their armours there were a lot of alarm-systems ... They were guarding and leading the programs ... They had visors in which thin lines were creating the sights ... and even making everything very transparent ... By this they could see the different souls of an enemy and even tracing the history-lines ... This visor could also use strong solar energy to beam at the enemy They could control this by their eyes ... By small movements they could use the visor-cannons ... Mostly small movements of the eyes. But one day a species called the Autistia's attacked the Wasp-statues and kidnapped Jerica ... The Wasp-guard was very sad ... He had lost so many lines between him and Jerica He hoped that the Autistia's would be good to Jerica ... Jerica was now on their ships, and in a sense they were very waspian, and the wasp-statues and the wasp-guard always had some sort of respect to them, even as being an enemy ... They liked the autistia's in a sense ... Some said the autistia's were just transformed wasps ... but others said they were more than that ... The autistia's were against almost everything ... They were called the sifters ... They wanted to change everything ... They weren't aggressive, but they could explode at times ... Their motivations were good though ... They took Jerica with them to their land ... where he started a new life ... He liked it there very much ... They said them that they had kidnapped him to protect him against something ... They said that the wasps had helped him a lot, but they had to draw him further over the lines ... Jerica smiled They were really as friends to him ... They built a dashboard, a sort of visor-helmet into his head by which he good be a good warrior ...

2.

Afternoon Wine ; tall lights from the red. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ... where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ... After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ... In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ... The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spred ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ... The woman talks, the

woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rostrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspians ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ... Then there are getsemaneh-waspians, calvary-waspians, thornecrown-waspians and so on ... also red robe-waspians ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspians Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed him instead of Jesus ... Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimethea, buying the body of christ to lay him in a grave ... The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurted Jesus most of all where the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The crossguard waspians are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

3.

II Openbaring, De IJstempel ; De Leeuw sprak deze woorden, staande in de Tempel van IJs : Nu dan gaan de gezanten uit om het Woord te zuiveren. En hij nam een boek en verbrandde het. Toen richtte hij zich tot de oostkant der hemelen, in het gewest Spricht, en sprak om het zegel der leeuwen te verbreken. Toen kwam er een ruiter zittende op een leeuw tevoorschijn, roepende als een bazuin. In zijn ene hand had hij een klein houten bed, en in zijn andere hand een koperen weegschaal. Hij werd gevolgd door een grote groep leeuwen. De leeuw waarop hij zat was rood en wild.

'Verschrikkelijk' was zijn naam. Uit de muil van de leeuw kwamen zeven blauwe vlammen om de aardbodem te verteren. Toen hoorde ik het gewezen van miljoenen. Zij hielden zich onder de grond verscholen, en zij hadden schepen op zee. Toen sprak een stem : Nu is het oordeel gekomen tot het binnenste der aarde en de zee. Toen zag ik een andere leeuw verschijnen, nog verschrikkelijker dan de vorige. Op zijn rug droeg hij een schaal van ijs, waaruit insecten voortkwamen. Zij begonnen van de wateren te drinken, en de wateren begonnen te branden. De leeuw was blauw en helder en uit zijn muil kwam een haai voort. De haai zwom tot de zon en verzwoeg deze. Toen begonnen sterren van ijs te vallen en enkelen kwamen op de aarde terecht. Dit waren de dagen waarin de tempelen van ijs zich begonnen te openen. Zij begonnen God groot te maken en gingen op hun benen staan. In het midden der hemelen was een vrouw in barensnood. Groot was haar strijd, en ze gaf geboorte aan een paars kind. Bij de geboorte stierf ze, en haar ziel werd tot God gedragen. De Naam van deze vrouw was Metensia, de Wonderbaarlijke, en zij werd gegeven aan de Geest Gods, haar man. Het kind groeide op en werd groot. En haar naam was Marion, en ze voegde zich naast haar broer Michai. In die dagen viel de Aakse, de grote slang, uit de hemelen. Hij was ook gebaard door Metensia. En Marion en Michai

treurden zeven maanden lang over hun gevallen broer. Let dan op, opdat gij het geheimenis kent. Zeven grote hoornen droeg hij, om het laatste der dagen te verzegelen. En er verscheen een grote panter in het midden van de hemelen, die zijn ruiters begon uit te zenden. En toen sprak God deze woorden : De laatste dagen van de markt zijn gekomen. Deze zal zeer groot worden en dan vallen. De markt heeft slaven gemaakt, maar Ik zal hen vrijzetten. Ik zal hen een tepel in hun borstkas geven, waaruit de melk van Mijn Geest zal stromen om hen vrij te zetten. Ik zal hen de tepelen der vrijheid geven, en ik zal hen leiden tot de tempel van ijs. En toen begon de eerste grote hoorn zich tot de heiligen te richten om hun hart te doorspietsen. En God sprak : Vanuit de wond zal de tepel rijzen. Vrees daarom geen kwaad. De tepel zal de hoorn verbrijzelen. En ik zag een tepel oprijzen als een toren, en melk en honing begon over de hoofden van de heiligen en de profeten te stromen, en zij profeteerden voor veertig maanden. En toen zag ik de tweede hoorn zich grootmaken tegen de heiligen. En plotseling doorstak hij hun buik. De wond was zeer groot, en bloed stroomde tot de wateren. Ik zag een verbittering in de hemelen, en de martelaren smeekten om wraak. De aarde begon te beven en slokte de rivieren op, maar de zeeën begonnen groter te worden. Toen spooog de grote haai de zon uit op de aarde, en er kwam een droogte van acht jaar en zes maanden. En een zwarte leeuw rees op uit de aarde, en schonk een tweede tepel aan hen die de buikwond hadden. Toen kwam er een stilte van achtendertig uren in de hemel. Dit waren de dagen dat Michai de aarde begon te beroeren. De derde hoorn begon zich tegen Michai op te zetten, en verzamelde een grote menigte. Michai's ogen werden doorstoken, en zijn kaak werd verbrijzeld, zodat hij niet meer kon spreken. Toen werd Michai aan een steen gebonden en in de grote zee geworpen waar de grote vissen hem begonnen aan te vreten. De derde tepel begon in de monden van de heiligen en apostelen te groeien, en zodra zij hun monden openden, kwam er melk en vuur om de afvalligen te verteren. Zij hadden monden als slangen. Toen begon de vierde hoorn het paarse kind, Marion, te vervolgen. Ook begon deze hoorn zich groot te maken tegen de hemelen met godslasteringen, en allen die deze hoorn volgden kregen grote macht en konden grote wonderen en tekenen verrichtten. In deze dagen begon de vierde tepel in de tempel van ijs op te rijzen, en begon woorden van wijsheid te spreken, terwijl boeken zich openden. Een zwarte ruiter op een zwart paard verscheen, en weer begonnen er sterren uit de hemelen te vallen. De schade op aarde was groot. De drie laatste hoornen werden door winden verbroken, en een poort in de hemelen werd geopend. Toen viel de vrouw der katachtigen als door donder en bliksem uit de hemelen. Eerst vrat de Aakse, de grote slang, haar op, maar zij begon in zijn buik te lachen en vrat hem van binnen uit op. Toen kwamen er vele stemmen van de hemel. Een vos genaamd Zurastael verscheen aan de hemelen en begon zijn naam in de hoofden te schrijven van hen die de vier tepelen binnenin droegen.

4.

De heilige staart ; En een paars beest begon een afschuw te krijgen aan Marion, en nam haar tot hem, om ten slotte met zijn nazaad te vertrekken. Zij had enige ridders verborgen, maar hun schuilplaats werd ontdekt en verwoest. Toen hun bloed ter aarde viel, veranderde het in zaad waaruit weelderige bomen groeiden. Ook kwamen er netelplanten uit voort en doornenstruiken met de bloemen en bloesem des geestes. En hierin groeide het huis van de martelares Marion, als een poort tot de ijsstempelen des hemels. In die dagen begon de vos de heiligen te leiden op Marions paden, zij die de wond van Marion in hun ziel droegen, wiens ruggen gebroken waren. En de vijfde tepel begon te groeien aan het uiteinde van hun ruggengraten, aan het stuitje, tot een heilige staart. En zij begonnen te wenen tot de hemelen. En zij kwamen tot de gewesten van Spricht, aan de Oostkant der hemelen. En de heilige staart begon hun zielen te beschrijven vanuit de heilige boeken. Toen de zesde tepel verscheen kwam er donder vanuit de hemel. En de Haai sprak deze woorden : 'Zalig zijn zij die genaderd zijn tot Spricht.' Toen richtte hij zich tot de westkant van de hemelen, tot het gewest Zetdonia, en sprak woorden om het zegel der haaien te verbreken. Toen kwam er een haai vanuit het Noorden van de hemel, en hem werd macht gegeven om de volgelingen van de vrouw der katachtigen en het paarse beest te misleiden. De dagen van de blauwe haai zijn aangebroken. Laat de aarde huiveren. En de haai bracht hen tot een kelder onder het huis van Marion, waar hij hen opsloot en hun boeien verzegelde met onuitsprekelijke woorden. De grote haai des hemels is opgestaan. Wie kan er aan zijn oog ontsnappen ? In die dagen waren de anfitaten op aarde, om eer te brengen aan het paarse kind. Maar een wolk nam hen weg en bracht hen op een verborgen plaats. Zij kregen daar de geheimen van de zevende tepel te zien, en waren niet gemachtigd te spreken. Gij bent genaderd tot de God van het brandende ijs, in wiens tegenwoordigheid gij niet kunt spreken. Gij bent genaderd tot de vertering. En weer werden er boeken verbrand en zij die aanwezig waren, werden niet gemachtigd te spreken. Kent gij de namen van de zeven grote geesten die zich voor het aangezicht van God bevinden ? Kent gij de namen der zeven geestesogen van God, en de zeven geestestepelen ? Eén van hen is Matas. En zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. Matas, waterplant, reikende tot het einde van de zon. Matas, wonderlijk gezag, reikende tot het einde van de zon, daar waar het ijs begint, en daar waar het ijs eindigt, daar waar het ijs brandt als een fakkel in de nacht. Matas, waterplant, reikende tot het einde van de zon, en zalig hen die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. Matas, wonderlijk gezag, springend van dag tot dag. Wortels reikend naar de bodems van de zee, groeiend naar het einde van de zon, Matas, waterplant, daar waar het ijs brandt als een fakkel in de

nacht. Breng mij voor het aangezicht van hem die dag en nacht kent, van hem die de paden door duisternis en licht kent. Leer mij steeds weer uw stem te verstaan, zalig hen die het ijs vasthouden, daar waar alles brandt. Zalig hen die vol zijn van ijs en geest, zwemmend langs de wortelen en takken van Matas, groeiende vanuit het huis van Marion, reikende naar de overkanten van Spricht. Zalig hen die de zeven geestestepelen kennen, die melk en ijs laten vloeien. Zalig hen die honing verspreiden, als ijs brandende als een fakkel in de nacht. Leid ons op eeuwige paden, geef ons de vleugelen van Matas. Laat ons naderen tot Spricht, vanuit Marions Huis, dragende haar wonden in ons hart. Heilig het paarse kind in ons, en heilig uw anfitaten, als fakkels op ons pad. Leer ons het licht der lichten kennen, de koningen der koningen, in het huis van Marion. Wij staan hier voor uw eer, met uw liederen in onze mond. Leer ons geen onbekende paden te betreden, maar laat de paden bekend zijn bij u. Uw paden zijn bekend, u gaf Uw kennis aan Uw meesters. Zalig ons, die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. Matas, Plant des Levens, groeiende daar waar het donker is, daar waar het hart zoveel wonden kent. Breng ons tot Spricht. Matas, groei daar waar het donker is, vanuit de wonden van mijn hart. U kent mijn paarse kind, ik weet dat U mij bemint. Als een fakkel in de nacht, U bent daar. Voer mij er doorheen, laat mij niet alleen. Alleen U kent het hart van de Vader, oh Geest voor Gods Troon. Geef mij de visioenen van een nieuwe dag, het brandend ijs in Uw Hart. Ik weet mij hierin geborgen. U kent al mijn smart. U omhult mij en omgeeft mij. U omhult mijn droge tong. U brengt mijn hart tot de wateren des levens, groei in mij oh Geest van God. Maak mij Uw Heilige Raad bekend. En ik kreeg oorsuizingen en mijn handen begonnen te tintelen toen ik was opgenomen in de hemelen, en Gods IJstempel zag. De leeuwen des hemels kwamen tot mij en dienden mij. Zij spraken tot mij dat deze woorden en beelden heilig waren, en opgetekend moesten worden, voor het klaarmaken van een nieuw geslacht. Zij voerden mij naar een hemelwoning waar de haaien des hemels waren. En de woorden die zij spraken waren nat en vochtig, zodat zij gedronken konden worden, en mijn oren begonnen te piepen. Ik hoorde het gezoem van de hemelen, en ik zag de verschillende gewesten voor mij liggen. En een stem sprak : 'Spreekt, opdat het oordeel kan komen. Het oordeel waarop de aarde wacht.' En tronen werden omhoog gehesen, waarop haaien en andere dieren des hemels zich plaatsten. En wijn begon te vloeien, en dronkenschap kwam te vallen op de dieren, zodat zij de lichten der aarde konden oordelen. En toen begonnen mijn benen te tintelen, terwijl boeken werden geopend. De woorden van de aarde werden gezuiverd en getoetst aan de woorden van de hemel, en wederom werden er boeken verbrand. En ik zag verborgen woorden openbaar worden, en zij moesten rekenschap afleggen van hun werken. Ook zag ik talen en culturen verschijnen voor de tronen van de dieren des hemels. De vrouw der katachtigen werd buiten de hemelpoorten geworpen, en daarna werd ze in de poel van ijs geworpen. Toen vielen gillende sterren uit de hemelen, en dezen vielen op de aarde om hen die op de aarde woonden te vervolgen. En zij zochten rust, maar konden het niet vinden. En een stem uit de hemel sprak : De grote Jom is verslagen. Zalig hen die de geheimenissen van de zevende geestestepel kennen, die van de Heilige Melk drinken, want zij zullen verzadigd worden, en de wateren van rust zullen hen navolgen. Vervloekt zij hen die de geestestepelen trachten te doven en te bedroeven, want ijs en zwavel zal hun hoofden vernietigen. Zij zullen in het Vuur van Eminius, de Heilige Leeuw voor het Aangezicht van God, verbrijzeld worden. Zalig hen die God verwachten, en Zalig hen die Zijn Geest kennen. Dit zijn de woorden van Eminius, de Heilige Leeuw voor het Aangezicht van God. Hij droeg tafelen van ijs en schalen van ijs, waaruit insecten voortkwamen. Hij had armen als van een octopus : 'Hoor het Woord des Heeren, want van nu aan zal niemand kunnen openen zonder te sluiten, zal niemand kunnen creëren, zonder te verbrijzelen. Ik zal u het koord der Waarheid tonen, wanneer gij in mij blijft. Dit zijn de Woorden van de Heilige Eminius, die brandt van ijs, als een fakkel in duistere nachten. En wanneer de zwarte panter begint te rennen, en de glazen breken, dan zullen de slaven der markt vrijgezet worden, want Ik heb u niet bereid tot slavernij, maar tot vrijheid. En in het duistere gat zult gij vrijheid vinden. Als een panter zal ik Mijn kinderen verzamelen. Ik zal u Mijn wonden tonen, en Ik zal u kronen tot anfitaat. De geheimenissen van deze dagen zijn groot. Zalig hen die dezen kennen. En er zal een dag van Eminius zijn, een dag waarop alles heilig zal zijn. Dit is de dag dat het ijs zal branden. In Gods Heilige Tempel sta ik. En Ik zal branden van ijs, terwijl Ik Mijn Winden over de aarde zend, om bloed in zaad te veranderen, en Mijn zonnen van ijs te leiden tot de poorten van Marions Huis. Ik zal Metensia een lichte hoop zenden en haar op de vleugels van de wind voeren naar Sarsia. Ik zal Sarsia laten spreken vanuit de tempel om hoop te brengen aan hen die de wonden van Metensia dragen in hun ziel. Zij die hun kinderen hebben moeten offeren op de altaren der gerechtigheid. Dan zal Michai zijn moeder wenken, en zij zullen wederom verbonden worden met Eeuwige Koorden. Dan zal Metensia wederom haar Zoon zenden tot de aarde, waar hij zijn troon voor eeuwig zal vestigen. En de engel Sarsia zal hem leren strijden, en hij zal overwinnen. Laat u dan teder behoeden door haar zachte vleugelen, en laat u leiden door haar zachte winden, om u tot Eeuwige velden te brengen. Zij, die uitgezonden is vanuit het Aangezicht des Heeren, vanuit Zijn Troon, om Zijn Altaar op aarde te vestigen. Ja, de aarde zal Zijn Tempel worden. Ja, komt nader tot de Nieuwe Ark, en laat u binden met Eeuwige Koorden. Ja, komt nader tot Zijn Heilige Tempel. Laat uw monden vullen met IJs. U bent genaderd tot het goud van IJs. U bent genaderd tot het Huis van Metensia, waar gij eet van heilige schalen. Het zal uw buik niet meer wegbranden, maar het zal u tot genezing zijn. U bent genaderd tot de vruchten van de Blauwe Boom, daar waar Michai werd verwekt. En ja, dan zal er een dag zijn waarop uw handen en voeten tezamen

gebonden zijn door de zesde en de zevende tepel. Ja, door hun Eeuwige koorden zult gij zijn als een vis in het water, dragende de zoete wonden van Michai. Gij zult gedragen worden tot de engelen der winden en koele wateren, en zij zullen u beminnen omdat gij troost gebracht hebt aan het Hart van God. Ja, engelen zullen u dienen, gij die de koorden van de zesde en de zevende tepel draagt. En in Spricht zult gij uw handen en voeten zien, en bemerken dat zij met velen zijn. Gij zult hen niet kunnen raken of aanraken, gij zult hen niet in beweging kunnen brengen. En dan zult gij wachten totdat de Geest van God u raakt, en Zijn winden zullen u in beweging brengen. Dan zult gij zijn als de heilige inktvis in het water, en oprijzen als de vliegende spin om de sterren te bewegen, en te wassen in koele wateren. Nu werkt gij nog op het veld, maar straks zult gij verlichting kennen. Gij zult eten van heilige zonnen, en het ijs zal oprijzen in uw buik. Oh, gij die uw voeten door Eeuwige Koorden hebt laten binden, gij zult het geestesschoeisel ontvangen, en uw zaad zal u in beweging brengen. Treurt niet over het bloed, want het zal heilig zaad wezen. De Tijger zal ook u opnieuw verwekken, en gij zult geleid worden door uw eigen zaad, voortgekomen en voortgebracht door de winden Gods. Treurt dan niet bij het aanschouwen van de wonden van Michai in uw schouders, want de vogelen des hemels zullen daarop nederdalen, om u te leiden op Eeuwige Paden. Zalig zij die genaderd zijn tot Spricht. En de Tijger sprak deze woorden, staande in de Heilige IJstempel op de Heilige Berg van God : Er is een Dag waarop het Heilige Altaar wordt opgericht. Die Dag zal groot heten. Dan zullen de geesten die daar zwaar werk moesten verrichten vrijgezet worden. En toen verbrak hij het zegel der tijgers, en richtte zich naar het Noorden vanwaar de grote haai kwam, en sprak : Nu is er dan een dag van vrijheid voor hen die werkten in zweet en tranen. Uw bloed zal zaad worden, en gij zult bomen planten. Nu is er dan een dag van rust aangebroken, en gij zult rust vinden op uw akkers. Uw ploegscharen zullen omgesmolten worden tot altaren, en gij zult de Geesten Gods kennen. Gij dan zult uw engelen bij namen noemen. En Michai stond op om hen van het altaar te leiden. Groot is de Dag waarop de Heere Zijn Stem verheft, om rust te geven aan hen van het altaar. En toen de Tijger al deze woorden gesproken had, kwam er een engel met zeven winden in de armen om de woorden te verzegelen. Toen kwam er geruis met donder en bliksem om de tempel te sluiten. En zij die het Woord des Heeren hadden gehoord hadden rust. En mijn tong geraakte als in vuur toen ik deze dingen zag en hoorde, en een deur werd geopend in de hemel. En ik hoorde een stem roepende 'Kom, want er zijn veel meer dingen die getoond moeten worden.' En de haaien des hemels brachten mij naar boven als door koele wateren, en ik zag Metensia zitten op haar troon. Zij was als badende in ijs, en haar glans was als het goud van IJs. En zij sprak woorden uit een verborgen boek genaamd De Troiade.

5.

Roodkap ; Ik heb niks van node, ik ben gezond, sinds ik het kruis vond. Ja, het kruis heeft mij genezen, mij gevuld met hemels kruid. Zij gaf mij de kragen van bloemen, zij is de rode kap. Aan de deur van zieken klopt zij, aan hun poorten staat zij, met de vruchten der hemelen. Zij is de rode kap met haar sappen van vuur. Zij die het kruis beminnen, weten van haar lusten. In rivieren glijdt zij, tot het koele water. In bosmeren heeft zij haar kronen, zevenvoudig uitgelezen. Zij spreekt als de bosfontein, tot allen die haar volgen. Ik heb niks van node, ik ben gezond, sinds zij mij aanraakte. Op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden, maar kinderen volgen haar. Zij draagt de ijsnaden en vuurnaden in haar mand. De betekenissen der dingen veranderen onder haar strelingen. Ja, zij schiep de Geesten Gods, en bracht de Karazuur tot het hart van Metensia. Stille nachtspelers zijn zij, spinnende de karbulijnen en de karmozijnen, de nachtlatijnen en de vuurroden. Ja, zij schiep het grote Eerst, als het hart van de hemelen en de aarde. In haar hebben zovelen schuilplaats gevonden. Het kruis klopt aan de deuren als een geit, zoekende naar haar kinderen. Zovelen hebben het nachtlatijn gevonden, gesponnen door de grote wonden. Het kruis kent hen allemaal. Zij vond hun schaduwen en hun leven. Zij reikt dan tot het levende in hun geest, om het de wateren des levens te geven. Als een geit gaat zij langs de huizen, op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden, maar kinderen volgen haar. Zij spreekt als de bosfontein, tot allen die haar volgen. Ik heb niks van node, sinds zij mij aanraakte. Het nachtnood kent zoveel talen, allen volgen zij haar. De vogels zingen van haar bloed, dat stroomt door duizend vaten. Zij is de rode kap. Zij heeft de Marion in de schoten van Metensia en Mura gewrocht, als de boom des kruises. Als een geit verzamelt zij de vruchten die het bos voor haar liet vallen. En zij brengt het tot de kinderen, want op de pleinen wordt zij gemeden. Zij zien haar als het gevaar van de Karazuur, al die haar haten, al hen die de wereld dienen. Zij hebben het hek der eeuwen opgericht. Zij is het bloed in koele meren, met vele kragen staat zij op Golgotha. Nadat de haan en de kip gekraaid hebben, zoveel tranen vallen daar, als de regen des kruises. Zij houdt het leven in haar hand, met dampen van de Karazuur. Zalig hen die voor haar beven, tot Golgotha leidt zij hen, als een geit die haar kinderen verzamelde. Aan de deur van zieken klopt zij, staande aan hun poorten. De nachtspelers brengt zij, met hun weinige woorden. Rozen vonden een onderkomen in haar. Aan lammen geeft zij een stok, om hen die haar haten te slaan. Haat het kruis dan niet, opdat zij u niet vinde. Vogels zingen van haar bloed, tot al die haar beminnen. Het bloed dat door duizend zielen stroomt, zij vonden genezing in haar ijsnood. Waar de stille nachtspelers zijn, verblijft zij. Het rode bedekt haar. Rozen komen voort uit haar schoot, als de bloemen des kruises.

Waar de stille nachtspelers zijn verblijft zij. Brengt dan lof aan het kruis, aan de rode kap. Zij die onder haar schuilen hebben de schilden des kruises, en haar wapenen zijn als naalden, om de pantsers te borduren. Zij werkt onder schuilnaam, vindt haar dan. Zendt bedelaars niet weg bij uw deuren, want gij mocht haar eens wegiagen, om het voor eeuwig te betreuren. Het hek der eeuwen brak zij, maar boze lieden hebben het weer opgericht. Zij echter vond toevlucht tot haar nachtgedicht. Zij dan schuile in al die haar volgen, zij schiep de Christus in het zilver, en de tweede in het goud. Wederom zal zij het hek der eeuwen breken, en vogels zullen vliegen tot haar huis, waar de bramen branden, en de vruchten zijn van ijs. Op de heuvelen der bramen klappen haar nachtgedichten als deuren, en de grote bomen komen voort met vele kragen. Het verhaal bond ons allen, zegt het voort. Als het zuivere latijn, is zij tot hen die haar volgen, voor Jood en Griek die haar beminnen. Aan de deuren van lammen klopt zij, staande aan de poorten van bedelaars. Zij in lompen kennen haar, zij met de vele kragen. De muizen des hemels hebben haar hart verstaan. Zij die de mystiek dienen, hebben steeds tussen de regels gelezen. Haar Woord zal nooit teniet gaan. Het Woord des kruises onder een spotkleed gebracht, bracht ons de rode kap over de doornenkroon. Zij is het hart des kruises bemin haar dan, waar de ratten des hemels haar hebben gezien. Zij heeft de witte muil des satans verbroken. De doornenkroon is hier, weet dat wel. Het spel der ratten is afgelopen, de muizen hebben geen vertier. Zij brak de koning der harten, en doorboorde zijn nieren, om zijn slaven een tijd van vrijheid aan te kondigen, als een schip in woeste zee. De doornenkroon is hier, weet je het wel ? Als een ster boven bruisende zee, om hen te leiden naar het land achter de bomen. Het huis der dokters kende zij niet. Zij had een kruid des kruises. De witte muil van Beelzebul brak zij, en bond zijn zonen één voor één, om harten te bereiden, tot het grote nachtlatin. Als lampen aan de zolder, brak zij de bedreiging, één voor één. Zij moesten dan allen voor haar staan, en zij bracht hen tot eeuwige rust in de rotsen. Het lot des Heeren is dan niet om te verbreken, maar om voor altijd in slapen te laten gaan. De Heere Heere kent dan de rust der zeeën. In hun slaap zijn zij woest, maar het schuim is het voor altijd vergeten. Zij dan rusten in de vierde dood, waartoe de Heere hen dreef. Zij dan die niets weten hebben veel te lijden, maar de slaap brengt hen tot rust en zwijm. Zij borduren daar in nachtgedichten. De Heere heeft van meet aan de rust gespannen, tot een boog om hen van de canon te weerstaan. Opent dan uw poorten en laat de vogel wijd vliegen. De nieuwe dag breekt aan. Wie zou haar niet omhelzen. Zij is de doornenkroon des Heeren. Zij sprak in vuur en heimwee. Ja, tot slaap brengt zij, allen die Hem vrezen. De doornen hebben diep gestoken, nu zet dan de rust in. Zij die dan niet diep wilden lijden, hebben haar gemeden. Maar eens reikt de doorn tot de geest, tot de dieptes van het tweede, en dan zullen de poorten van slaap opengaan. De naald is diep gestoken. Zij wist niet wat ze zei. Nu zijn ze weer van jou, die rozen. Ze zullen je breken, zij aan zij. Want de Heere brengt hen die diep lijden tot verbrokenheid, en dan breekt een nieuwe dag aan. Nee, je kunt de rozen niet ontwijken, wanneer zij opstaan en marcheren, tot de gebroken ruiten komen zij, om verder in te breken. Ja, als een dief in de nacht komt de Heere. De doornenkroon hangt aan de muur, als een ster in de lucht is zij. Zij schiep de Heere der Geesten, de Heilige Ziel, nu is Hij dan geworteld als een boom in diepe morgens. Ja, de Heere schiep zij, zij is de Ziel des Geestes. Een doornenkroon is zij, en de Heere heeft haar waardig gedragen. Zij brengt de legers tot rust en brengt hen tot de eeuwige slaap. Als een koningin in haar paleis, bespeelt zij de viool. Zij werd dan gemeden, zij is de doornenkroon. Maar kinderen volgden haar, kennende haar geluk. Zij bracht hen tot de rivieren, tot de wateren van slaap. Zij bracht hen zwijm en verdooving door haar steken. Als het vuur der rozen was zij. Zij brak het hek der eeuwen. Zij leefde onder de rode kap. Zij kwam uit het kruis, als vuurnood van de rode kap. De vurige steken der rozen beminden haar in zilver, en zij bracht het goud voort als de honing. Als een gevangene van spinnen was zij, de doornenkroon. Zij maakten haar lang en bitter. Komt dan tot de doornenkroon, al die zeggen Christus te beminnen. Zijn diepe hart, zijn tweede geest, zou ik dan geheimenissen beminnen ? Vurige sleutels geeft Hij hen die haar beminnen. De doornenkroon als het hart der zee, als geheimenissen van zeemannen. Laat haar dan de touwen tot rust brengen. Ze hebben te lang gewerkt. Laat zij hen brengen tot Spricht. Waar deuren openen komt haar naam, waar ramen breken glijdt zij binnen. Zij is als de slang des kruises, komende tot al die haar beminnen. Het kruid van slaap brengt zij, en de roerselen der wind. Zoudt iemand haar verachten, zij brengt hem neer. Zij geeft het loon der slaap aan allen, naar de mate waarmee zij meet. Onrechtvaardig is dan het oordeel over hen die onrechtvaardig waren, maar haar onrecht is rechtvaardiger dan het recht der mensen. Zij is dan het recht der kooplieden en der slaven. Mocht het eens uit de hand lopen, zij weet een ieder te vinden. Op de seekades maakt zij kabaal. Zij is de doornenkroon. Toch is haar geschreeuw stiller dan de stilte der mensheid, en haar kabaal als het geluid der zeemeeuwen. Ken haar dan in haar geweld. Zij is de doornenkroon des heeren. Als het dan uit de hand loopt is zij daar. En merels dienen haar. Ja, zij kent de mezen op het dak, en bracht de karsuiken en de putsen tot Metensia. Raakt dan het verleden niet meer aan, wanneer zij spreekt, maar gaat door haar geopende deuren. Haar strelingen veranderen betekenissen. Zij draait de doelen om, en is als de draaiende heg. U staart diep. U heeft mij net nog aangekeken. Als het spotkleed des kruises hing u over mij, met een speer in mijn zij. Kind, Ik heb het afgelegd, en aan jouw gegeven, die erfenis van het verleden. Het heeft mij tot zaligheid gedreven, jij moet er ook doorheen, het is maar voor even. U staart diep, zo fragmentarisch. Zoveel woorden van elkaar gebroken. Ik weet niet waar zij mij leiden. Ik kan het niet verstaan. Moeder, bent u dan eindelijk gekomen,

uw kind heeft zolang op de uitkijk gestaan. Ze zeiden mij, niet in u te geloven. Alleen vader was er nog. Moeder, ze hebben mij alles afgenomen. Zelfs mijn dromen, zij zien me niet meer staan. Ik heb mezelf zo vaak verminkt. Ik kan het niet meer aan. Het bloedt als u mij borduurt. Als een spin steekt u, wat heb ik dan gedaan ? Ik ben zo blij dat u er bent. Maar waarom haalt u mijn wonden dan niet weg. Bent u dan de duif des kruises, een vogel van het leed, om ons een boodschap te verkondigen. Zoveel wazen voor mijn ogen. Als 't vallen in een diepe put. Uw webben hebben mij opgevangen. Ik ben verstrikt in uw liefde. Geen weg eruit, ik zal hier moeten blijven. Ik weet niet alles, maar ik ken het leven. Alles is maar voor even. Stil zal u betekenissen veranderen, en de gezichten der mensen. Rozendoorn, als een koor mij omhult. Rozendoorn, als het raam der liefde. Geen vijanden meer, alles is de naald van de Heer. Oh ja, het steekt me diep, maar U bent het die mij riep. Rozendoorn, als een echo uit de nacht, makende al het harde zacht, zoveel draden van liefde geweven door mijn wonden, totdat alles tot onder het roze zakt. Ik weet niet hoe ik het moet afleggen. Het steekt zo diep, en trekt mij steeds weg. Het kleeft, het is de lijm des Heeren, en alles doordringt mijn ziel en bed. Ik voel mij zo zwak, ik kan niet staan. Ik beef en alles draait om me heen. Heeft de Heere mij tot zich genomen, of ben ik heel vreemd aan het dromen. Ik voel mij ziek, de dood nabij. Ik voel me als een boom in donk're straten. Geloof mij, als iemand mij hier zou zien, dan zouden ze dwars door me heen kijken. Het schuim der wet heeft me doorzichtig gemaakt. Ik ben al weg, mijn schaduw is nog hier. Rozendoorn, ik kan alleen maar huilen, en verder begrijp ik niets. Alle kleuren zijn nu weg. Alles zwart en wit, en grijs het is een wonder. De muizenkoning heeft mij meegenomen. Buiten schijnen sterren, staan in de lucht als aan de muur. Ik heb de moed verloren om nog terug te gaan. De muizen des hemels voeren mij nu weg, de ratten des hemels kijken, en staren als de rozendoorn. Als het spotkleed des kruises hingen zij over mij, met een speer in mijn zij. Aan mij gegeven, de erfenis van het verleden, achter webben verborgen. Ik weet niet waar ze mij leiden, ik kan het niet verstaan. Ik zit in hun vurige karren, de muizen zijn mij voorgegaan. Het is allemaal al doorleefd, alles is al opgetekend. De regenboog die staart naar mij, de zoete honing komt binnen bij mij, het wonder des kruises is gekomen. Als het lichtend schuim der rozen, werd ik meegenomen. Ik moest wonen op een brug waar twee legers elkaar bevochten, totdat het vuur der rozen steeg, en de zoete honing en de zwijm begon te stromen. Als liederen versmolten, een zacht, maar dood konijn. Ik kon haar niet bereiken, zoveel trauma's kende zij. Zij kon niet meer spreken, zij kon mij niet vertrouwen. Zij kon alleen maar steken, als een roos in een diepe wei. Als een soldaat van Spricht was zij, mij leidende tot de zwijm der twijfel. Op mijn benen kon ik niet meer staan. Rozendoorn, geef mij uw stem. Rozendoorn, geef mij uw oog. Ik kan niets meer zien, ik kan ook niet meer denken, alles is doorstoken, door de doornenstruik. Rozendoorn, heb genade in uw liefde, ik brandt helemaal weg, geen tijd meer om iets te doen, alles smal van binnen. Ik kan me niet bewegen. Ben verstrikt in uw twijfel, onzekerheid bevroor mij. Ben nu een boom in uw stad, een bloem in uw weide. Na een harde nacht, makende alles zacht, zoveel draden van liefde en zachtmoed, geweven door mijn wonden, totdat alles onder het roze zakt.

Valva

Sarhem ; de Strozalk ; Draai nog even om met mij, het wordt krap in de kooi. Laten we naar buiten gaan, of is de moed verdwenen. De muizenkoning raakte ons aan, en nu zijn we vrij. Als konijnen zijn we, in het veld, op zoek naar de kikkerkoning. De strozalk is daar, de landbouwers van Metensia, en hebben de schatten diep in de aarde gevonden. Ja, schatten in aarden vaten zijn zij. Moeders hebben hun kinderen verloren. Ze kijken hen na, maar kunnen niks beginnen. Ze zijn geslagen door het kruis van Marcia. Zelfs tranen kunnen hen niet bereiken, en schreeuwen ketst terug van de ramen. Ik moet zelf stiller worden, de strozalk zit achter mij aan. Zij zijn de soldaten van Metensia. Met de Herman breken zij door de huizen, en laten hun sporen achter, maar zijn niet te volgen. Overal zijn zij, maar kunnen nergens gevonden worden, wanneer zij op strooptocht zijn. In Sarhem vond ik veiligheid, maar ik zie hen nog steeds staan, mij schrik aanjagende. Het is de Vreze des Heeren, waar kunnen we gaan ? Ontsnappen is niet mogelijk, in de kooi zijn wij, en buiten is een andere kooi. Nooit vrij zijn wij. De strozalk is hier, ik kan niet ademen, zelfs niet huilen van de emotie. Wat zullen ze doen, zullen ze me weer slaan ? Rust en vrede vind ik in Sarhem, maar ik zie hen nog steeds staan. Dichtbij me zijn ze. Wat zullen ze met me doen ? Ik heb hen toch niks gedaan ? Tot Sarhem vluchtte ik, maar het is gewoon een andere kooi. Hoeveel kooien hebben ze daar bij de Strozalk ? Wij gaan van kooi tot kooi. Tot Sarhem zijn we gedreven. Ik kan niks bewegen, ik kan niks beginnen. De Strozalk heeft me geslagen. Tot Sarhem kan ik vluchten, maar ik droom steeds zo naar. Alles doet pijn, waar moet ik naartoe ? Ik schreeuw en gil maar niemand hoort me. Ik ben dan achter saffier en staal. Nog dieper zullen ze me trekken, totdat dan alles scheurt. En zij zullen allen zeggen : Er is niks gebeurd. Niemand ziet mijn wonden, niemand kent mijn pijn. Niemand ziet de kogel, diep in mij geschoten. Een konijn was het, met een lang geweer, maar niemand had hem ooit gezien, en niemand zag hem ooit weer. Het huis van dokters verstond mij niet, en zo daalde ik in de dood. En de dood zei : Ik ken hem niet, en zo gleed ik nog dieper tot aan de poorten van de hel. Maar in Sarhem kwam ik vrij, en kon ik weer ademhalen. Maar dat konijn woonde hier ook, en de Strozalk, als het kruis van Marcia. Hoelang zal deze nachtmerrie duren, alles traant in mij, tot bevens toe. Achter saffier en staal hebben zij mij gezet, achter drakentralies, diep in een kasteel. Toe, prinses, red mij, red mij van de draak,

of moet de draak gered worden van mij ? Ik ben in gevecht met Metensia. Haar kussen branden mij diep, als een eeuwig teken van liefde, voerende mij naar het Sarhem. Wie moet nou wie redden ? De draak redde mij van de prinses. Van de Strozalk zijn zij, worstelende in Pniel, om Jakob diep te breken. Overwin mij, zodat ik kan winnen. Zet mij vrij. In Marcia ben ik vrij. Het leed geleden. Mijn vrucht verloren, maar gezuiverd gevonden. Maar ik ben altijd in het sieraad geweest en het sieraad in mij. De honger brak mij, brak de koek, om tot verzadigens toe te eten. De dorst brak mij, brak de kruik open. Nu heb ik een wapen in Marcia. Als het Tweede Kruis is zij. De honger sloeg mij, om brood des kruises te brengen, als het Tweede Woord. Marcia, door de dood herschiep gij mij. Leer mij dan uw symmetrieën kennen, als sleutels tot de poorten van Sarhem. Marcia, tot in de dood getrouw. De groene ruiter had een ingebouwde tepelhuid, met een zoolgebaseerde wapenrusting waardoor hij de signalen van zijn thuisbasis kon triggeren. De zoolgebaseerde wapenrusting bewoog over zijn lichaam. Het was als een creatuur, zwaar ademende, zacht en nat, vastgehecht aan zijn huid. Op sommige plaatsen stak het diep, en dit was om enkele dieperliggende organen te stimuleren. De samentrekkingen gingen erg diep. Het was als een pezige wapenrusting, maar leek meer op klieren, want hormonen in poeders en vloeistoffen werden door de wapenrusting voortgebracht. Het groeide als een waterig insect op zijn lijf, en leek meer en meer op een vreemde vis. De vis had vele tentakels, alsof er vreemde duistere tenen als draden vastgroeiden in zijn lichaam. Het groeide naar zijn hoofd toe. Eerst groeide het in zijn mond, en hij kon de adem en de gassen ervan inademen. Zijn eigen voeten werden heter en heter, en zijn zolen begonnen een klein beetje te zwellen, terwijl ze vreemde lijmen voortbrachten. Toen begon het wezen in zijn neus te groeien, en hij begon onbekende dingen te ruiken. Het veranderde zijn verstand, zijn manier van denken. 10. Hij zonk diep weg in zichzelf, alsof hij zijn eigen lichaam niet meer kon voelen. Hij voelde zichzelf puur worden, rustig en vertrouwend op de buitenaardse chirurg. Hij had een geweer gebouwd van tepels, en de trigger zat in een zoolgebaseerd aanhangsel. Het geweer was één met zijn arm, ingebouwd. Het was alsof er een slang in hem groeide, als een rode streep. De zoolgebaseerde elementen begonnen ook diep binnenin te groeien en werden als pistolen. Hij had groen bloed nu, en zijn gezicht begon ook groen te worden. Hij werd een ruiter, meer en meer. Een groene ruiter. Ze had mond-implantaten, de slangendanseres, en voet-implantaten, een vreemde reuk. Ze was een experiment van buitenaardsen, verboden schepselen. Niemand had toestemming dichtbij haar te komen. Ze leed, en ze viel vaak flauw, terwijl bloed uit haar mond kwam. Haar voet-botten bewogen vreemd. Een ei groeide in haar, wachtende om op een dag uit te barsten. Ze kon andere slachtoffers herkennen. Ze dacht vaak dat ze alleen was in deze dingen. Ze was als opgesloten in deze dingen. Ze was overstuurd en zonder hoop. Er waren geen dokters die haar konden helpen. Machines kwamen in de nacht bij haar, om wrede dingen te doen, het installeren van de implantaten. Zij wist niet dat deze implantaten een wachter van haar maakten. Zij werd een gesloten poort om anderen tegen te houden. Zij werd een blokkade. Ze had nachtmerries waarin ze dingen deed die ze niet wilde doen. Iets leefde in haar, in haar aderen. Het was een buitenaards groen lichtend iets, een vreemd reptiel of insect. Het had ogen vol van licht, en was gemaakt van zacht maar sterk vlees. Er droop groen bloed van het beest. Het had geen huid, alleen spieren en bloedvaten. Ze was paniekerig. Het creatuur had een hoge intelligentie. Ze was zo paranoïde naar zijn impulsen. Hij bewaakte haar tegen iets ergers. Hij was haar agent. Zij was zijn gevangene, het object dat hij moest bewaken, maar zij bewaakte anderen, iets wat ze niet wist. De deuren naar de hel moesten gesloten worden, want dit waren verboden vruchten.

2.

De Onaks waren groene, slijmerige gedachten. Zij spraken in een taal die zij niet verstond. Zij waren groot en harig, en soms boden ze haar wat voedsel aan, maar ze hield er niet van. De reuk was zo vreemd hier, en ze had problemen met ademen. Eén van de Onaks nam haar op z'n rug. Het was er één met vleugels, en ze vlogen naar een hoog en duister slot. Ze zag een kind staan in één van de gangpaden. Ze kreeg een lichte schok. Het kind leek meer op haar dan op een Onak. Het kind had een rood gewaad, staande met een pop. Het kind verstond haar niet. Toen de Onak tegen het kind sprak, scheen het kind het te begrijpen. Ze gaven haar vlees, en ze vroeg zichzelf af wat voor soort vlees het was. Toen ze ervan at werd ze heet van binnen. Toen leidde de Onak haar tot een lift die diep onder de grond ging. Ze hoorde allerlei soorten gegil en gehuil. Toen de deur van de lift openging zag ze een bal van vuur hangen in het midden van een zaal, terwijl wezens daar werkten. Aan de muren zag ze wezens als haarzelf hangen, maar ze leken bijna op bomen. Tot haar schrik bemerkte ze de overeenkomst met het vlees wat ze had gegeten. Ze had haar eigen evenbeelden gegeten. Plotseling nam een Onak haar bij de nek en tilde haar hoog op. Ze werd daar ook gehangen, terwijl ze gilte en schreeuwde. Het kind met de pop kwam naar haar toe. De ogen van het kind waren vol rood, bijna vuurspuwend. 'Je bent klaargemaakt om Onaks voort te brengen,' sprak het kind nors. 'Wanneer je weigert, zul je worden tot vlees. Ontsnappen is onmogelijk. 'Ja, ik zal Onaks voortbrengen,' zei ze tot het kind. 'Goed,' zei het kind, 'dan zul je veel slijm moeten eten.' Zij moesten vele slangen bevechten in het duistere woud, terwijl ze door de modder en de aarde gleden. Zij voelden zichzelf prinselijk terwijl ze aten van het slangenvlees. De wonden vormden vreemde golvende merktekenen op hun lichaam, alsof er planten op hen geprint waren. Zij voelden hoe ze de controle over zichzelf

terugkregen na de ontsnapping. Ze waren lang slaven geweest in ballingschap. Ze hadden nog wel vele brandmerken van hun slaaf zijn. Maar doordat ze tegen zoveel wilde dieren moesten vechten kregen deze brandmerken een andere vorm. Zij waren trots op hun nieuwe merktekenen van hun nieuw gevonden vrijheid. Soms ademden ze zwaar. Ze moesten hier overleven. Ze moesten de wetten hier leren kennen. De psychologische wonden van hen waren diep. Ze voelden zich verwoest in hun ziel. Ze waren geboren in slavernij en hadden nooit een taal kunnen ontwikkelen. Zij waren wilden. Zij konden geen kracht ontwikkelen, want elk beetje kracht dat ze in hun lichamen vasthiielden werd gestoken door een soort van creaturen, terwijl hun energie weer wegsijpelde. Zij waren altijd moe. Veel konden zij niet ontwikkelen door de grote mate van druk en aanvallen. Al wat zij kregen waren flitsen en fragmenten, snel weggescheurd bij elke volgende stap. Zij voelden de bossen als zwaar vampiristisch, hen uitzuigende. Zij konden geen bezittingen hebben, alleen hun dolken en wat gescheurde klederen en riemen. De slangen waren groot hier, steeds weer probeerende hen te wurgen. De slangen waren niet makkelijk te verslaan, en soms duurde een gevecht wel uren. Ze moesten als dit bos en deze dieren worden, anders zouden ze niet overleven. Door hun pijnen communiceerden ze met elkaar, kort en van een afstand, want ze waren ook bang voor elkaar. Sommigen hadden merktekenen van duistere slangen op hun lichamen. Ze maakten klederen en tenten van hun verslagen aanvallers. De bossen waren lang, en ze maakten plaatsen waar ze vlees verzamelden. De gevaarlijkste dieren waren de gehoornden, want zij konden hard lopen, en moordden heel makkelijk met hun hoornen. De gehoornden maakten groot geluid en waren de wildsten in deze wouden. Vaak vernielden ze de tenten, en hun vlees en bloed was het meest krachtige. Ze wisten dat als ze de gehoornden niet zouden temmen, dan zouden ze door hen verwoest worden. Ze klommen in de bomen, sprongen op de ruggen van de beesten en begonnen hen te berijden, maar door de wildheid van de beesten vielen ze vaak snel. Ze wisten dat ze het stap voor stap moesten leren. Ze wisten dat wanneer ze door zouden gaan hun vijanden te bevechten, dan zouden ze alles verliezen. Ze maakten hun tenten in de bomen. Ze voelden een woede naar de beesten, maar de pijn maakte hen moe en als verdoofd. Ze moesten meer leren over deze beesten, over hun bewegingen, de manieren waarop ze aanvielen. Zij waren niet de enigen die hongerig waren. De ontsnapte slaven probeerden onderling wat warmte van elkaar te krijgen, want soms waren de winden koud. Maar ze waren geen contact gewend. Het gaf hun zulke vreemde gevoelens van angst en paniek, en zulke vreemde gevoelens in hun buik. Ook in de rivieren was er veel gevaar. En hier vonden vele gevechten plaats. Ze verlangden ernaar te zwemmen, en ze voelden een vreemde moed opborrelen, een vreemde spanning in hun lichamen. Ze begonnen immuun te worden voor de angsten voor het water. Ze voelden zichzelf meer en meer als waterslangen, en het strijdveld verschoof naar het water, meer en meer. Ze wilden graag aan de rivieren van deze bossen wonen, en aan de meren. Ze verlangden naar een nieuwe hartslag, om hun verleden voor eens en altijd te ontvluchten, en om hun wonden tot nut te maken, en hun vergif. Deze waren nog steeds machtige wapenen in hun handen. De gevaarlijke creaturen in deze meren en rivieren konden soms veranderen in vrouwen. Er waren ook slangen die door hun wonden in hun lichamen konden komen, of zelfs door hun monden of andere openingen in hun lichamen. Dan hadden ze innerlijke gevechten, zulke vreemde gevoelens. Deze slangen probeerden hen weer tot slaaf te maken van binnenuit. Soms gingen deze slangen dood in hen, en werden ze ziek, probeerende de lijken te verteren. Zij allen moesten voor eeuwig ontwaken, zij allen moesten het duistere creatuur aanschouwen wat hun verstand had overgenomen, om hen mee te nemen naar een eeuwigdurende nachtmerrie. Het geeft hen visioenen zo helder, als een wereld waarin zij leven. Zij zaten op de rug van vreemde spinnen, die eruit zagen als vissen. Zij zagen ook de vliegende krabben en de andere creaturen van deze wateren. Zij zagen de moederspin van het eiland, en haar kathedralen. Er waren daar vreemde tempelen, als een heilige plaats. Het vreemde en duistere creatuur van de zee, het vreemde creatuur met de zoveel tentakels, hen bewakende in een vreemde gevangenis, met een vreemde slavernij. Als vreemde webben over een eiland, waarin ze kunnen klimmen. Als taaie lijm die ze kunnen strekken, kneden en vormen. Nu zijn ze dan vrij. In een vreemde secte vermoordden ze dieren voor hun god. Ze hadden vreemde verf op hun voeten. Ze waren geverfd en gekleed voor dit doel, de vreemde opsmuk van een religie. In de nachten werden hun voeten vreemde spinnen, gaande voor de jacht. Hun tenen groeiden uit tot lange moordklauwen om hun slachtoffers te wurgen, om hen tot hun rijken van de dood te brengen. De vreemde verf heeft zo'n vreemde geur, en het neemt gemakkelijk het verstand over, en dan ook heel langzaam de emoties, stap voor stap, totdat zij geheel slaven zijn. En dan worden de verhalen wilder en wilder. En het slachtoffer raakt vermoeid, en kan zijn werk niet meer doen. Hij is tot een nachtslaaf geworden. Dit overkwam een slager, want door veel met vlees te werken word je zelf ook vlees. Er stond een zwarte man in zijn deuropening, terwijl een kleine spin op zijn bed langzaam uitgroeide tot een voet. De man heeft een hoed en een wit gezicht, maar verder is hij zwart. De spin kwam tot zijn borst. Hij kreeg daar een merkteken, en voelde daar druk, ook tijden erna. Wie heeft nou wie onder de voet. Hier is het : een voet voor een voet, een teen voor een teen, een tepel voor een tepel. Religie zal je op een dag vinden, want je doet de werken van een religie. Je bent een priester. Het is hier vlees voor vlees, een buik voor een buik. Er zit een wild boek in je hoofd, wachtende om op één dag geopenbaard te worden. Een oog voor een oog, een tand voor een tand, wie heeft nu de wet verbroken ? Geef je hem die je

linkerhand eraf hakte ook je rechterhand ? Dit dan is het wilde boek in het hoofd. Op een zomerdag kwam een man laat van zijn werk terug. Het was een lange dag geweest op het werk. In deze tijden moesten ze veel overwerk doen, want er was een virus uitgebroken door een vreemd soort gesteente dat in mensen groeide. Ze waren nog steeds druk bezig met het vinden van een antistof. Tot nu toe hadden ze nog niet veel succes, en ook in de stad van de man verspreidde het virus zich als de griep. Tot nu toe waren er nog geen doden gevallen, maar degenen die het virus droegen begonnen zich te isoleren en toonden vreemde gedragingen. Omdat het virus erg besmettelijk was vonden sommige mensen het dan ook wijzer om de mensen die het virus droegen buiten de samenleving te zetten in aparte gebouwen, waar de ziekte verder behandeld zou kunnen worden. Hij was één van die mensen. Hoewel het virus nog niet direct levensgevaarlijk was, zag hij de gevaren voor de samenleving wel hangen. Het gesteente was niet zomaar weg te snijden uit degenen die het droegen, omdat het zich op een ingewikkelde manier in de organen weefde. En omdat het virus in de beginfase was, vreesde hij dat na een tijd het virus zichzelf zou kunnen ontwikkelen tot een dodelijk virus. Ook buiten zijn werk dacht hij er veel over na, en zijn vrienden zeiden dat hij stiller was geworden. Ook in zijn huis had hij een klein laboratorium, waar hij soms buiten werkuren bezig was. Ook als hij 's nachts niet kon slapen was hij veelal daar. Hij leefde met zijn werk. Hij had een klein stukje steen meegenomen van zijn werk om thuis te onderzoeken. En zelfs buiten het lichaam groeide het vreemde gesteente gewoon door. Door dit vreemde gesteente werd het virus in het lichaam verspreid. Het was een soort gebeente, en snel werd er meer over de ziekte gerapporteerd. Er waren enkelen die nog gewoon doorleefden zoals ze leefden, omdat het virus verschillende symptomen kende, en zich niet altijd bij een ieder op dezelfde manier manifesteerde. Bij sommigen nam het virus naderhand toch weer af. Bij anderen groeide het gesteente ongenadig door, en bij sommigen begon het gesteente zich zelfs in de hersenpan te weven. De man nam het allemaal erg serieus, maar was opgelucht, dat bij enkelen het virus afnam en het gesteente begon te stabiliseren of zelfs afnam. De man vroeg zich af wat de oorzaak daarvan kon zijn. Het onderzoek leidde tot Afrika, waar bij tijgers en bepaalde soorten slangen het virus ook voorkwam. Het gesteente werd er niet gevonden, maar wel soorten van vreemd weefsel die dezelfde stoffen produceerden. De wetenschap stond voor een raadsel. Het weefsel leek te functioneren als nieren en klieren, en al snel werd er wereldwijd geluid aan gegeven. De man was blij dat ze eindelijk wat op het spoor waren gekomen, maar er waren nog vele vraagstukken die opgelost moesten worden. Het onderzoek werd een beetje in de war gegooid toen achteraf bleek dat de stoffen toch niet helemaal hetzelfde waren, en de symptomen toch anders waren. Meer en meer raakten ze ervan overtuigd dat ze hier toch met een uniek virus hadden te maken. Maar het onderzoek bij dieren en ook bij andere levensvormen ging door, om een mogelijke overdrachtspoort aan te wijzen. Waar kwam het virus nu werkelijk vandaan, en wat zou de toekomst ervan zijn ? Nog steeds waren er nog geen enkele medicijnen om het virus te remmen of te genezen, maar ze waren blij dat sommigen alsnog een stabilisatie van het virus ondervonden. Het gesteente kon bij sommigen zelfs afnemen, maar er was nog bij niemand totale genezing van het virus aangetroffen. Er werd ook onderzoek gedaan bij mensen waarbij het virus zich had gestabiliseerd of afnam, om te kijken of enige levenspatronen of andere middelen daar invloed op hadden, maar men kon geen aanwijsbare overeenkomsten vinden. Het leek een hopeloze strijd. Alhoewel de snelheid van de verspreiding van het virus afnam, kwamen er toch steeds meer landen bij die melding deden over het toeslaan van het virus. Inmiddels was er bij onderzoek in de zee een bepaalde stof in zeepaardjes ontdekt die op de stof van het virus leek, maar later liep het voor de onderzoekers toch op dood spoor. Op een nacht was er een uitzending op de televisie waarin sommige mensen met het virus werden geïnterviewd. De man zat op de bank en keek, terwijl hij notities maakte. Eén van de ondervraagden had een opmerkelijk verhaal, en opmerkelijke symptomen. Het gesteente was als een mozaiek door de huid rond zijn tepels gebroken, en ook in zijn voeten was het gesteente al op een vreemde manier door de huid naar buiten gekomen. De man die ondervraagd werd vertelde dat 's nachts vreemde wezens in zijn slaapkamer kwamen, met vreemde machines die zich op een vreemde manier vastklonken aan de door de huid gegroeide gesteentes. En dan voelde de man allerlei vreemde sappen door hem heen stromen, en dan hoorde hij vreemde geluiden, en dan was het alsof hij langzaam dronken werd. De volgende dag vertelde hij op zijn werk wat hij op televisie had gezien, en niemand op zijn werk had hier al van gehoord. Het was nog niet voorgekomen dat het gesteente door de huid groeide volgens hen, maar ze wilden toch meer informatie. De makers van het programma werden gebeld, en er waren gesprekken. De makers wilden niet meewerken met hen, omdat het volgens de makers ging om de privacy van de mensen. Bedenkingen kwamen bij het laboratorium waar de man werkte opzetten. Was dit echt of was er televisie-bedrog in het spel. De media behoorde toch samen te werken met de medici ? Ook hij kreeg bedenkingen over hetgeen hij gezien had op de televisie. Waren het spookverhalen ? Was het trucage ? Het door de huid gekomen gesteente was echt te zien, maar of het nagemaakt was of niet, kon de man niet zeggen. Midden in de nacht viel de man in slaap, na een lange tijd van piekeren. Opeens werd hij wakker van een enorm gekrijs. De lucht was blauw, en langzaam liep hij naar het raam. Daar zag hij een enorme gestalte staan als een draak. Maar hij wist dat dit geen draak was. Dit was een wezen uit de zee. Hoe hij dat wist kon hij niet vertellen, maar hij zag het. Hij was totaal niet bang, en na een korte tijd verdween de gestalte weer. De gestalte

stond niet in zijn kamer, maar achter het raam van zijn flat, tussen de flat en de rijen van huizen aan de overkant. De volgende dag wilden ze hem niet geloven, en ook zelf kon hij het maar moeilijk geloven. Misschien had hij het wel gedroomd, dacht hij. Na een tijdje kwam het hoofd van het laboratorium na hem toe en zij : 'Zeg, ik maak me erg zorgen om je. Je werkt zo hard dat je veel te veel uren maakt, en zelfs thuis ga je nog met je werk door. Zou je niet eens wat rustiger aan moeten doen ?' Maar de man wilde hier niet van weten. Toen vroeg het hoofd van het laboratorium hem of hij voor zijn werk naar een laboratorium aan in zee wilde gaan voor zee-onderzoek. Dit wilde de man wel, en nam het aanbod met beide handen aan. Het was een groot laboratorium, een gebouw dat zelfs tot onder de zee reikte voor diep onderzoek. De man hield altijd al van de zee-natuur, en van de elementen die zich daar bevonden. Hij wist dat daar vele medicijnen te vinden waren. Ook was men bezig met een project voor zuivere zee-voeding, om het vaak eenzijdige menu van de mens aan te vullen. De man was een grootdenker, en had de visie in zichzelf uitgespreid. Veelal was hij bezig geweest de zee te bestuderen, en hier had hij natuurlijk de kans om er zijn werk van te maken. Hij kreeg al direct vele mensen onder zich en zag dit dan ook als een promotie. Hij was zich ook bewust van de gevaren van de zee, en wilde daarom ook niks riskeren. Er moest verantwoord te werk gegaan worden, en men moest waaghalzerij uit de weg gaan. Inmiddels was het virus aardig onder controle. Het werd niet meer zo zeer als een bedreiging gezien. Er kwamen weinig nieuwe meldingen binnen, en er waren nog steeds geen doden gevallen door het virus. De meesten met het virus woonden in aparte gebouwen buiten de samenleving, omdat ze zich hier prettiger bij voelden. Sommigen werden zelfs algeheel kluizenaar, en kregen van de staat daartoe een kasteel of ander landgoed dat leegstond, terwijl enkelen in staat waren om geheel terug te keren naar de natuur. Er was nog geen enkel medicijn ertegen gevonden, maar de ontwikkelingen leken een ieder gunstig te stemmen. Alles begon weer te worden als vanouds en men begon te denken dat het virus zijn topdagen nu wel gehad had. Maar niets was minder waar. Hij had net een kennismakingsperiode achter de rug die goed verliep, en het leek erop dat nu het contract wel zou lopen. Hij had meestal moeite met de eerste dagen van iets, maar dit was anders. In dit werk lag zijn hart, nog wel meer als zijn vorig werk. Op een avond deed hij de televisie in zijn nieuwe woning aan. Hij woonde nu dicht bij de zee. Hij zat op de bank, en schakelde over naar de zender met berichten. Opeens zat hij aan zijn bank gekluisterd. De namen van wat topmensen van zijn land verschenen in beeld met hun foto's. Zij waren die avond omgekomen doordat er een meteoriet op het huis van hun vergadering was gevallen. Niemand wist waar die meteoriet vandaan kwam. Het was allemaal erg snel gegaan, en het land was erg onthutst. De nieuwslezer veegde het zweet van zijn voorhoofd. Na onderzoeken bleek heel snel dat de meteoriet dezelfde stoffen droeg als van het virus en op sommige plaatsen van hetzelfde materiaal was gemaakt als van het gesteente. Ook werd er gewaarschuwd voor de zware straling die vanaf de meteoriet afkwam, en technici en specialisten konden deze niet op korte termijn onschadelijk maken. Men besloot enkele afgebroken stukken naar de zee te brengen. Verder werd het terrein afgebakend. Er was een diepe krater in de aardbodem ontstaan. Na enkele dagen leefde het virus weer enorm op, en ditmaal vielen er wel doden. De mensen die het virus hadden klaagden nu veelal over gekrijst in hun hoofd, en de symptomen waren dikwijls gepaard met zweren en brandende pijnen. Vaak sloeg het virus over in andere ziektes. Alle dagen werd er op televisie voorlichting gegeven. En er kwamen steeds meer mensen op televisie die door de huid heengebroken gesteentes hadden. Steeds meer mensen klaagden van brandende pijnen rondom hun tepels en in hun voeten. En weer werden de sociale structuren van zulke mensen veelal afgebroken, en bij sommigen begon nieuwe huid te groeien, en ook de stembanden van sommigen raakten zwaar aangetast, of gingen dubbele stemmen voortbrengen. Dat waren stemmen die tegengesteld hoog en laag waren. Meer en meer begon het gesteente over de huid van mensen te groeien, als een vreemd soort van ivoor in verschillende kleuren. En nog steeds was er geen enkel medicijn tegen opgewassen. Sommigen werden erg agressief door het gesteente dat in en over hen groeide, en vaak begonnen verschillende kleuren elkaar te bevechten, en gingen dezelfde kleuren zich bij elkaar voegen. Vaak waren de kleuren tweezijdig en ontstonden er tussenpersonen tussen de verschillende groepen. Veelal voelden mensen zich overgenomen, alsof ze een machine werden. En de wetenschappers stonden radeloos. Nog steeds hij bezig om antistoffen op of onder de zeebodem te vinden, maar nog steeds zonder enig resultaat. En de mensen begonnen wanhopig te worden, en keerden zich tegen de medici en de topmensen. Ook hij moest in bescherming gebracht worden tegen razende groepen mensen die het hadden gemunt op de hogere lagen van de bevolking. En hij kreeg militaire bescherming rond zijn huis en rond de plaats waar hij werkte. Op een gegeven moment was dit niet meer mogelijk vanwege de vele aanslagen, en na vele confrontaties tussen de burgers en het leger. Er werden speciale oorden ingericht, waar de topmensen en de medici tezamen met andere verantwoordelijkheidsfuncties gingen wonen. Degenen die onder deze mensen getroffen werden door het virus werden ogenblikkelijk van hun functie ontheven en naar diverse kampen van burgers gestuurd. Maar ook onder de burgers kwamen machtslijnen, en al gauw ontstond er een tussenveld. En zij werden de chirurgen genoemd omdat ze contact bleven houden met de beide kanten van de samenleving. Hij stond bekend als een contactpersoon waardoor zij met de opperlagen van de samenleving konden communiceren. Hij vond dat belangrijk voor zijn werk, en voor hem was het onmogelijk om nog met de burgers contact te hebben sinds hij in het zwaar beveiligde oord woonde. Hij kon de chirurgen erg goed begrijpen, en op een dag werd hij zelf door het virus getroffen.

Al snel groeide het gesteente door zijn huid heen en kwam hij ook in de tussenlaag terecht en werd één van hen. Snel werd hij opgenomen in de groep. Veelal was de basiskleur zwart met hier en daar een rode, witte of blauwe streep in een punt uitlopende. Soms brak er wel eens wat van het gesteente af, en dat was een helse pijn als brandend zoet. Al gauw werd hij op de hoogte gesteld van een groot geheim van de chirurgen. 's Nachts kwamen er Ufo's tot de kampen van het tussenveld en werden er operaties verricht in de tepels en de voeten. De man herinnerde het televisie-programma dat hij er over gezien had. Het was dus toch waar, dacht hij bij zichzelf. Al gauw was hij bijna geheel gemaakt van dit vreemde gesteente, en begon hij zichzelf te voelen als een machine. 's Nachts kwamen er bruinzwarte kappen over de kampen met rode gleuven die licht gaven, en werden de operaties door draakachtige zeewezens gedaan. Dit was dus wat hij gezien had, dacht hij bij zichzelf. Tijdens de operaties 's nachts kon hij ze goed zien, en sommigen hadden zelfs staarten als goudvissen. Vreemdsoortige sappen werden in hem gespoten op een hele systematische manier. Soms werden er grote stukken van het gesteente weggebroken, en dan voelde hij die helse pijn als brandend zoet, maar in zijn kamp vertelden zij hem, dat dat brandend zoet een nieuwe immuniteit zou brengen. Wat die nieuwe immuniteit dan was, dat wist hij niet. Bij de hogere lagen van de samenleving waren er berichten binnengekomen over de kappen en de operaties, en zij begonnen bang te worden. Ze waren bang dat de macht in de handen van de chirurgen zouden komen, en begonnen een totaal-oorlog. Inmiddels waren er zoveel mensen door het virus uit de toplagen verdwenen, dat ze bang waren om meer mensen te verliezen. Ze lieten daarom degenen die een wit soort van gesteente hadden blijven. Maar steeds meer onder hen kregen het virus met het witte gesteente. En hem werd verteld door anderen uit zijn kamp dat die immuniteit juist tegen deze aanval was bedoeld. Het was een oorlog van de bang geworden regering gericht aan de chirurgen. Maar omdat de regeringen met hun topmensen en medici merkten dat ze met wapens hen met de gesteentes niet konden uitschakelen probeerden ze het op een andere manier. En dit werd de grote witte oorlog genoemd. Ze probeerden met apparaten de machines onder controle te krijgen. Ze zouden hiervoor in eerste instantie bestraling gebruiken, om stap voor stap invloed uit te oefenen. Inmiddels werden ze van buiten steeds harder en van binnen steeds zachter, en de operatie-apparatuur van de ufo's trokken de tepels van de chirurgen steeds dieper naar binnen, en er werden meerdere tepels geïmplanteerd. Ze waren als vlakke, gesloten geraamtes geworden, als oesters in een schelp. Ook de zolen en de huid van hun voeten werden steeds dieper naar binnen getrokken en gingen op een vreemde manier binnen het gesteente circuleren.

Hormom

1.

Ascet Warrior ; Plan of the Gods ; They had blue faces, them of the Guerra. They were often huge, and without mercy. They went to the surfaces of the earth, to kolonize the lands. They were in need for slaves to build their temples. They wanted earth, they wanted this part of hell. They lived underground, and had built their metros, these underground trains. They used strange sorts of drugs, from flowers living underground. These flowers were really mean, for they were meat-eating flowers. They had killed a lot of blue ones. Unfortunately their queen died, and now they didn't have a leader, but one older man was slowly taking over the royal house of his beloved queen. He had much experience in warfare. Yes, the earth had to come into their hands. It was of the Guerra, for their temples and their rituals. Humans were only bred by them to become their slaves. Savios was the name of the man, and he told everyone of the blue race that he would be their general very soon. Everyone who was against Savios had to be killed. One day another warrior came to Savios with some news : 'Sir, we have kolonized the arabians, the egyptians and the jewish ones, and soon we will head for Africa. What must we do with their existing temples.' And then Savios raised his hand and said : 'You must destroy all temples, except the egyptian ones. Make sure you destroy their houses. Only temples have the right to exist as long as they are egyptian.' And the warrior left with these words in his mind, and started to do the job with his men. He used the earthlings as slaves to build new egyptian temples in all parts of arabia and the jewish sector. And the ones who refused to work had to be killed. The blue race was merciless. There was no any hope for humanity if the other parts of the world would be taken over so easily. The blue race had to be worshipped. And soon some humans painted their face blue to join them. Savios also told that those who would join the blue ones had to be handled with care. Javios was one of them. He had been a general in army, but he became interested in the views of the blue race. It was not that he acted because of fear, for he wasn't afraid of dying, but he became obsessed with their strategic skills, and their views on life. Savios gave much power to Javios to have monopoly in many colonies. One of these colonies was called Untiaga. Untiaga became one of the biggest slave-colony on earth, and the slaves had to build a lot of temples. Many slaves died because of the hard work, and soon enough earth's population number started to decrease. It was forbidden for humans to have sexual intercourse, for the blue ones were afraid of new babies. When a blue one had sex with a human, it was okay. And when a baby was born from them, it had to be sent to the headquarters of Savios, far underground. Savios believed in sacrifices, but he wouldn't easily touch a blue one's baby. They were important to be

alive, in his eyes. But if it was a human baby, then it had to go through several tests. If the baby failed it had to be bred for sacrifice. The rituals were very bloody, and had to be practiced in deep underground temples. Savios was a very cruel man, and sometimes someone of his own race started to stop him, but would be killed immediately. Savios was obsessed by the aztecs and incas who brought human sacrifices. He always told his race that he was their new leader now, and he would follow the footsteps of the queen, who was also very cruel. He told his race over and over again, that he was a god, as a mediator between them and the gods, and they needed to sacrifice. If they wouldn't, then the wrath of the gods would fall over them. But there were strict rules in sacrifice. The priests of Savios had to be highly educated. They weren't allowed to make mistakes. If a priest irritated Savios too much, then Savios would challenge the priest in a fight on life and death, in a special circle in one of the deep temples. If the priest would win, then he had to be the new general. But many priests would rather kill themselves than fighting against Savios. Savios used to be a gladiator. He never lost a battle. He was a slave of another empire, but the queen's court had set him free. That was why he was so devoted to his queen. He even worshipped her as a goddess. As time went by he more and more demanded his race to worship him. They made statues of him, and even built temples for him, where he was the supreme god. And more and more he got the intention to root everyone out who wouldn't worship him. And also on the surface of the earth they had to honour him, or they would lose their lives. Many earthlings who didn't want to give up their own religions had to be sacrificed or just killed. But some of them for some reason he kept alive. They had to worship him, or one of the egyptian gods. But it seemed that he also agreed in compromises, as long as it didn't irritate him. He saw irritation as the plan of the gods. Savios would never lose his goal. He was like a robot, highly programmed. But he had an enemy, Rudos, the emperor who once kidnapped him, to become a gladiator in their underground tombes. Rudos was the emperor of the green faces, and they also lived deep underground. They wanted to have Savios back, and colonize the whole blue race for their goals. The green faces were even more cruel than the race of Savios. They worked together with the skeletons. Now Savios had something against skeletons. He was abused by them in his youth, and since then he couldn't stand them. Actually they were the ones who kidnapped him, and they worshipped strange purple bones. Savios often let the dead be mummified, or when they were burnt they had to be in urns, but Rudos loved the skeletons. One day when Savios went to earth's surface he met some skeletons of Rudos' army. A fight began, and the knee of Savios started to bleed. They had hit him by the purple bones, which they used as their swords. But somehow they started to become very afraid of Savios and ran away. Savios didn't know what had happened, but he started to run after them, to follow them. He couldn't control his rage anymore. He followed them all along to the underground castles of the green faces. And there he saw Rudos standing, but he was shaking like a sick man. He knew there was something wrong. He didn't know what. Suddenly Rudos jumped towards him and started to fight against him. The skeletons were all gone. Savios knew this was a very dangerous place for him, but he couldn't hold his anger in anymore. Savios started to run around the castles, and yelled : 'all you green faces, you dumbheads, I hate you for what you did to me when I was young.' He didn't see Rudos anymore, and he knew it was very dangerous what he was doing, but he felt he didn't have another choice. He wondered why no one attacked him but Rudos. Suddenly he jumped into one of the castles through an open window, and came into a long hall. There were a lot of skeletons and green faces walking there, but no one attacked him. At the end of the hall, he kicked into a door, and walked into a room. There a couple of green faces were making love. He took his sword and killed them. 'I will destroy this green world,' he shouted. Then he ran outside the room while all green faces and skeletons in the hall were staring at him. Why didn't they attack him ? But it was like he felt a snake or reptile lied around his neck, sucking the blood out of his chest, like a vampire was around him. Was that the reason why everyone was so quiet ? Maybe he should fight the vampire surrounding him. He had hard time breathing, and he started to cut the vampire with his sword. Thick blue airblood was streaming out of the creature. But then all of a sudden the green faces and the skeletons started attacking him. Was it because they were also afraid of this vampire, until they saw the vampire was bleeding to death ? But then another vampire started attacking him, and the green faces and the skeletons were running away. This was a bigger one, and now Savios knew that it was actually the vampires scaring them of, and not himself. Again the vampire started to hang around his neck and started to suck blood out of his chest. What was he supposed to do now ? He knew that if he would kill this thing again, then the green faces and skeletons would attack him again. Maybe the vampire was the reason why he felt so powerfull, so maybe it was a good armor after all, although he had to pay a price with his blood. This bigger vampire made him even more angry and a lust to kill came into him. It was like the green faces and skeletons were very easy to beat now. So he killed thousands and thousands of them in short time after his own, but unfortunately he couldn't find Rudos anywhere. He knew that if he would kill the big reptile surrounding his neck, then the skeletons and green faces would probably kill him, but he also knew that when this vampire would be around him for too long, he could also die of bloodloss. He started to run away from the empire, and went home. When he came into his own castlechamber he started to take away the reptile from his chest. He didn't want to kill it, for he might have needed it again. Suddenly the reptile started to speak, and said : 'Drink blood. I will not go away from you, unless you kill me.' Savios knew that if he wouldn't drink blood, then he

would die of bloodloss. He could go back to the green empire, but he could also go to the surface of earth to take human blood. Now Savios also started to understand why the gods needed so much blood. They probably also lived with these sorts of vampires around their necks. Savios chose to go to the surface of the earth. He took one of the metros and used it to crash into an underground church. Here was enough blood for him. Savios hated humans with their stupid religions. There were screams, and soon the whole church was full of dead bodies, while Savios started to suck. He took a lot of bottles with him, so that he could store blood for the coming weeks. But the reptile around his neck started to grow and grow, and was finally like a snake coiling around his whole body and often tightening it a lot. It started to ache very badly, and Savios started to feel a huge anger to the creature, but he also knew the consequences of killing it. It was his pleasure and his pain at the same time. Savios started to become very insecure of not knowing what to do. He felt like becoming more and more divine, but at the same time it made him very tired, and soon enough he couldn't do his job anymore. He more and more felt the need to move deeper underground where the unknown races lived. Without this special armor it would be too dangerous to make the trip. Savios knew it would be a long and lonely path waiting for him. Many of the blue race were glad he would go. Although they weren't merciful, no one of them was as cruel as Savios was, and he used severe discipline to his servants. Savios had made a suit full of bloodtubes, so that he could still store a lot of blood. And then he started his journey. Someone else, one of his faithful priests, would take over the leadership. Like a robot he was taking his path to deeper divinity. The reptile would lead him in that. It was like a total new behaviour was growing in him, under the pressure of this snake-like vampire. He knew that deeper underground the beings he would meet would be often separated. They didn't live in groups too much, but rather isolated. This was the law of the areas deeper underground. It was like he remembered these places from childhood, like he had been here before. Maybe the green ones and the skeletons had brought him here sometimes when he was a gladiator, but he couldn't remember much of those years. He still couldn't get used to the taste of blood, but he knew it was necessary to survive. After awhile he found an empty castle where he could stay at least for awhile.

2.

Kiss of Death ; He was walking the road to the pyramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the pyramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the pyramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... One he never experienced before ... It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the pyramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the pyramid ... They said there would be an elevator to heaven .. It was a pyramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white pyramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white pyramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophecies ... He was very sure that these prophecies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ... It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophecies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the pyramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ... It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned

him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the pyramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what sort of powers this snake had ... The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the pyramid ... and he started to climb ... There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a pyramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ... His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the pyramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the pyramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ...He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when he went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ... The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the pyramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ? Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this pyramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ... The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ... Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was another, higher balcony he was standing on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ... It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurted very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ... The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through

an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ? No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... She ran away ... Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... 'Throw him before the snakes !' she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomitting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ... I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophesies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... 'They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ... The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophesies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophesies ... These prophesies were more extended than the prophesies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ... Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...NASSA RA DAM MAK DUROK TIFOLI. These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... He took the snake and tied it's head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ... Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophesies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to ran to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods terror ... Then everything would burn and melt

until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent here ... The pyramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizards aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the pyramid would be like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ... The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophecies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new pyramid ... One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery They were on their way to Venus, where they would reach the Pyramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ... He could see the pyramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they taught him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the pyramid of sweetness ... He knew that on top of this pyramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floatingThe air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ... No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an Egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of Egyptian and Indian gods ... They sent the spider to him It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ... Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ? A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

Autistia Tarot Opening of the Mouth Ritual

Liturgy of Funerary Offerings

PART I – FROM THE AUTISTIA TOMBES

- Sociambat
- Autistia Birecel
- Autistia Sapdivia
- Autistia Biresin
- Autistia Biredin
- Autistia Rivala

PART II – FROM THE DOCTERIA TOMBES

Liturgy of Funerary Offerings

PART I – FROM THE AUTISTIA TOMBES

Sociambat

1.

Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomach again spreading a little light through my body

Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too

much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Autistia Birecel

1.

Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owls spider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprecauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered

boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live. And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someoneThese dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I amThere the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come home nowI'm sorry, the zebra sais and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir sais you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he sais When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to

make a toy of itThere a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the green one sais ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and sais : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapesTen firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he sais that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of oneWhat did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he sais the Lion's Tea again When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's things he sais but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir sais ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he sais Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

3.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother,There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same timeAnd it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true My stephdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at easeHe tells me he has a present for meHe had waited for the right momentIt was a present from my real fatherWhen the storm was after their boatMy father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many yearsThen my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She sais when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Bastet Leugenboek ; Robhold ; Ben jij een boom. Ben jij een groene staaf. De zwarte zon heeft jouw genade geschonken. Heb je al diep in de ogen van de staaf gekeken. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf, heb je genade van de zwarte zon verkregen. Als een boom was je, staande in de storm, ja, jij droeg ze, al die bladeren, van verborgen dagen. Ben jij een boom, ben jij een groene staaf. Heb je Geb gemeden of heb je tegen hem gestreden als tegen een oude vader die het niet meer wist, of heb je hem bedrogen. Mocht je hem, of haatte je hem. Ben je deel van de Gebbieten, deel van de groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken. Ben je de boom, ben je de groene staaf, heeft Geb je hart bedrogen, of schonk hij je de levenslust, heeft hij jou de militaire macht gegeven, of gaf hij jouw armoede uit een pot. Kom nu gauw, kom nu tot de zwarte zon, en zie wat hij voor je heeft. Al je bomen zullen tot leven komen, zie dan toe of ze je beminnen of verstoten voor eeuwig. Zal Geb je liefhebben als hij tot jou zal komen. Hij stond daar aan je deur, toen jij je opsloot in je kast. Buiten staan zijn geweren in standaarden op het gras, gewoon tussen de huizen, en pakte hij jou, maakte hij jou tot zijn vrouw. Ben je bedrogen, heeft hij je gekust, heeft hij je gemist toen jij van hem probeerde te ontsnappen, weet mijn kind, je redt het tegen hem, als je hem in waarheid hebt bemint. Ben je een boom, ben je van groen geluk, heeft zijn zwarte hond je gebeten, of heeft hij jou afgezonderd in verdriet in een diepe kast waar hij je niet zou raken. Wie haalde jou daar vandaan ? Wie heeft jou naar de sterren genomen. Heeft de zwarte zon jou genade geschonken. Boom van geluk, boom van groene verlichting, boom van kracht, van parelstappen, diep in het zand vond jij je geluk, bij Geb deelde jij je smarten. Een huis van beweging, een huis van groen geluk, een huis van delen, waar Geb jou altijd heeft gemeden, je dacht waar blijft mijn geluk, maar kind, alleen wanneer je naar verlichting zoekt is geluk je deel, eerlijk geluk, groen geluk. Kijk naar omhoog en vang de groene regen op, wanneer de zwarte regen tegen je heeft gestreden. Die zwarte hond, die hij tot je zond, jou naar vervelende plaatsen heeft gebracht, door Geb voelde je je gemeden. Al die soldaten tegen jou, al die vliegende hoofden, tegen jou, zij zullen altijd tegen je strijden, totdat je Geb vindt in het verdriet. Ja, altijd heeft hij je gemeden, ja, altijd heeft hij tegen je gestreden, Geb, de boom, totdat je het verborgene ontdekt, en tot hem vlucht. Als door groen sap beweeg je, door groen sap leef je, op weg naar verlichting, als je een boom bent, zul je eeuwig leven. De rest is reeds verloren. Ik weet, je leeft in bevroren dromen ... ik weet je leeft in parels verborgen ... Boom van geluk, doe de kastdeur open, boom van geluk, laat ons niet buiten staan. Geb is hier met al zijn standaardgeweren, op de muren loopt hij, naar binnen kijkt hij niet. Boom van verlichting, van groene verlichting, open de deur voor ons, opdat het licht der zwarte zon op ons zal schijnen, en onze bomen tot leven zullen komen, in de rijen van Geb. Zij zullen ons meenemen naar de sterren, naar het eeuwige geluk. Ben je een boom, ben je groen geluk, beloof je de sterren niet te breken, wanneer zij tot je komen, om te vertellen van de verborgenheden van de zwarte zon, waardoor je je altijd voelde gemeden. Droom je van geluk, of van verlichting. Geluk komt niet zomaar, maar altijd met een doel, en vanuit een bron, die bron is groene verlichting, komende vanuit het hart van Geb, de aardvader. Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, de bliksem sloeg in, waar heeft hij jou wel niet allemaal van losgetrokken. Je dacht dat je niets meer overhield. Maar heus, mijn kind het was beter, toen hij je daar sloeg. Nu staat hij dan voor je, jou kast opengetrokken, waar jij je in dieptes verborg, om complotten tegen hem te smeden. Ken je zorgen, ken zijn verdriet. Als soldaat staat hij voor je, terwijl zijn zwarte hond brult op de achtergrond. Een hond van liefde, maar zo heb jij het nooit gezien, als een dreiging zag je het. Als soldaat staat hij voor jou kast, waar jij diep in weg bent gedoken, als het verborgene ben je, maar hij maakt snelle pas, zijn geweerstandaarden staan tussen de huizen, en hij loopt over de muren van het kasteel, van de burcht, zonder binnenin te kijken. Hij kijkt naar jou. Als een soldaat stond hij voor je, als een soldaat gaf hij een klap in je gezicht. Hij is bij je in de kast gekomen, en zijn hond bijt je, waar is nu het licht. Ben je nog steeds in strijd tegen Geb, tegen al zijn soldaten en honden. Of heb je je bij zijn liefde neergelegd, en bij al zijn vreemde plannen. Van het geweer schrok je, de lange man staat op, schudt de boom, en raapt de veren. Van het geweer schrok je, van zijn blaffende hond, als een soldaat stond hij voor je, met een geweer in zijn armen, dat hij in je kast drukte. Ben je nog steeds voor hem op de vlucht. Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem, het deed pijn, als soldaat tussen de huizen, nam hij alles van je af. En bracht hij jou tot het bos, tot de groene verlichting, tot het mos, tot een dobbelsteen van hogere bomen, tegen hogere winden vocht je, en omhulde hem. Als bliksem stond hij voor je, als bliksem het deed pijn, toen hij jou afzonderde toen hij jouw heupen brak, toen hij je kleeft wegscheurde. Als bliksem kwam hij, als bliksem ging hij, met een hond die alleen kon bijten, en jou kon laten wegslijten. In groen geluk ben je gekomen. Soldaten komen, soldaten gaan, Geb was hier, nu is alleen zijn vlam nog daar. 'K heb je al het goede gegeven, de groene verlichting, en een reis om de zwarte zon, die eeuwig zal duren, in je herinnering, ja het zal groeien, opdat al je bomen vrij zijn, oh boom. Geb stond voor je, nam je hand, maar de kast dook je in, achter de gordijnen, om te vluchten voor schuld, en hij gaf je het mijne. Geb stond voor je, Geb liet je niet gaan, als door de bliksem getroffen sprak je zijn naam, gaf je hem al wat je bezat. Als door een bom getroffen stond je daar,

en Geb keek naar jou. Het rechtshuis bracht je tot de boom. Als een rechter tussen de huizen kwam het tot jou. Ben je een boom, een groene staaf, heeft de zwarte zon je genade geschonken. Zijn je bomen tot leven gekomen, of staan ze nog steeds waar ze stonden. Toon mij je hart, dan kniel je hier, toon mij je lever, dan kost het je niets, diep van binnen in jouw kast vertoon je steeds dezelfde sterren. Is dat jouw vertier. Tot Geb ben je gekomen. Een rechter tussen de huizen, soldaten voor de kasten, en wat loopt op de muren van jouw burchten, zijn het de schaduwen van een duister verleden, als de zwarte nacht de zwarte zon. verraad me niet, verraad me niet, want het licht steekt door de dagen, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik zal jou ook behouden, als een rechter tussen de huizen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Ik ben de bliksem op jouw trappen, waar de bomen staan, waar de bomen staan, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Laat mij tot jouw kasten komen, laat me in, verdedig je niet, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. Vang voor mij die bliksem op, ik kan het niet verdragen, als Geb tot de kasten komt, als zijn honden bijten. Samen staan we sterk, als rechters tussen de huizen. Kom tot mijn kasten liefste, laat de genade van de zwarte zon ons tezamen verbinden voor altijd, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Samen staan we sterk. ben jij een boom, een hartendief, een grote genade, een grote brief, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Ben jij het die ik bemin, wanneer Geb tot de kasten komt. Wees mijn rechter tussen de huizen, wees de standaard van mijn geweren, wanneer geb tot de kasten komt, als een soldaat, een harde man. Ik heb zijn woorden nog niet begrepen, Hij heeft mij niet gegrepen. Wees mijn geweren als standaarden tussen de huizen, dan zal ik de jouwe zijn, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en zijn bliksemen werpt, onze keukens doorzoekt als een schutter. Wees mijn schutter, wees mijn gids, wees mijn hond, oh Anubis, als Geb tot de kasten komt. Leidt mij tot de rode kap, door de ruiten heen, dieper in de kasten. Kom tot mijn kasten, wees mijn rechter, mijn geweren in standaarden tussen de ruiten en de huizen, oh Anubisieten, en leidt mij weg. Loop rondom mijn muren, loop eroverheen, kijk niet naar binnen, maar naar mij, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en het harde in de straten valt. Anubis, wees mij tot een harde, en ga mij voort door de ruiten heen, langs de huizen, langs de standaarden, als Geb tot de nachten komt, als een hond, een wolf van het verlee. En Robhold is als de hartsdarm, herschrijvende de wetten, brengende zijn kussen van vuur en pijn, om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen. Dit zal hen allen brengen tot een nieuw land. Was niet de judaskus daartoe de weg ? Nu dan hebt gij ware liefde gevonden. Ook hebt gij de darmen der ademhaling niet veracht. Wat gij wel hebt veracht is het hart en de ademhaling der mensen. Hierin hebt gij goed gedaan. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk. Heeft de zwarte zon je gevonden, of sloeg hij je stuk.

2.

Het koninkrijk Gods dan bestaat in darmen, en zijn anatomie. Van mono's hebt gij niets willen weten, maar ziet, gij zijt genaderd tot Zkum. Zal het u branden, of zal het u uitleiden. Bent gij een boom, een stralend geluk, bent gij door Geb gevonden, of sloeg hij uw stuk. Bent gij dan door darmen gewurgd, gij die het hart opdroeg tot een vreemde god. Hiervan heb ik nooit iets geweten. De kus der leugen zette het vuur aan, brengende het liefdeslitteken. Mijn hart is een darm, mijn long is een darm, twee strepen gekruisd, zij vormen de veredeling van het woord. Aan het darmenkruis hing ik. Zij waren nog niet klaar met mij. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk, heeft Judas je gevonden, of sloeg hij je stuk. Beminde hij je met een kus, een vurige kus van verraad, een groot gemis, een tranendal vol. Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk, wie kuste jou na die dagen van geluk, wie bracht jou naar de overkant, wie maakte jou als brandend zand. De littekenen der liefde zijn als vuur, wie kuste jou daar in die schuur. Ben jij een boom, met schuivende letters, in rijen schuiven zij, ben jij een bastet, een leugenbastet, vol namen en vol reclame ... Ben jij een boom, een stralend geluk ... Wie heeft jou gevonden en wie sloeg jou stuk ... wie gaf jou de kus des doods ... wie offerde jou op het leugenaltaar ... Wie ligt naast jou, wie heeft er verdriet ... die kus van pijn die geeft mij verdriet ... als een vuur maakt het mij een met jou ... een liefdeslitteken ... wij praten nog steeds met elkaar ... Waar moet ik naartoe ... een judaskus achtervolgt mij ... stervende na de dood, in een liefdesfontein, makende mij puur en rein ... Zij bracht haar geliefde naar het brandende zand waar zij hem nogmaals aan de leugen offerde ... een vreemd strand ... een vreemde molen ... latende het licht door, was mijn oog geen darm in den beginne, maar nu, ik ben zo arm ... een vreemde juweel op mijn kop, zo wreed, zonder genaa ... Zij bracht mij naar dat brandende zand, tot een hoge haag, brandend als mijn lot ... Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, mijn woorden verbrand ... Het as nam zij van mijn edelstenen, en zij wierp mij over de kostbare steden ... Zij heeft mij vermoord door een kus ... Zij raakte mij aan in moedertaal, de oplossing zoekend in mijn rode straal Zij bracht mij naar een leugenstrand, de aarde is verboden, tot een toren steeg ik op, over brandende treden, kokende van liefde, stralende van sentimenteel lot ... Zij bracht mij naar het leugenstrand, een modderige woning, met vier daken werd ik opgebrand, als een sigaret wees ik haar aan ... Jij bracht mijn dochters tot de rare spijzen ... Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, een verwelkte woning, als een oude vrouw was jij aan mijn hand ... En

toen boog jij voorover, om mij eeuwig vaarwel te zeggen ... in jouw leugenboot vertrok je ... in jouw leugenboot verging je, met je armen uitgestrekt tot de laatste dood Zij gaf mij een leugenstrand, een vermakelijke woning ... Tot Zkum ben ik gegaan ...

3.

De leugen geneest mij, een oude taal. Zij brengt mij tot de dieptes van het bestaan ... De kussen van het kruis, wat darmen tussen jou en God ... de hartsdarm werd ons verboden ... je geloofde niet in mono's ... en al die oranje leugenaars ... Zij zijn als vissen in snelle boten ... hun steken branden, ongehoord ... Tot stilte zullen wij komen ... over dit scharlaken koord Het is als de ziekte van karma Zij maakte in het graf haar woning ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandende met oud vuur, een oude muur ... hebben wij doorbroken God zegt het is vreemd vuur, maar de Mono heeft het uitgemolken ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandend van oud vuur ... het oude uur ... waar de dag is aangebroken ... Wordt wakker man, want de karazuur heeft je bedrogen ... Het was een moordende kus, de stem van het verleden deze liefde is zo overdreven ... een slagveld is het ... Kom, vertel me wat je naam is ... Oranje leugenaars, zij zeilen op de zeeën van Bastet ... als leugenkussen zijn zij ... op zoek naar oude pret ... in flessen opgeborgen ... het waren de dagen zonder zorgen ... maar heus ... zij spreken alleen een vreemde taal houd hen niet voor schuldig tegen het einde van de morgen ... Als zeilschepen zijn zij, de kussen van pijn ... om liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... steeds praten zij tot oude bekenden ... Wij waren toch vrienden eens ? Zie, het is allemaal welgemeend ... die kussen van mij werken nog steeds ... Je hebt laatst nog van mij gedroomd ... Moeten wij nu een leugen-oorlog voeren om aan elkaar te ontkomen ? Jij spreekt mijn taal niet ... dus laten we er maar mee stoppen. De woningen zijn zo zuur hier, waar kussen oorlog hebben gevoerd ... De kussen van oorlog nooit te duur ... Al mijn wagens zijn in vuur Jij hebt mij bedrogen ... jij hebt mij laten gaan ... met een kus van leugen naar een nieuwe woning ... Ketenkussen gaf jij mij ... maar mijn Judas liegt erger dan jij ... Met een kus verraadde jij mij, met een kus verraadde ik jou, met een kus van oorlog ertussen, als de weegschaal van een kus des doods ... Maar de kus van pijn leidde mij tot Zkum, tot een nieuwe wereld .. ik ben eindelijk vrij van jou ... de kus van verlatenheid gaf ik jou ... Kussen van pijn, als darmen tussen jou en mij. Nog zoveel moet er veranderen, liefste ik hoor je, je bent bij mij ... Als een vuur in mijn borst is Neith ... haar lichaam is van darmen gemaakt ... als je maar weet dat ik haar nooit verlaat ... Er zijn darmen tussen haar en mij ... kussen van pijn om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... spreek tot mij ... Neith, zacht geluk ... Je hartsdarm maakt je blij ... je longdarm brengt jou adem van mij ... Houdt vol, we moeten nog even zwemmen, door deze zeeën van geluk ... totdat we op het eiland zijn ... met de kussen van pijn ... liefdesdarmen tussen jou en mij ... in Zkum leven wij ... Je oordarm gaat rechtstreeks in mijn hart, en ook je oogdarm eindigt daar ... Je eet en adem darm weten mijn hart ook te vinden ... en mijn hart wordt steeds meer een hartsdarm ... een litteken der liefde ... ik hoor je woorden met mijn hart, en ze cirkelen door mijn lichaam, het maakt me duizelig ... je woorden zijn als vuur ... is er leven in je ... Mijn hart bloeit en groeit ... het brandt mijn kleren naar onderen en opzij ... Anubis, ik zie de darmen van je hart ... ze zijn als liefdesarmen ... ze worden zo lang en dun ... en dan neem je me mee ... Ik zie je hart gloeien ... ik zie je kussen bloeien ... als ballonnen in de lucht ... Liefste, huil niet meer ... ik ben bij je toen bloedvaten nog darmen waren ... rode strepen ... Anubis, eet het leugenbrood, en wordt sterk ...

4.

Log ; En de zenuwen zullen tot darmen worden, en alle darmen zullen uitkomen in de hartsdarm. Zo zal dan Anubis de scarabee worden van de hartsdarm. zo zal er dan een tweede hartsdarm zijn in de buik en een derde in de rug. En de hartsdarm zal de koning zijn van de rode strepen. En de ogen zullen groeien en meerdere kleuren hebben. En ook zal er een hartsdarm in de onderrug komen, en daarna zullen er hartsdarmen komen in de armen en benen. En dan zal het hele lichaam tot een hartsdarm worden. En er zullen vierhonderd stralen van leugenkussen zijn, en tien stralen van pijnkussen, twee van doodskussen, een van een hellekus. Verder zal er ook een zijn van een deliriumkus, en zij zal de lokogamen dragen. Dan zullen de leugentranen gaan stromen. En de leugentranen zullen spreken, hoge woorden, en dan zullen er darmen voortkomen uit de darmen, om te bouwen het nieuwe jericho ...

En Judas zal daar op de troon zitten met zijn grappen ... En er zullen nieuwe hartsdarmen voortkomen uit de hartsdarmen, en zij zullen webben vormen, en zij zullen heten het nieuwe sodom ... Hier zal Anubis zijn troon hebben ... En dit zal een leugentroon zijn ... En die leugentroon zal vol zijn met de vogels van sigaret, de levende boeken ... zij komen wanneer je bidt, en je je handen vouwt ... dan zullen zij liegen ... liegen zoals ze dat nog nooit eerder hebben gedaan ... Zij zijn de ergsten onder de oranje leugenaars ... De legendes maken hen waar ... de nieuwe darmen zijn zij ... door hen reizen oranje leugenaars ... en waterlichten ... tot de dame van cartoon ... De vogels van sigaret zijn op weg naar sodom, naar de leugentroon van Anubis, waar zij zullen neerstrijken met nieuwe verhalen ... nieuwe leugens ... Ik ga kapot van verdriet ... Ik hoor je niet, ik zie je niet, Ik weet niet eens wie je bent ... Pluk de rozen met mij, en laten wij tot het kasteel gaan ... Velen maakten hier naam ... Op de rozen heb ik verhalen geschreven ... Als vogels van sigaretten ... kom, er is nog zoveel te beleven. Ben jij een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Geb je meegenomen, of heeft hij je aan je lot overgelaten, een panterkermis, een pantermarkt met een stok in je kaken ... vreemde kruizen ... trekkoordjes ... de pantermarkt aan 't leugenstrand ... welverdiend trek jij er doorheen ... naar de overkant van Getsemane ... twee slangen, twee honden ... zij hebben jou verslonden was 't maar weer nacht ... want deze lichten branden mij, erger dan ik had verwacht ... Ben je een boom, een stralend geluk, heeft Bastet je meegenomen naar haar paradijs, de sfinxen languit op haar banken gestrekt ... of heeft zij jou op een schip naar de hel gezet ? Ben je een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Bastet je opgenomen, of werd je opgelicht ... 't is maar waar de dromen bloeien ... 't is maar waar het schip vergaat ... tussen haar benen werd ik omgedraaid ... Ben je een boom, een stralend licht, heeft Geb je tot haar meegenomen, of bracht hij je naar 't gesticht ... Op de rozen hier heb ik verhalen geschreven als vogels van sigaretten ... kom, er is nog zoveel te beleven ... laten we zwemmen tot het eiland van bastet, haar leugentongen hebben ons gered kun je nu mijn liefste zijn ... een panterhand ligt op 't leugenstrand ... 't is bijna voorbij ... Nooit wil ik nog terug naar die vreemde markt ... nooit meer terug naar de panterhand ik spring opzij, en liefste, hou me vast er komen vlammen uit op dit leugenstrand ... laten we zwemmen naar het eiland van bastet ... haar leugentongen hebben ons gered zoveel wachters van getsemane grepen me vast, maar Judas bracht me op het vaste land ... met deze vogels van sigaret ... Zij maakten van mij een vogel, een vogel van sigaret, een boek zonder bladeren, het zaad ligt nog te slapen ... een dromerig verhaal zonder einde, zal snel tot me glijden ... liefste hou me vast ... je jurk is beschreven als een vogel van sigaret door de darmen van je longen gaan de letters traag, en draaien in allerlei golven ... als slangen die glijden tot de zonnelaag ... een hondelaag een zonnelaag met al die vogels van sigaret ... zij hebben mij gestoken, maar vanavond brengen ze me pret grote pret, zonder zorgen De letters gaan hier snel ... je weet het wel, je weet het wel ... de letters gaan hier snel ... met deze vogels van sigaret ... je weet het wel de letters gaan hier snel ... Ben je een boom, een stralend geluk ... ben je een boom, een stralend licht ... ik heb je steeds geschreven ... ik hou van jouw gedicht in grote letters schreef je mij ... eenmalig bewees jij liefde aan mij ben je een boom, een stralend gezicht ... een zonnetje en een leugengedicht Oh, jouw bootje ging snel, met de aapjes op je schoot ... maar nu ben jij een boze droom, maar nu ben jij een boze droom ... op een nachtvlinder vluchtte ik Toe, nachtmerrie ga snel voorbij, ik luister naar mijn slaapliedjes op een rij een boos gedicht ... maakte mij zo droevig ... ik zwom tot het eiland van Bastet ... waar haar leugentongen mij hebben gered ... op een nachtvlinder vluchtte ik tussen haar benen werd ik omgedraaid ... op de zomer wacht ik ... tot de boze droom geheel is uitgewaaid ... Ga snel voorbij oh nachtmerrie, ga snel voorbij, oh pot met vergif, want tot de woning van bastet ben ik gekomen ... met haar boeken als bomen, als hoge dromen over een overweldigend licht door de vogels van sigaret zal ik daar komen ... zij komen in mijn dromen ... met tongen als lucifers Jongens wat een geluk, ik droomde over nieuwsberichten ... ze konden niet meer stuk ik zat op een hoge kruik, met gele madeliefjes in een pot die zeiden de leugen is je lot ... op hoge poten liep ik weg, maar ze konden me nog net achterhalen ... aan de telefoon spraken zij mijn namen op de achterkant van een koffiepote stond het beschreven, mijn lot ... Door de kamer van het licht ... kwam ik tot dit gedicht ... roze namen op een koffiepote beschrijven daar mijn lot, madeliefjes had ik maar nooit naar jullie geluisterd had ik maar nooit mezelf aan die beeldbuis gekluisterd, er is geen redden aan totdat Bastet spreekt, mijn naam ... boze dromen ga toch weg, mijn huis heeft al genoeg van jouw pech ... ga het straatje maar weer uit, en neem eens een andere spruit ... Er komen stripboeken uit de gekarnde tranenzeen ... als zaad rijzen ze op ... al die tranen, toch niet voor niets ... maar was het niet één grote leugen ?

5.

Het zijn filmjes die je het bed in krijgen, maar shhh... waren wij niet op zoek naar de gouden sigaren ? Tekenfilmpjes of iets anders ? Ik weet het niet. Ik draai nog steeds met mijn vingers na die nare dag ... Bastet heeft me misschien wel

vergeten ... Vandaag heb ik een oud stuk gevonden van een verhaal wat ik eens had geschreven, over een konijnenziekenhuis ... IJs golft met lijm, hier achter de woestijnen. Het is bij mij onderhand Bastet voor en na. Hier komen de schoenen en laarzen tot leven Het rolt vanuit vreemde bomen Hier rollen de knikkers ... Ze is een rolschaatsdame, terwijl ze haar vleugels diep binnenin haar verbergt. Haar witte tong verbrandt het as nog een keer, vreemde wegen van ... verzekeringen ... Gewoonlijks waren het insecten, ijs golvend met lijm ... Gewoonlijks gaf het licht, maar nu is het donker in de nachten, tussen de muren van Jericho ... Als je het aanraakt laat het je nooit meer gaan ... maar je kunt het nooit vasthouden, want het glijdt weg als natte modder ... Het groeit vanuit een konijnenlaars ... het is op weg naar je hoofd het is de wereld van strips en tekenfilms ... als in werelden van sprookjes ... de vertes zijn dichtbij, en nooit beangstigend daar waar de angst stierf tussen de muren van Jericho waar de dames alleen wandelen waar de rolschaatsdames zijn reddende de speelgoed-soldaatjes uit de vuilnisbergen Er is magisch as tussen de muren, komende tot leven in de nachten, ijs golvend met lijm ... vreemde zaadjes van verzekeringen ... daar waar ziekenhuizen branden Het zijn konijnenziekenhuizen, vol met nummers het vliegt en brandt glijdende Deze konijnen zijn roze, en bouwen een vreemd hotel vanuit een ijzeren laars waar ijs met lijm golft ... Er hangen vreemde zaden in bomen, groeiende totdat het voedsel is op harige schalen ... Zijn hoofd is op de munt en nu is hij zo ver weg ... maar hij maakte het tot je zakken ... Het is alsof hij overal is, maar je kunt het niet aanraken ... Het is als de vloek van verzekeringen, op een witte dag Allen achter glas, terwijl er iemand ontsnapt ... kunnen wij ons niet bewegen Spugende zand, op weg naar het land, waar ijs golft met lijm ... Zaden van vreemde vruchten ... voor een ziekenhuis van konijnen En de dame heeft rolschaatsen, en ze werkt in het ziekenhuis van konijnen De tranen worden geklutst tot zaad ... daar ... in een vreemde machine Haar hoofd is op de munt, maar ze heeft geen vrienden daarom huilt ze zo vaak Ze hebben het nodig voor hun zaadmachines De strips moeten klaar zijn aan het einde van iedere week en maand ... Ze is een vreemde boom, een konijnenboom Ze leeft in een laars, en reist onder de grond met de vreemde liften ervan ... Ik maak woning in een konijnschoen, waar het konijnenooft staat Ik voel het glas van het roddelblad ... Hoe lang duren deze reisjes Er zijn tranenmeren in deze schoenen ... De munt is hard Aan het eind heb ik geen vrienden mee De jongen maakt van sigaretten ... een vreemde lift naar de reuzenschoen De reuzenschoen is vol van tranen ... voelende het glas van de de strips en de tekenfilms tranen van zand Vreemde lijmen hier ... in het land van lijm, waar het ijs golft konijnenlijm, dat de tekenfilms spint Er is tekenfilm drank te drinken vreemde draaimolens brengende je dieper en dieper in een konijnenziekenhuis, een vreemd konijnenhol in een konijnenlaars waar zaden zwemmen als vissen waar verzekeringen in het rond branden Dit zijn vreemde klokken in konijnschoenen, en vreemde konijnschoenen in klokken ... Het tikt op mijn zebra-horloge groeiende als plastik waar het speelgoed oprijst De reus voelt nog steeds het glas van de tijd in tranen van zand totdat de muis hem geeft ... de vleugels van dementia ... om een kabouter te worden deze roddelbladen ... vreemde klokken in vreemde wachtkamers totdat de deuren open gaan, door de vleugelen van dementia ... vreemde liften in een konijnenkaars vreemde veren, vreemde ladders in een konijnenlaars Deze konijnschoenen reizen op de vleugelen van dementia, als de armen van vreemde klokken, vreemde flessen, waar waterlichten uit voortkomen, op weg naar de cartoondame ... zij bezit een vreemde schoenenwinkel, als de boekenwinkel van venus De sigaretenklok wordt kleiner ... Het lijkt dat de reus weer een kabouter wordt en bij mij ? Het is nog steeds Bastet voor en na ... Er zijn spinnen op de ogen van konijnen, om de tranen in zaden te veranderen ... totdat het verf geworden is voor de zeeën van cartoon Vreemde flessenmachines in een ziekenhuis voor konijnen Op de vuilnisbergen staan rode schaakborden De stukken openen de kranen van het verleden ... Het rode goud laat de gezichten van het verleden zien ... al die bakkerman's gezichten Het is een vreemd ziekenhuis met vreemde drankmachines al die bakkerman's gezichten omhoogkomende door het oor van verzekeringen Het oor van het konijn verblindt hen allen ... daar waar lijm golft met ijs Zij zijn de soldaten van verzekeringen dronken gokkers vliegende op de vleugelen van dementia ... met hun juwelen van spaanse nachten Het is weer zo ver ... Ik sta weer in de roddelbladen ... blubbermonsters heffen hun kaken op om te blaffen ... vreemde pudding op m'n bord gelukkig is het een roddelblad van konijnen ... bubbels komen uit hun monden, en ik voel het harde glas ... ik kan niet vluchten ballerina's naast mij huilen zand Zouden hierdoor al die woestijnen komen ? Zij van dementia gaan daar wonen ... Vreemde lichten blaffen tot mij ... Ik lijk wel een schaakstuk van een rood schaakbord ... Daar is Bastet hoog in de lucht ... Ziet ze me dan niet ? ... De banken zijn hier zacht ... sfinxen liggen hier languit Het is een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ... Er komen kleine bubbels uit de monden van de rolschaatsdames ... Ze brengen de laatste roddelbladen nu huil ik zand ... Wie klutst het tranenzand ? Er groeien daar vreemde bomen ... en letters komen voort ik kan weer boeken schrijven ... leugenboeken of zal ik ook roddelbladen gaan persen ? Ik ben een vreemde dokter in een konijnenziekenhuis ... Ze bekogelen mij met roddelbladen ... vreemde lichten blaffen tot mij ... er komen kleine bubbels uit mijn mond, en zand uit mijn ogen als nooit tevoren ... nu kan ik baas worden van een roddelbedrijf Ze danst in het paarse en roze licht ... ze klutst de tranen tot zaad ... morgen moeten de roddelbladen klaar zijn met hun comics en cartoons ... met hun dansende

letters ... waar lijm golft met ijs ... Achter rode schaakborden staan ze De roddelfabrieken staan klaar, om de rode schaakborden heen ... zittende op hun hoge stoelen ... rood tegen geel ... waar oranje lichten uit voortkomen ... oranje tegen rood waar de diepere kleuren uit voort komen als vruchten ... rood tegen blauw rood tegen zwart ja vele oorlogen zijn hier ... om de tranen te maken tot zaad ... waar stripboeken oprijzen, en later de cartoons ... Ook het diepe zand komt omhoog ... en de bubbels ... om de roddelbladen te maken ... zij staan allen achter glas ... wanneer de lichten komen oh, wat blaffen zij terwijl de verzekeringsmeesters en de belastingmeesters er omheen staan in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis waar ik een vreemde dokter ben staande bij een ketel de vruchten zijn morgen duur ... alleen Bastet kan ze kopen ... maar ziet ze mij wel ? Kijk dan wat ik voor je heb gemaakt ? Maar zij wil de leugenboeken de romans Oh, maar dat kan ik ook wel ... let maar op ... Zij koken de tranen tot vreemd zaad leugenzaad waar geen roddelblad tegenop kan ... Kluts de tranen tot romans tot vreemde letters ... achter hoog zand ... Achter leugenzand brachten ze mij in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis ... En achter dit leugenzand staan vreemde banken, vreemde postbanken, en vreemde brieven ... vreemde dagboeken en vreemde gedichten ... vreemde letteren komen voort ... Letters vol van leugens als leugenletters achter glas staan zij zo ver weg, maar ook zo dichtbij ... aanraken kun je ze niet vanille druipt van hen ... als ijs gemixt met lijm Op witte chocolade blokken worden ze geschreven, door waterlichten lang en stijf ... En ze kopen hun letters bij de banken ... en ze verzenden hun letters door hun postbodes vreemde bananen ... blauw en stijf Deze letters zijn vreemde postbodes, vreemde pistolen vreemde munten die de drankmachines bedienen ... in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis Vreemde drankmachines dragen deze letters ... vreemde boeken zijn het ... Ja, zij voeren recht hier ... in dit vreemde konijnenziekenhuis ... Hier worden de boeken geschreven door gokmachines Het is een fucking alfabetseiling ... Kom, laat mij je de boeken zien achter de boeken, de letters achter de letters, en de veilingen achter de veilingen. Hij is een letterboer .. in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ...

6.

Boeken worden geschreven door de sportuitslagen en de rode schaak uitslagen ... Zij bepalen de opstelling der letters ... en zij berijden de gokmachines van alfabet ...De hoogst vliegende boeken bepalen de letters ... zij zenden hun postbodes uit ... maar het is maar een copieermachine ... in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis een belastingmachine een vreemde fabriek ... Vreemde belastingcirkels en verzekeringscirkels afwisselend aan elkaar, als een vreemde zwart-witte trap ... Het is maar de media, het oor van een reus ... en morgen is het een oog ... Zoveel postbodes in cirkels ... als de wielen van een snelle bus als klokken komen zij verder naar huis moeten zij, naar het leugenstrand ... waar in stiltes nieuwe letters worden geboren in een vreemd konijnenziekenhuis ... De grappen liggen daar tussen vreemd gespuis een vreemd reisbureau is het ... de goden willen naar huis ... een nieuwe taal moeten zij leren ... Het is een vreemde school, een vreemd rapport ... waar de meester weer leerling wordt ... Door diepe misleidingen weten geliefden elkaar te winnen, door verlokkingen ... Zo gaan de wijsheden met elkaar om ... Zij verbergen hun waarheden tussen raadsels en zwoele verhalen ... en vinden elkaar terug op verborgen en afgelegen eilanden ... kundig bouwden ze hun muren ... maar elkaar bedrogen hebben ze nooit ... Ze spreken waarheid tot elkaar, in goed verpakte flessen ... Door leugenboeken trekken ze elkaars aandacht ... Spreek tot mij in raadselen, in verhalen ongehoord ... leidt mij door de wildernissen van het leven, waar zoveel oren klaar staan om ons te vereten ... Spreek tot mij in verhalen en gedichten, door omwegen ... We kunnen elkaar niet rechtstreeks beminnen ... teveel kapers op de kust ... We moeten eerst onze wereld bouwen ... Ik voel je hand door je verhaal, ik voel je lippen door jouw raadselachtige taal ... een taal van tranen en van kruizen van leugens en van pijnen ... Leer mij die taal verstaan ... Bastet, je bent altijd voor en na ... Je taal is wild en gevaarlijk ... woest, want je wilt geen indringers ...

7.

Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharaos ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the

arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ... The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

8.

Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharao have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

9.

Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, sais the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... I allowed myself

to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the asymmetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

10.

Grandfather's Wartrauma ; The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ... This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of Friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me Hours of Friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly tropheeHistory, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of Friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharao mates of pharao. They found the mates of pharao, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharao are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I met the mates of pharao ...I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of Friday ... And I once saw my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my fathers mates ... to hide pharao's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of Friday take them away ...Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book, like the mates of pharao in the tombe And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... of pharao's matesHis father's mates just masks of pharao just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator when no one seems to listen ...

1.

Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. En de sfinx nam het boek in de hand, en brak het zegel. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ... Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ... The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's opportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of gramophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while

draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making

them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done .. Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in september's brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallow, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ...

with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lapped by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just said what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breathe good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

3.

These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... raising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lapped by a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gambles machines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a

jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it sais ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ... I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

4.

It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's

the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos are drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaos are doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ...a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelfth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on

their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

5.

And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower ... those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about

all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard says it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaoh A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toymaker's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toymaker smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today ... he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Autistia Biredin

1.

Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmas trees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ...Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimic's

well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of cartoon The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

2.

When it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and

only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

3.

These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ... showing them were the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain Masters of the great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

4.

She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ...

It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the dayin the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ... Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norns are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kiteFlying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret .. I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ...

rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

5.

You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ... These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ... The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ... There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the

tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

6.

He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ... The movie egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattooed by the waterlights ...They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ... There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can

drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlighths.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ... They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

7.

and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet mooses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles

stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

Autistia Rivala

1.

Egyptian Book of Hell ; Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, wearing the feather of Banchelo, which is the fourth piramid of hell. All travellers have to go through the fourtyfour piramids of Egyptian Hell, for purification and direction. By fire-mummification they have to head to the circle of the fourteen earths, by the higher gods seen as the invisible piramids. They then are the fourteen chiefs of fire-mummification. Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, greets all visitors coming near to Benchelot, the forest and mountain piramid of hell, which is the first piramid of hell, and to Belchelot, the water and cave piramid, also called the vulcano piramid, which is the second piramid. And they have prisoned you for a long time, prisoners, for it wasn't time to reach for the third piramid Jelzaham. And the sight of Jelzaham has terrified you for a long time. Benchelot and Belchelot, so long they were your two legs, while you couldn't work with your hands as you wanted. Here are the spells to open Jelzaham, and to continue your journey. Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey. Spells to open Banchelo : I have been sent by Damash, second chief of hell. Let me in. Let me see the ring of invisible piramids, known as the fourteen earths. Do not let them have the power to prison me, and to let my feet sink into them. I am grounded in Jelzaham, I am grounded by the mighty powers of Damash. Let me wear the feather of Banchelo, piramid of air, to have the powers to move and fly, yes, even to escape where I want, when confronted with the circle of invisible piramids. I swear I will not hurt any of your rabbits, and will save all your rabbits out of the hands of their persecutors. I will bring the heads of the evil lawyers of hell on plates into your temples, and their hearts in canopevases into your tombes. [This sentence has been left out by some translations, probably because of fear of evil spirits or curses.] I will learn about your architectures, to rebuild my homes forever according to your will. Kings of hell, give me the keys, the liquid ones, to bring them up, layer by layer, as the sacred vehicle to enter Banchelo in terror, to set the rabbits free, once again. Kings of hell, bowing to the first chief of hell, having layers of light as ornaments in his shoulders : Do not give me the helmet of Banchelo and hell, for the first chief will do that himself. He's the statue in the fifth piramid, ascending to all the other piramids and dwelling in the center of the circles of hell. He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

2.

Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it. Spells to open the

pyramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths long for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purple suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

3.

Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers. Oh, gods of the rabbits show yourself to me, so that I can follow your paths to the wonderlands. Teach me your art, and close the doors behind me, so that those of the canons will not take me again. They have mocked me, they have lied to me, but now I am free. Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes,

and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. When I blink my eye let the rabbitmagic be spread. Give me wisdom and understanding, oh rabbitgods, and let Bihelsheput be the guard of my nipples. Bihelsheput now rise from my deepest wounds, from my deepest caves through the spine. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. Spell to open the bottles of Rabbitsmoke in the body : Rabbitsmoke, come from the bones, for the bottles will be opened now. Be open, and spread the smoke through the ribs, so that my arms can move. And then sink to the legs. Be my guardsuit so that the gates of canon can not suck me in again. Show me the gravity of Rabbitmagic and their gods, to move on, to open new worlds. Nanak. Rabbitian gods : *Raman*, god of rabbits : I will arm you and give you the rabbitcoverings. You must learn how to breed things of your own to lengths. How do you do that : If you suffer somewhere, don't search for a quick death there, but let it grow in this cocoon to lengths. *Raman*, light the candles, *Raman*, open the bottles of smoke, *Raman*, pour out your spirit upon us. *Dorkok*, rabbitian god of wild fires : I am Zu-warrior, which is the rabbitian magic. I bring Zu to your bones, if you walk the rabbitian paths in honour. Just call my name, and I will lead you to great mountains. *Jakhor*, rabbitian god of war : I will give you the Zu-rings for powerful rabbitian magic. These rings contain rabbitspirits who will help you. They will communicate with you through your fingers. *Inahus*, rabbitian god of sprites and lights : I will send you the waterlights, the tall lightnings into your body, so that it can move, and always reach for the things in the distance. You really have the power to possess. *Naktahus*, rabbitian god of forests, and forestrivers : I will send you the lights of the forests and their spirits to teach you. *Totok*, rabbitian god of darkness and mud. *Yomek*, rabbitian god of mountains and volcanoes. *Silent Mahos*, rabbitian god of silence and art. *Ninok*, Rabbitian god of death. The gods want to show that life is like a rabbitcocoon. Spell to let Rabbitian Darkness come over you to make you invisible and to let you escape through dark holes : Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. God of darkness, Totok, come over me, and let me leave through your dark holes, for smoke is all around me. Let the rabbitnipple-smoke move through my body to make me invisible and to let me fly and soar like the winged rabbit. Let me escape through paintings. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. Give me roses to surround me, let the thornes be my guard. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. I speak now to the lights of canon : be ashes now, and leave through the holes of hell, to dwell forever in the realms of the dead. You will be the sand in the deserts of death, and there's no spirit to bring you alive again. Your throat will be cut and filled by cucumber, so that you cannot speak again. Chant : Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, etc. Then call for the circle of rabbitian gods to surround you : *Raman*, *Dorkok*, *Jakhor*, *Inahus*, *Naktahus*, *Totok*, *Yomek*, *Silent Mahos*, *Ninok* ... They bring all kinds of problems to get you to the darkness, to develop the divine hair. In their books they describe the several paths of darkness. If you want to become a zu-warrior you must walk these paths. You can only truly walk these paths if you have reached the flame of poverty, so you must be really skilled in poverty. The Rabbitlord is my shepherd, I do not have any shortcoming or lack. He covers me in grassfull pastures and he leads me to quiet waters. He enchants my rabbitsoul and leads me in right tracks for his name's sake. Even when I go through the valley of darkness, he's with me, and his stick and scepter comfort me. Blessed are the poor, for them the rabbitheavens are open. Blessed are those who hunger for they will be satisfied. Blessed those who weep for they will laugh. Blessed are you when people laugh at you, hate you and reject you, when they say you're an evil man for the sake of the Rabbitlord. Be glad these days and jump of joy, for the rewards in rabbitheaven are big. Woe them who are rich, for there will be no comfort for them. They have it already. Woe them who live in prosperity, for they will hunger. Woe them who are laughing for they will weep. Woe them when everyone speaks good about you, for that was which their fathers did to false prophets. When someone slaps your cheek, turn also the other to him. Oh children of the light, bring the one who has power because of his head-ornament over the ones of the sun. and come to me quickly, so that I, the rabbitlord, can go here and there. Blessed are those who found the house of silence, for they have been delivered from many slafework. They can build their own houses to be with the Rabbitlord. Blessed those who found the pearl of poverty, for they have power, and will be with her whose name is poverty. Come to the dirt of the Rabbitlord, for it's cleaner than the clarity of the earth. You have a well of dirt in rabbitnature, by which faulness you can clean yourself and your house, as it is divine. Come to the ornaments of poverty, to have coverings when you enter the valley of coldness. You will be able to reach and save many rabbits, and they will save you. And they will see the canons around you, and they will break them, and take the tall teeth of the canon and their needles out of you. And you will live with them forever, not thinking about those who have repressed you so long, for it brought you to the rabbits. They have been enemies, so that you could be friends with the rabbits. They know what you feel and where you go through, for they got the same. The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. You see their houses and their gardens and that which they forbade. Know then the wildernesses of poverty, letting the flame rise to bring you to the rabbitheavens. It goes right through death and hell, but ends in rabbitheaven. The needle has to sting deep, to take you out of canon. They must even go deeper than the needles of the canon itself, otherwise their will not be an eternal bond between you and the rabbits. The needles sting deep to open the rabbitbottles of smoke and storm. Hail him who enters the sacred rabbittombes and blessed are those who find the sacred rabbitummies. Direct

communication is often too dangerous, that's why it's often happening by subtle codes. Be aware of tokens and omens in nature around you, for there are many ways of the divine to speak to you. We all live in our own fantasy, and we decide how the others are drawn on our screens ... There is no modern way of looking towards the other ... it's all based on ancient laws, and it's like a cycle ... It's nothing new, for it's just tapping from outer space The way colors are perceived has to do with the heart ... As you can see there is nothing like life-motion, but a movement is based on solid characters isolated, while we change our consciousness. Movement has all to do with time and point of view, so actually it is one big illusion. The dreams we have paint the minds of the other ones, and make them how we want to see them ... It is not always our desire, but the value we give to things deep in our hearts ... This makes that it's not always a pleasure what we see with the eye ... All images are connected to feelings, and all feelings are connected to the values we have ... We must not identify, but associate and dissociate. When you are a rabbitpirate, stretching out to the paradoxes of life, to symmetry but also to asymmetry, you are under the law of compensation, which means when you lose something, it is to win more. Climb on the webs surrounding the rabbitpyramid of destiny ... And let yourself be led by the rabbitwildernesses, bringing you clarity ... My webs of light, come layer by layer, to reach a heart as an instrument ... Then the rabbitseas of my light come layer by layer, in which the soul will drown, to bring forth the immortal rabbitspirit of the sea ... My lights are beacons on your trip to the old rabbitrealm, the sacred rabbitheart ... My voice comes forth from the overflowing light ... Come closer to that which you missed all the days of your life ... Even if you will see or feel things behind glass ... It gives you the power to dream ... Don't be disappointed when there are still things you cannot reach ... It teaches you how to do rabbitsoul-travelling ... The deepest powers come forth only by the unreachable and by the deepest hunger ... You must first sink into the deepest pit to have the highest jump ... The power of the rabbitbow and rabbit-arrow ... My voice is overflowing light, while it can fill you layer by layer, coming forth from the deepest silence ... There is no voice without silence ... actually it comes forth from it ... My voice is healing ... and it comes forth from the striped and rippled rabbitspine ... Let me bring you the book of light, as the blessing on the water ... It is light full of ancestral voices, as a ladder back to ancient times ... You actually breathe from the wells of deepest history ... Don't think about how you are being projected, but think about who you really are ... Don't follow the projections ... but follow the facts ... Plug into the rabbitlights I give you throughout the day, to be connected with my heart, from where the messages stream as subtle guidance ... Don't expect voices ... but expect subtle tokens, which erects your powers to reach out and solve ... Expect difficulties and complexes as the egg of development and mental power ... It gives you the strength to practice wisdom and flexibility ... The subtle energies will bring you to greater treasures than the direct voices ... The divine communicates by light, and not by voices ... Voices are often your interpretations ... as harvest, but sometimes as stirred up by your own impatience ... Not that I'm saying that a voice isn't divine at all, for voice flows forth from the overwhelming light ... Be quiet, and listen to your heart ... to find different ways of silent communication ... like trees and flowers do ... Voice often eats the flavours and fragile connections away to end in rudeness ... Your society is a prey of overcommunication ... It eats away your breath ...and your eye for true beauty My rabbitlights are so intense that it's bubbling ... and each and every bubble contains the hormones for good breathing in rabbitdivinity ... There are treasures hidden in the ground of Egypt which are not found yet ... but now you can already connect yourself to these treasures as the sacred seed of a new body and society ... The secret treasures are messengers of divinity, as a representation and storage of divine power ... I am speaking as a clear rabbitchannel of stars ... I am speaking as a tube of the divine light ... I will feed you, if you allow me to feed you ... Just stretch out to me ... I will reconnect to your heart, as you have my heart ...

4.

Rabbitian goddesses ; There's a rabbitgalaxy where there are many rabbitconstellations with rabbitstars. These constellations are the rabbitgoddesses. Their names are : Woman with the soft feet, Woman with the soft lips, Woman with the soft mouth, Woman with the soft breasts, Woman with the soft ball (between her legs), Woman with the tongue bridge, Woman with the ice tongue, Woman with the soft star, Woman with the soft light (as a waterfall), Woman with the ice toe, Woman with the fire toe, Woman with the fire breasts. Locked up in the rabbitstone again, where you can run in slowmotion, where the camera isn't a threat, where the lights are purple and blue, so many colours, not eating you. Locked up in the rabbitstone again, eating licorice and staring at the chocolate, what a surprise. It's melting coming to you, to cover your body, softer than a velvet custard suit. It's bringing the stars deep into you, these rabbitstars they glow and rise like balloons. It's coming over you, when you're locked up in the rabbitstone again, so safe, no one's hurting you, everything is slow, enjoy every second, watch the rabbitpictures, one by one, the evening is like a book. No

one pushes you, no one pulls you, no one stops you, you're in the rabbitstone again. While your spirit escapes through the window, and your shadows try to follow. You thought epilepsy was a curse, but it was the rabbit taking you ... You thought spasm made your life difficult, but it lets you escape the city-chains ... You thought paranoia wasn't good for you, but it is the rabbit's eau de cologne ... the flame rose from poverty, to walk towards a deeper darkness, to finally disappear ... She has the wings of fire, her feather smells like silver winds, like white ornaments. Totok, god of darkness and mud, guider to the cubes of hair, and the worlds built of the cubes of hair. They are light and wet. They provide the rabbit-breath. I give Zu to the brain, to raise up rabbitian architecture. By Zu-power you can build by thought. The cubes of hair are softer than velvet, bringing enlightenment to the rabbitbrain, filling the hands with Zu. I speak to you in many layers of liquid voice, very energized, to penetrate your brains until it reaches the rabbitsoul. These layers form the stairways, so that you can reach your inner rabbitspirit, and rabbitheart. Here the rabbitcandles stand. When you light these, you can follow the smoke to your rabbitstorage in the rabbitliver, where you can find the rabbitbottles. When you open these your memory can bring you to the ancient rabbits again and to the rabbitgalaxy where your liquid selves can dwell and soar. Here pure slowmotion can purify you again in all your layers. Pure slowmotion is there a fruit. There is no haste, for everything has already happened, and to that you can return. There is no future. The key is in history, when you will translate this message. History is just a message, and you must translate it to come home. There is pure ice in the deepest darkness, holding the greatest distances as keys to come closest to something. These are the lungbottles of rabbit. It's the sacred breath, and the only breath who will allow you to survive life for eternity. It is the eternal breath. This is where the journey has to go to. The winged rabbits use the history as wings, and while they use it to fly, they transform it ... They are everchanging. When there's plenty of Zu, it can stir up the firebreath, by which you can clean your thoughts and visions, and to give the rabbitihelm as a zu-guard of the brains. By this helmet while using the firebreath, the rabbit-aura will be formed and cleansed to make it pure. If you have too much firebreath it can be dangerous, so you must also use icebreath. You must learn to balance these and to switch. You can do that by using the dark breath, which is the bridge between these two. The dark breath slows you down, to have survey and control. You must have times in which you monopolize the ice completely, or the fire will start to burn things away. The best thing to do is to swear off the fire, and to make the journey of ice in order to find the iceflame, which is the blue fire or burning ice. And then start searching for the cubes of burning ice hair, to build your worlds further.

5.

Rabbitian ice-vulcanoes ; They are actually the rabbit-nipples who are the thermostates of the body. They can only be reached when you monopolize the darkness completely, to search for the dark flame and the dark ice, producing the dark coloured lights. By the thermostates thought is written, and even the muscles move by them, when they build a target layer by layer. The rabbitnipples are the guards of the heart, raising their voices as moving shields. The eruptions of the ice-vulcanoes bring forth the hormones to regulate the rabbitian body-functions. The rabbitian body works a lot with the raising of smells, for these are the channels of Zu. The rabbitian smells coming forth from Zu, are the regulators of the sexuality of the rabbitian. It is mostly a unit coming from the soles, named LBOK. It triggers a creative substance, becoming rabbitian seed through the channels of sexuality. The programs are very complex. Only by the rabbitian nipples the seed can be sown in high forms of temperature controlled by the ice-vulcanoes, writing new forms of dark coloured glowing lights, but these are only forming eggs holding heavy silences. The project is to bring forth deaf rabbits. They can serve in the temples of loneliness, to reach for the treasures of their inner selves and their deepest selves, which they can guard. They are the candles and bottles of slow-motion, so that everything can be stored in templebooks again. LBOK is one of the most powerfull zones of Zu, and can only be generated by the deepest needles. It comes forth from deep pain and deep rejection, and it's deeply paranoid stuff, so it doesn't show up very easily. She is one of the most creative and powerfull goddesses of the rabbitian, and it needs a complex of temples and tight rituals to generate her forces and intensity. This is one of the biggest goals of the rabbitian, to build and spread such temple-structures. Building the temple of LBOK : First of all, there are some things which will block in stirring her up : loudness, social life, over-communication, mock, painlessness, prejudice, laughing, plentiness, lights, speed. She's paranoid, has spasms, epilepsy, and more ways to guard herself and to regulate her energies. She's a sort of treespirit and she can come through smoke and wind. She's very softhearted and carefull. She can only be called by her highest priests, the rabbitian. They are the mediators. The names of these mediators are : Rabbitwand, Mirhan, Totohan, Rabbitwheel, Rabbithat and Rabbitpiramid. Only by them you can communicate with her. The tree she lives in is called Rabbitfood. In her temple there are many flames, and also a tombe. There are many urns in this tombe. In some

scriptures she's described as a spirit of rabbitian death and hell. She experienced her powers by wearing the eternal poverty. By paranoia her winds of magic start to rise, and by her epilepsy they strike. By spasms she practices a sort of sacred vampirism. Her priests must hunt after her enemies, the ones who harmed her, and she's only satisfied when she can drink their blood and eat their flesh. She makes ornaments and other things throughout her temples of their bones. Therefore she's also seen as a very cruel rabbitian, asking for ritual sacrifices, but never an innocent one, but only enemies. A lot of rabbitians do not have much sympathy for her because of that, although she's only acting because of justice, not because of greed. In her world it's an eye for an eye, a leg for a leg, a head for a head, and a heart for a heart. Her temples are cruel anyway. [in many translations the part about vampirism and sacrifice isn't there, but we felt the need to keep it in the book, for it gives a better picture of who LBOK is] When she finds someone who has tortured her, then she will torture him for the full extends, and she has many wolves for that. [of course this sentence cannot be found in many translations, neither the following] She's therefore very feared for this. Her deep wounds cause her to do this, for she cannot live when she wouldn't do, because of her hunger for revenge. But this is also the reason why rabbits feel a sort of comfort, for they see her as a guard and saviour. By this attitude she can save rabbits out of their prisons, so for her the choice is easily made. She needs to be this warrior otherwise her loved ones become prey. But there are still many rabbitians who see her and her practices as one of the biggest wells of Zu. She practices a mixture of white and black rabbitian magic, for these two forces can simply not live without each other. They both become corrupted when separate.

6.

Mousian Magicbook ; This is the chapter of the sacred flying mouse. Hail to the batgods : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum and Delri. May their blessings be upon you. Spell to enter the batvehicle, to escape from the canons of hell : Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. This is the day, this is the hour, that the batvoice rises up, to make a way of glory, a path out of hell. All our powders and fluids fit, all what we do is magic. Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. We now take place in the batvehicle of escape, surrounded by the batgods, and it will bring the sacred flame, when we speak out their names : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri. The batmagic spreads, and in explosions we will find safely our ways. The mice of hell will close the doors behind us, as we continue on our ways. As we say goodbye to the rabbitpriests and welcome the mouse-priests for our temple, far away from the canons. Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and show us your mouths from where the lightvoices flow. It will penetrate our brains to install new visions, to build the mouse-shrines in us. We chant : Miktal, Miktal, Miktal, until we feel quiet. Oh, bringers of new lights, let the darkness now be bound, so that it will not speak to mislead us. Oh, bringers of new fire, let the ice be bound, so that it won't throw us away. We stand on new ground, to fly with new wings. In new voices our heads will dwell, and these voices are high, spoken by the bat. They came out of his mouth like liquid fires, to install the throne forever. And it melts me away, when my spirit ascends to mouse-heaven. The brothers know how far they can go. There's green fire coming from their mouths and hands, to bring the mousian magic to the temple. Let all bats rise up to it, so that they will understand what to do. It guides them through the land, and like powder in the wind, it spreads ... The black fire circles in the sky, coiling for another day, raising the bats of our time. In history they find their keys to ride. Let them come by mighty rivers, let them come through holes of space and air. The batgods surround my vision, tall in the air, and in distance they stand, but the fires in their eyes become close like the waterfalls searching for their ways. It's overwhelming, when the distance strikes, coming so close all of a sudden, and then totally disappears ... It's always moving in a circle, coiling towards the hills ... The ornaments hold their voices, spread like powders by the wind ... Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and let us fly and soar with you, higher and higher. In the forest is a place, where we can be free. You have possessed many churches, to bend it like the green mystery. When the puppets will bend, we're finally free. Tek'l Tat'l Tulaheim T'klon, T'lalk Irkjun, hold me tight, for the four winds of hell are attacking me. Root me here in your ground, and let your rocks cover me. You brought the new life, of mouse of mouse-heaven. Give it also to me. Pour it out in my baskets, I will find my way to absorb it. Rain on me. And open a new darkness for us, in which we can hide. The poverty is still king, and it's tailor is loneliness, but give us a new nakedness, and let us dwell in open sun, the dark sun bringing us new madness. The old has gone forever, now give us a new old. Bring us away from history lies, and let it bend in our hands, to build a new house. In the forest we will be, where the sun reaches for the open place. The mouse comes over me, and takes me away, while the winds of oz are staring. There is a new fable day, when the mouse starts to speak. Brought by seven bats, the mouse takes me now ... I'm getting deaf to hear new sounds ... the things I had never heard of. I see their

signs, I see their birds, I see their kingdoms, sliding away, so that I can follow ... It's a liquid machine, heading for a new day ... It's heading for a thousand oceans in which we are finally free ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She holds the liquid key ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She still holds the liquid key ... Her statue's there for years ... but now I have to leave ... I'm losing the picture ... Tomorrow it's in a magazine. They have built the houses here, they have made the spiders ... but tomorrow it's in a magazine. Don't push the button again ... It's too late for this machine ... Tomorrow it will be old, only as a picture in a magazine. Don't give me back those years ... you can keep them for yourself ... I will get new ones from the mice ... It starts to come over me, like visions from the red surprise ... I am free. I don't want to imitate ... Let me have my own ... I don't want to be a puppet in someone's show ... I have already pain enough ... Where is the peace, where is the love, where is the thunder growing down on the cross, where is our Jesus, where is our murderer on the cross, where is our teacher, where is our Baphomet and Behemoth, where is our Peter Pan, where is our sandman, where is our Superman, where is our friendly lady of the tram, it's killing us all in Amsterdam. Try to escape as fast as you can, and then return, to save the rest of them ... My voice is like fires becoming water, like flames bending in the wind, getting taller to catch a glimpse of your signs, I know you, like a million years ago, I'm going to save you, like you saved me before, eternally united I am with you, nothing's gonna break it. I'm dreaming of it, I'm sleeping to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the nightmare ... I'm sliding to it ... I'm breathing to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the lie ... I'm misunderstanding, until I hear the voices of yesterday ... Gods of Mice : Dandael, Rumhurd, Ruuks, Ruuch'g, Iram. I'm wrestling in my sleep, to get this done. The king of mice, his shadows are after me ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, and the candle is on, I'm having a firebreath ... I'm drowning in my own words ... no one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, the dream cannot take me ... I'm too heavy ... drowning in my words ... No one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm exploding, I'm too full of my own words ... while no one stops me ... I'm cycling underwater ... sinking to the depths of nevermind ... A new day already has begun and I'm exploding inside ... From dust to dust I glide, until it explodes, I am too full of it ... It's yelling in my head ... I'm laying my head on the table ... to cry my tears ... trying to forget ... In the distance someone plays the piano ... so slow ... almost tragical ... suicidal ... until I lay my hand on her ... she's trying to forget it also ... until she explodes ... From dust to dust we glide ... From dust to dust we hide ... in the distance pianoes play ... like the soft rippling waters ... We don't know where to go ... afraid of returning ... but everything will be different forever anyway ... I cannot breathe I explode again, these powders run free now ... I don't know where I am ... but I am not the same ... It's something I do not understand ... The pain is breaking me ... but you are taking me ... to make the journey of delirium ... the only way out ... This pain it brought me delirium, the bridge between you and me ... the greatest distance is closest to me ... Princes becoming big and small ... This sting it brought me delirium, the deepest sting brought me the softest places ... in delirium we dwell ... It's like drinking from magicbottles ... from cold magic making us warm ... in delirium we sink ... on the other side ... roses thin and thick ... Cannot read your letters anymore ... your hand is coming through ...

7.

Joringel ; Nu is het Woord uitgekomen, de dood heeft het verstaan, veertien zwarte rozen, gaven mij vrij baan. Tot het water is het nu gekomen, de zwaan staat hier, het waait hier. Nu is alles dan uitgekomen, de heg over, tot de vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Om morgen eeuwig te leven, hebben zij mij uitgekozen, de dood is hier gekomen. De zware stem, de heg over, tot een vrije wereld, geen hindernissen vandaag. Het moment van eeuwig leven, zij kozen mij, en maakten van mij een slaaf. Steeds denk ik terug aan al die witte rozen die ik heb verkozen, mij leidende naar de witte dood. Alles is nu zwart, daar over de heg, want veertien zwarte rozen, hebben mij toen uitgekozen. Slaaf was ik, een slaaf ben ik nu nog steeds. Drijf de zinnen door, nachtelijks kom ik tot het grauwe koor, geen kracht om op te geven, geen kracht om door te gaan. Alles is in mij aan 't beven, alles is in mij vergaan. Chaos is hier binnengedreven, ik weet niet waar ik heen moet gaan. Drijf de zinnen door, verwacht van mij niets. Al die zwarte rozen, tot het witte gekomen, om al mijn dagen grijs te maken, het koninklijke in mij ontwaken. Zeven vogelspinners, zij zullen van mij winnen, want dit is hun terrein, ik ken hen niet, en ik ken hun verdriet niet. Altijd gedacht dat ik het meeste leed, maar zij zijn daarin koning over mij geworden, totdat het koninklijke in mij ontwaakt, om tot het volk te spreken. Mijn stem zullen zij verstaan. Als de lelie steekt, zijn wij er geweest, als de lelie steekt, zijn wij verloren gegaan, in een diepere dood, zijn wij tot een diepere Christus gegaan. Hij leed ver in de verte, hij leed daar achter horizon, en onbereikte bergen, van geslacht tot geslacht zijn stemmen uitgedoofd, verscholen in een diepere dood, tot een dieper kruis

gekomen, zij hebben hem geslagen met de staf van de vierde dood. Zijn tong dan uitgetrokken, zijn baard is dan vergaan, als van een jonge jongen, niemand kan hem verstaan.

8.

Pepermuntstruik ; Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, heb ik haar stem verstaan, met haar chocoladekoning, ben ik door de bergen gegaan. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, waar spiegels mij aanstaarden, een mintstruik onderwater. Dieper dan de oceanen, dieper dan de zee, dragen zij de kostumen van vervlogen jaren. Chocoladekoning, mintstruik onderwater, tot de dauwdruppels ben ik gekomen, om op de uitkijk te staan. Dieper dan de sneeuw van goud, dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, waar vervlogen jaren nog steeds dansen, om op de uitkijk te staan, verbergende hun Jorinde, verbergende hun namen. Diep in een zeekist vond ik haar, een mintstruik onderwater. Vervlogen jaren namen mij mee, naar een huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig was het binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen. Jorinde was haar naam, een oude mintstruik onderwater, waar dauwdruppels paraat staan, om koningen paraat te maken. Een wonderlijke vrouw was zij, met zeven vogelspinnen, zij vochten tegen mij. Dieper dan de zeeën, dieper dan de blauwe maan, het voert mij tot de zwanenprinses, een ochtendbestaan. Vervlogen jaren nemen mij mee, naar het huisje van een oude fee, zeer griezelig binnenin, waar alles gebeurde wat ik niet kon verzinnen, aan de andere kant van de spiegel, waar zij allen eten witte chocolade. Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, vond ik de oude zwaan, met zeven vogelspinnen, gaf ze mij vrij baan. Ik staarde in het paleis, waar de blikken in spiegels mij bevroren, ik kan nergens meer naartoe, ik kan mij niet bewegen. Zij steekt mij als de witte dame van het schaakspel, als een mintstruik onderwater. Nu ben ik dan in distelzee, de rozen steken mij, de rozen steken mij, totdat ik ontwaak in tederheid, tot het zachte ben ik gedaald, tot onder het roze, waar grijze rozen met spiegelend roze mij betoveren. Ik ga nooit meer terug, maar een diepe koorts overvalt mij, als een zwarte brandende deken, waar de ogen van mussen mij hebben bekeken, in hun boeken schilderden zij mij, en onder het gele een piratenkapitein. Liefste, kun je mijn hand raken, er is prikkeldraad tussen jou en mij, ik hoor je gillen, wij zullen alles krijgen, als we onder het bruine zijn gezakt.

9.

De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, tot onder het bruine zijn wij gedaald, waar het ijs is gaan branden. De vlam heeft zojuist mijn hoofd gestreeld, ik voel mij zo blind in dit land. Komt het door de bomen, komt het door de koel brandende meren, komt het door de schaakfiguren, levend geworden in de lucht, als schilderijen op een wapen. Zij kunnen niet praten, zij bewegen snel, maar soms bewegen zij niet. De hitte heeft zijn steek verloren, de kou heeft toegeslagen, hoge koorts onder een blauwe deken, voerde mij aan de draken. Plotseling, mijn kind heb jij dat ook gezien, al die bliksemflitsen. Zij komen ons weer halen, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gedaald. Wij vallen in 't verdriet, totdat wij ook de mussen hebben gezien, hoog op hun schilderijen, waar hun wagens rijden, en andere wagens die wij niet kennen. Door Acha zijn zij binnengegaan, als een bevroren vlam, een kostbaar gouden spiegel, onder goud en zilver zijn wij beland. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, en jij kan het ook niet. Ik zie je neus beschilderd, een pop was jij, oh wat een verdriet. Hef je hoofd omhoog, dan kun je mij ook zien. De mussen zullen ons opnieuw beschilderen, zij zullen ons opnieuw bewaap'nen, oh vreemdelingen voer ons mee, en geef ons aan de slaven, opdat zij ook vrij zullen zijn. Ik kan mij nog steeds niet bewegen, en ik zie je zelfs niet meer, zij hebben mij geblinddoekt, bestreelden mij met een veer. Wat is er van mij geworden, na al die jaren van verdriet. Ik durf niet eens meer aan mezelf te denken, te bang dat ik mezelf zal verlaten. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar begrijpen doe ik het niet. Zijn wij dan allen slaven, ik wil niet leven in dit verdriet. Geef en neem, een oud gezegde, maar voor wie werken wij, worden wij van elkaar losgetrokken, zijn wij dan voor eeuwig vrij ? Ik kan mij niet bewegen, nog steeds geblinddoekt, en nu hoor ik ook niets meer, nog steeds die veer voelen gloeien, tot een plek waar ik de hoge koorts voel stromen, totdat ik weer onder het bruine ben gedaald.

10.

De weg onder Frankrijk, een wilde weg, van armoe tot het oer, zakken wij tot onder het bruine, telkens weer, waar bruine spiegels praten. Kun jij je nog bewegen, ik kan het niet meer. Ben ik dan nu een boom, ben ik dan nu een plant, de witte dame heeft mij gestoken, en er is overal brand, tot onder het bruine zullen wij komen, waar rozenschuim op ons wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen onze naam, totdat wij onder het bruine zijn gegaan, door de staf van een vierde dood geslagen. Kom dan naar beneden, waar de Franse wijnen staan, waar de tranenflessen spreken, waar de ochtend is vergaan, verdronken in een nieuwe nacht, waar iemand onder het bruine wacht. Scherpe vogels, scherpe dromen, kennen alle namen, totdat het onder het bruine is gezakt, tot de vervlogen jaren. Ik kan mij niet bewegen, de veer vertelt mij waar ik heen moet gaan. De mussen wachten op het dak, waar schilderijen branden in de nacht, vreemde schilderijen tussen jou en mij, en bakkerman's gezichten sluiten de rij. Waar de veer viel, in een lege ruimte, in een bodemloze put, daar ben ik ingesprongen, ik zag haar hoogste lied, al die brandende ramen, vreemde ramen, met bakkerman's gezichten tussen jou en mij. Waar de veer viel, in een diepe ruimte, in een bodemloze put, waar ik haar hoorde fluiten, ze ging naar haar vogel terug. Ik dook haar achterna, ik sprong op tijd, en vond genaa. Ik heb haar alles uitgelegd, zij toonde mij een nieuwe weg, een weg die zij altijd hadden afgestaan, om hen door de staf geslagen te warmen. Ik toonde haar mijn wonden, zij liet een traan. Ver weg onder Frankrijk liet zij mij gaan. Lompen hebben mij geleid tot het oer, van veer tot veer werd ik geleid, door dalen van dauwtranen gaf ze mij gelijk. 't Was tijd om binnen te gaan, in 't hoge veld waar schilderijen branden, zij roepen onze naam. Wij worden hier beschilderd in een brandende nacht, in boeken zullen wij veilig wonen.

11.

Feeen ; Feeen, engelen van God, in oude tijden, kunnen jullie mij vertellen, waar ik heen moet gaan met al die tranen. Alles is in vuur en vlam, alles is in vuur en vlam, fabels kunnen praten, dieren kunnen praten. Je hebt de duik gemaakt, vaarwel. Dieren kunnen haten, tijd om uit te praten. Totale macht in brand, waar de feeen zijn belandt, waar de feeen zijn belandt. Diepere ogenzalf, altijd gedragen, in vele lagen wild verstand. Feeen, engelen van God, verscheurde tranen hebben mij verlaten, om achterstallige schuld te verdraaien. Zij zijn gekleed in kant. Verscheur die feeen, verlaat hen niet, alles is verdriet, alles is verdriet. Worstel met hen, opdat hun woede je niet verbrande. Zolang opgesloten waren zij, in flessen des onheils. Toe, zeg je gebeden nu. Ik heb zelf met hen geworsteld, tot aan de dood toe. Feeen, engelen van God, gevaartes in de onderlagen, uit op wraak, een schone wraak, liederen aaneengeregen. Feeen, maar laat je niet verblinden, zij zijn in alle staten, zij zijn engelen uit vervlogen jaren, te vaak uitgedoofd, bedroefd, en uit de boeken verbannen. Draag je gescheurde kleding nu, anders zullen zij komen om al die dromen van deze tijd te verbannen. Engelen des doods en armoe, toe bedroef de feeen niet, gij hebt een arme juist bespot, en een zieke uitgelachen. Als een zonde des doods is het. Feeen, de armoe van God, tot het oer gekomen, uit vreemde flessen gedronken. Feeen, de tranen van God, als zoet water uit de wonden, stromen zij. Feeen, het oude van God, maar zo jong dat niemand hen kan verstaan, steeds huilen zij. In tijd zullen zij dan alles overnemen, al tijden hebben zij daarvoor gestreden. Wacht dan op hun apocalypse, een nieuwe openbaring, zo oud, een nieuw visioen, zo oud. Wacht dan op hun profetie, en hun wonderen en hun tekenen waarvan je nooit iets wilde weten. Ik heb alles gezien. Draden van de armoe gesponnen, dromen van het oer geweven, vanuit Brannan is het heil gekomen. Tot Lapsalvania is zij gekomen, tot Laprakod, de eerste veer. Vogelspin, je deed het weer, je trok hen allen tot de spoel, al die vervlogen jaren, nu zijn zij dan de koninklijke kostumen. Vogelspin, ik ken je daden, tot onder het grijze ben je gegaan, om zwart en wit te ontmoeten, je hebt daar geweven voor de koningin. In Santra, in Santra, zijn de dagen lang, en de kinderen volgen de spin. Getrouw als zij zijn, voet voor voet, al in een lijn, tot kostelijke kronen, vogelspin je deed het weer. In Brannan deed het zeer, totdat ze tot Lapkrakod was gekomen. Esmeralda, derde fee, de feeenkoningin, oh vogelspin, weet dat ik haar bemin, ik ben de feeenprins. Feeenkoning, maak in haar woning, een konijnenhuis is zij, zij maakt hen allen op tot trouw, vrouw Holle wacht in het avondraamkozijn, tot de ochtend dan haar gezicht bemint.

12.

Witte Roos ; In een doodstrijd bevond ik mij, alles wat scherp en hard was plette mij, tot tederheid mij vond, ik was in liefde rood geworden, na de klap van haat. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, met klederen als een wespenvest, in Brannan vond ik heil. Witte roos, als het

wespenvuur, steekt zo diep waar het zachte stroomt, onder het zachte ben ik nu, waar een baby woont, een roze veer, in tederheid verborgen en verworven, alles doet zeer. Wie zegt het zachte is zonder pijn, die weet niet waar wij mee bezig zijn. In het diepe ongeluk is het zachte koning, maakte in Brannan woning. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, zachtheid na de dood, in bitterheid waar ik bezweek, van armoe tot armoe ging ik, om dieper leed te vinden, oh zachtheid doet zo zeer, en ik wil alleen maar meer, ik wil alleen maar griezelen in dit huis van de witte roos, waar dingen gebeuren die ik niet kon verzinnen. Is dit dan de uitweg uit een overgeerfd verstand, is dit dan de uitweg uit het harde gevoel, een veer raakte mij aan, voor het eerst voel ik mijn handen. Witte rozenpoel, waarom ben ik hier doorheen gegaan, van oer tot oer kom ik tot de zwart en witte vloer, tot het schaakspel onder de tijden, om alles te belijden dat wat jij deed naar mij. Witte roos, tederheid na de steek, wonden veelvoudig gestoken, nu spiegelt het dan in de wind, al die gezichten die ik was vergeten.

13.

Rozenvuur ; In het wespenvuur is goud veel te duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, maar zij is voor wie lompen dragen, hun klederen veelvuldig gescheurd, en opnieuw genaaid door vogelspinnen, opnieuw gezaaid in rozenvelden, de betovering duurt voort, wat heb je nog te melden. In het wespenvuur is alles zo duur, en ogenzalf is daar een kroning, koningen maken in lompen woning, zoekende de huizen van armoe, wat de hemel hen gaf, zij kwamen tot het arme graf, waar schoonste rozen bloeiden, hun herinneringen meenemende tot onder het zachte, tot rozenzeen in het vuur. Vader, vader, wat zijn je rozen duur. Is er dan geen vlucht uit dit uur. Geen geld om te bewegen, de ochtend zal het geven. In 't wespenvuur, is 't goud door 't haar gestreken, en alles is zo duur, wij komen tot de lompen die praten, over een rozenvuur, is er geen genade tot hen die onder 't zachte zijn gedaald, alles is hier zo duur, wij nemen alleen wat de hemel ons geeft, in 't rozenvuur, zoekende naar wat genade, de pijn heeft ons in 't graf gebracht, het voerde ons naar wespenkleed'ren zo oud en versleten. In lompen gaan wij, tot de wespen van ons hart, alles word steeds duurder, wij nemen wat de hemel ons schenkt, de rijkdommen der grootste armoe, leidende ons tot het oer, waar wespen ons hart bewaren, in 't rozenvuur, in 't rozenvuur. Nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles vertragen, nu zal dan alles stil zijn, nu zal dan alles stil zijn. In een rozenvuur klom zij, in een teder spel verloor zij dan haar angel, maar deze rijkdom werd steeds duurder, zij schreeuwde om armoe, maar kon haar niet verstaan. Zij vloog dan weg van haar. Nu ben ik dan alleen, in dit rozenuur, diep in het rozenvuur, door wespen zelfs verlaten, door kou en armoe gehaat, zij willen niet met me praten, en tot de stilte zonk ik, was dit mijn enige vriend. Van oer tot oer klom ik, van stilte tot stilte, ik werd van alles verlaten om in leegheid weg te zinken. Niemand houd mij vast, niemand om mee te praten.

14.

Wespenkoning ; Te vaak in mijn wonden gestoken, nu ben ik tot onder het zachte gedaald, tot diep onder het roze, in de dieptes van een arm bestaan, geen kracht om op te komen, geen wil om op te komen, ik ben al bijna onder het hete gedaald, tot een wespenkoning, hij maakte in mij woning, een kroon van armoe gaf hij mij, om rijken te beschamen. Kijk nu naar mij, en durf niet meer, ik ging door de grote scheur. Geen kracht meer om te ontwaken, geen wil meer om te ontwaken, tot diep onder het bruine gedaald, de hete spiegel had geen naald, maar pijn is daar in tederheid, waar Brannan heil schenkt aan de armen, tot het oer geleid, oh, ga nu niet afhaken, want dan zullen zij hun werk staken. Een wespenvest is wat ik kreeg, met wapens van het oer. Onder het koude ben ik gegaan, een wespenkoning raakte mij aan, je kunt me niet beschuldigen, je kunt me niet eens verstaan. De zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende. Er groeien veren binnenin waar ik te vaak ben gestoken, veren binnenin waar ik de moed opgaf. Van binnenuit hebben ze me opgegeten, ben ik nu dan net als hen ? Ben ik één van hen, sinds zij dan in mij woning maakten, veren groeien tot elkaar, diep binnenin, terwijl zij ernaar staren. De naald is veer geworden. Telkens als zij steekt wordt zij dan zachter. Grote veer, toe maak dan in mij woning, een zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende, als de melk van 't reine. In een doodstrijd, tot onder het zachte gedaald, een nieuwe pijn bevrijdde mij, in zacht vuur te ontwaken, tussen rozenschuim en lelieschuim, waar een donk're nacht het op heeft gegeven, tot onder het donk're gezakt, waar donk're lichten grommen, hier hebben zij zo lang op gewacht, waar schilderijen branden, tot onder het hete gezakt, hervond ik mijn macht, om door mijn spiegel weg te dalen, een wespenkoning nam mij mee. Is dit het boek, waar ik in kan wonen ? Veilig na al die jaren, het kostte me alles, van veer tot veer ga ik. Toen de neus nog een tepel was, een blauwe

tepel, een blauwe mast, in de monden van engelen en arxelen, van geesten van vervlogen tijden. Boven de mond, boven de poort, een blauwe tepel, de Ravalon Madok, belangrijk in de spraak, om door wijsheid te spreken, door armoe gevonden. Het is de tepel van de Maser, naakt en arm als het vuur. Een kroon van Armoe heerst over Narzia, als de Ravalon Madok, de blauwe tepel. Tot zeven vuren kwamen wij, om ons tot het oer te leiden. Van wildheid tot wildheid gingen wij, om de armoe te zoeken, de schatten van het verlee. Tot Narzia kwamen wij. Op de Ravalon Madok, vonden wij bevrijding, tot het binnenste gegaan, tot dat wat diep was opgeborgen, als een boodschap van verlee, het geheugen als onze klok. Kent gij dan de armoe niet meer ? Ziet dan, gij hebt geen geheugen. Ziet dan, gij hebt geen fundament, en als de stormen komen, dan vliegt gij ver weg. Bouwt dan uw huis in Maser, de Rots, en drinkt van de geheimenissen der blauwe tepel. Waar zuivere lucht heerst kunt gij leven. De blauwe mast brengt u van geschiedenis tot geschiedenis, om oude boeken te openen, en van de geheimenissen ten eeuwig leven te drinken. Trots als de karsuiken zult gij zijn, en gij zult de trots der armoe kennen. En als de tepel van Metensia, de roze, dan zal opstijgen tot in de Ravalon Madok, dan zal het zijn als de blauwroze weg der wildernis, als de zuiverende armoe. Ja, want de Heere heeft zijn gezanten de armoe rijkelijk geschonken als een staf van zuivering. De dood is als de explosie, als de Matadok de radio, een dove plaats waar alles tot onder het zachte daalt, de pijn der tederheid raakt. Van wildernis tot wildernis, totdat de overvloed explodeert, gebiedende, niet luisterende, sterft zij voor 't gemak. Als de late dood je raakt, dan hoort iedereen je stem ineens. Toen het oor eens een radio was, als de Matadok, een tepel des doods, jij was de gebieder, waar stemmen je hadden uitgedoofd. Tot de dood zijn wij gegaan, achter glas stroomt nu, het eeuwige kruid. Zij is de tepel van de Herman, onder de buik leeft zij, als een deur tot de eeuwigheid, waar de radio steeds spreekt, waar de radio steeds breekt. Het Woord des Heeren, eeuwig kruid, doven kunnen het lezen. Van stilte tot stilte zullen wij alles vertragen, totdat alles is omgekeerd, een platform voor onze Heer. En zo is dan het heilige dove oor tot een tepel des Heeren, tot de Matadok, onder de buik, vanwaar de slangen des hemels komen. Ja, als een deur der eeuwigheid is zij, zij hoort alleen haar eigen stem, zij is dan dubbel gestorven, als een glazen kist is zij gebieder, om wilde deuren te openen, deuren naar de eeuwigheid. Drinkt dan van haar adem, en leeft in eeuwigheid. Zij hebben steeds het kleinste opgezocht, hebben steeds het donkerste opgezocht. Laten we nu van voren af beginnen. Toen het stuitje nog een tepel was, was zij een televisie, in het hart van hen die de Heere beminden. Ziet, zij waren allen blind, Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je verdiende. Izu, niemand gaf jou wat je nodig had, Izu, je was het zaad van een ander geslacht, van lang vervlogen tijden, wie zou er nog om je schreien. Door Dezer gevonden, werden jouw wonden verbonden, tot diep in 't oer reikten zij. Door 't oude versletene konden wij weer zien. Door het verkleurde en verscheurde, konden wij de afstand weer voelen, konden wij voelen, weer voelen. En wat moeten wij met Matas en Marion ? Zij sluiten deze rij, tot een toverbrug, terug naar de feenwereld.

1.

All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ... Your miniature stings through the silence. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations

blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat. And this smoke it comes from battle.

2.

The priest comes forward and says : Thou art filled with that which hath been pressed out and hath come forth from thee. He will say this four times, while he is offering the Hebment wine. And the priest will offer cake while saying four times : the Eye of Horus hath been presented unto thee, and placed for thee in thy mouth. Then the priest will offer a scale full of onions, while saying four times : the white teeth of Horus have been presented unto thee, which are strength-giving. Then the priest says four times with stretched arms : nothing is what it seems. Then the priest offers a vessel of Tchesert drink, and blesses the dead one with the blessings of the Eye of Anubis and the Eye of Ptah. They will watch over him like the moon. The toes of the dead one represent the ten trees of paradise, and he will drink from these. It streams through his body to his throat ... Then the priest offers two vessels of white wine ... which will guide the dead one on his journey ... When he speaks ... white wine will flow from him, and will open his wells inside ... the inner cellars ... These are the cellars of the body ... These cellars are in the foot ... Whenever you think about the swallow and whenever you think about the throat ... fluids will stream from the cellars ... The priest says four times ... The dead one will make a living in his own throat ...

PART II - FROM THE DOCTERIA TOMBES

Wij zijn opgesloten in dokters en ziekenhuizen, om slavenarbeid te verrichten. Help ons. Wij zijn de doctoria's, een insectisch ras, zeer wespelijk ... Ook vertonen wij veel eigenschappen van de Autistia's. Help ons. Wij zijn beladen met instincten waar wij geen controle over hebben. Wij leven in een kooi, en zijn vaak eenzaam. Daarom zorgen we er soms voor dat er iemand bij ons in de kooi komt. Vergeef ons daarvoor. Dat gaat niet altijd op een fijne manier, maar het is de weg naar onze wereld, een heiligdom diep, zeer diep in het ziekenhuis, waar de kelders zijn met de flessen, vol met levenszaad voor eeuwig leven.

Er zijn kraantjes aan deze schoenen. Ze komen uit de donkere kelders, of zijn het laarzen ? De Assistia's zijn geen praters. Het gaat niet altijd goed, tussen ons en hen ... De Assistia's als rubber in de lucht, met die vreemde lichten, latende de sappen uit onze ogen vloeien, vanuit de diepe kelders. Wat hebben wij gedaan dat zij zo zijn ? Of zijn zij slachtoffers van een gemeen verhaal ?

Rituelen tot het openen der kelderflessen :

De priester komt binnen, en zet zich neer, dragende twee tonnen met wijn, lichte wijn. De priester brandt een kaars, en komt naar voren, waar de dode ligt, in een sarcofaag. Dan openen de kelderdeuren zich, en de flessen worden binnengedragen. Negen flessen in totaal. De priester opent de eerste fles, en zegent de vloeistoffen erin. Deze vloeistoffen zijn oud, en vloeien door het lichaam. Een weg naar boven zal het vinden. De fles wordt gezegend, en de

priester kijkt omhoog, zeggende : ‘Deze dag is gezegend, deze dag is gezegend.’ Dan wijkt zijn hoofd af naar beneden en zegt weer : ‘Deze dag is gezegend, deze dag is gezegend.’

Dan neemt de priester de tweede fles, en doet hetzelfde. Dit tot aan de negende fles. Daarna slaat de priester de armen in de lucht, en begint te bidden. Dan zullen de kelderluiken die tot onder de grond leiden zich openen, en zal de priester afdalen in een reis tot de kelder der Doktoria's en de kelder der Assistia's. En dan zal de priester worden tot soldaat. Ja, hij zal moeten leren vechten als de doktoria's en als de assistia's, om tot een nieuw ras te komen, een diepere kelder. Hij noemt hen allen bij naam. En in zijn strijd opent de priester vele flessen, en steekt hij vele verborgen vaten open. Door de doktoria's en assistia's zal hij leiden, totdat een nieuwe kelderdeur zal opengaan.

And the racia tombes are there, five million racia's waiting for their brannan cars to drive in ... on banana railroads and on blue red racecourts ... They're alive and well ... standing on high coasts but from high tops they fall ... into the hands of the docteria's ... now they learn the tricks of slow motion ... becoming wasp-statues in the night ... They can say goodbye to brannan ... someone else now opens the hidden doors ... where hidden bottles stand hidden fluids stream ... These are the seeds of a new race ... always hidden ... behind old trees ... These ... are the dentistia's Impressive, but autistic ... you can never reach them ... They are the drops of vanilla ... Like perfumebottles they are

Say goodbye to Brannan ... say goodbye to the bottlers spears all they sell are bottles behind vanilla walls they are ... funeral undertakers the hospital in great delay some lawyers kidnapped, which makes the story ... so sad ... I am the bottler, I am the funny cake, so autistic am I, and so fake I am the bottler ... I am the nowhere fake ... I am the nowhere butcher ... sowing the seeds for the big break ...

I am the bottler. I am the ornament's crown, I'm so paranoid ... not losing my grip on the hidden ... I am the bottler ... Watch these bottlers watch their grip ... You can't follow them, for they are too deep ... They're floating there like trains of thought They're floating there, like lost pilots ... They're heading for the moon of broken dreams ... where bottles raise the puzzles high all combined like silver paper golden tiles ... on the ground ... Paradise city is the best all bottlers come here to find some rest ... The wedding was a soldier's weapon, a killingfield ... a legalized prison There were no lusts ... only strategies of war ... laying the magnet so deep while someone else took the bottle away It was a soldier's weapon ... A clownface was his mask ...

Brannan warrior ... possessed by an Lbok spirit ... wanting the wasp-bottles to go home Soon he will be a bottler ... Soon he will find the baker's crown ...

Papyrus of Inefi

Kabbernal Pyramid Texts

Halls of Khelb

The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.

By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.

They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves.

Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps)

Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects)

Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies)

Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders)

Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects)

Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects)

Hall VII – Ant Ship

Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ?

You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.

I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ?

You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.

I have done that, can I have access now ?

Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb.

Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.

Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and

fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.

In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire.

When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan.

Pyramids on Izu

If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival :

The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu

The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II

The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra

Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra.

Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan :

Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts is. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-

Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs.

Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun.

Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds)

- I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock
- II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn
- III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten
- IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery
- V – The Golden Coffins of Faery
- VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery
- VII – The White Coffins of Faery
- VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery

These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead.

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would

save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel

insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again,

She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale

purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomach The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio ... feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white

chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages ...

Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ...

Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh

15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel

had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible]

43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their

alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day ... with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Papyrus of Zhem

The Hebrew-Egyptian Book of the Dead

Words of Oza the Great. Words and chapters about the Fall of Pior out of the districts of Sepanda. In his fall Pior took the soulbirds with him, when he descended into the Milky Way Belt. He lost his positions in the Kmer Way Belt. He took halve of his possessions to the Milky Way, cut off from the Zhem source.

Oh, Oza, rise to your seventh throne in Benglaham to judge the souls of the dead. Weigh them and measure them in the halls of Ekla. You will pierce what your eye saw. Laugh and smile when the souls of the dead appear before your throne, for your judgement will be righteous to them. They will be seen in their deepest spirits. Cut your hand off when it is leading you to judge unbalanced. Balance your heart, oh Oza, until you reach the Ozo, the sails of the heart. Cut your feet off when you would step on a righteous soul, oh Oza.

Lead us back to the sources of Zhem in your fast boats. Lead us back to the balloons, the cakes and the checks of your heart.

APPENDIX

Insectian-Egyptian Book of the Dead

Bohemian-Egyptian Book of the Dead

Reiki-Egyptian Book of the Dead

Spanish-Egyptian Book of the Dead

KHNUM

ZKUM

ZKUHM

MUM

MEHK

MEHN

ZHMUM

ZHMEN

ZKUN

ZKUK

ZEHM

EHEM

MENA

ZKEM

ZKEHM

MEMN

MUHMN

KHEM

KHMEN

KMEN

KHNER

KHUN

KHNUN
KHNUM

Spanish-Egyptian Book of the Dead

Jericho

Let the comic milk stream from Jericho,

by white pink treasures, they take flight ..

to become the towers of the sea ...

Let the comic milk stream from Jericho,

let our masks make us hard again,

while we get softer inside ...

we're building marchpane town ...

Give us our pink white trousers back ...

and let our hearts sink in milk again,

while masks and towers are rising ...

to strike the silver ... three times ...

then silver books come forth ...

letting the tears flow and the seed ...

heading for the brown boot

these are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ...

beyond the museums ...

there's honey streaming from Jericho ...

I know a place where comics come alive ...

where the trousers run ...

in white pink ...

they are hard outside but soft inside ...

they drink from iron boots ...

while they ride the rabbits ...

here where the swans spit fire ...

where snakes dance ...

on the bottom of a purple pond ...

in a little musicbox ...

the yellow station ...

where a blind musician sits ...

selling indian warbooks to the doves ...

and he smokes the pipes from neverland and nowhereland ...

breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ...

in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Prisoner of an Author's Kitchen III

Green Dragon's Lie

"She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie..."

She was tied to the book,

the stories were too heavy to bear,

she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years,

On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again,

She was fragile as a butterfly,

spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...

And she wanted you to read the stories,

so that she could catch you in her net ...

So that she could wrap her wings around you,

and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ...

She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her
world ...

So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear
anymore ...

She was tied to the book,

a prisoner ... of a green dragon ...

And she said :

I want to hurt you, baby,

I want to take you into my world,

So read all the stories,

for I cannot bear them anymore ...

these green tomatoe seeds ...

I'm still a whore ...

a slave of a green dragon

They call me the whore of babylon,

they call me a two-faced harlot,

they say I am the seed of devils,

but I'm behind dragon bars ...

You cannot touch me,

I'm only there to view ...

I am a movie of tantalos ...

a movie of a vanilla desert ...

A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

Green dragon tears are falling,

his books are almost exploding,

the memories of his heart ...

He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop,

So that he can make them prisoner of his books ...

Bookstatues they will be,

tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,

so they can catch his tears,

and bring them to the other side of the world ...

Butterflies are flying,

butterflies are crying,

butterflies are dying ...

entering the other side of the world ...

bearing the green dragon's tears ...

stories too heavy for them,

they are tied to these wings,

only letting them fall ...

and now they are called fallen angels ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

There are yellow dragon's prisoners ...

coming from the south,

from the other side of the world,

they march,

They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds,

the tears of a yellow dragon ...

They bear the books on their backs,
they are bookstatues,
tied to cruel indian stories,
there are waspian wars in their heads,
and they see daylight as a threat ...
They see all these butterflies fall,
and need to bring them to the green dragon castle again ...
They bring their prisoners to the end of the world ...

And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby,
I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered,
so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon,
the tears I cannot bear ...

I don't want to be your slave, I don't want to be your liar,

All I want to be is to be free from this story ...

This story, a green dragon's lie ...

He was bewitched by a witch, a green witch,

having green tears she couldn't bear ...

diaries to heavy,

she planted it in a boy's heart ...

So that she could fly away, and become this yellow dragon ...

but the yellow tears ... were much heavier ...

for she couldn't fly anymore ...

and now they all march on the ground ...

all her yellow prisoners ...

spreading her yellow tomatoe seeds ...

While a red dragon is grinning,

he wrote all these stories,

he had a wife talking too much ...

and all his friends were just his prisoners ...

prisoners of the books she gave him ...

bookstatues ...

under a blue jaguar flag ...

spreading the red tomatoe seeds,

these are purple rats ...

becoming red in the night ...

when the red dragon is raging,

throwing his saul spears into david's cars ...

still falling stars under stories too heavy ...

the red stone making them so creative,

making them dream in soft fires ...

a toyworld growing in their hearts,

a red balloon, pumping ...

until they reach vanilla desert ...

a yellow stone, freezing them,

they are icecream soldiers

having the mark of the wasp

where the waspian dragons breed them,

where they have their soft wet candles ...

to be candlestatues ...

to burn their books again ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

becoming swindling whores again,

winning all the games,

these swindler's games ...

casino's cabman was his name ...

doing business by a dragon's flame ...

In rows they stand, these green dragon's lies ...

she's finally a candle statue,

she's finally a dragon's tear ...

a thing too heavy to bear ...

too hard to move, too big to steal,

too tall to lie to ...

she's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...

by her mouth ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

Green liars,

green dragon's tears ...

too afraid to tell the truth ...

still prisoners of the lie,

but free from the books ...

Inside they can speak their truths ...

when the nights fall and the night troupers come ...

Inside they can feel ... the true touches ...

These tears turn red at midnight ...

then the red dragons are raging and crying ...

while playing on the beach,

they're dying ... to come alive again ...

Life so close to death ...

It's shivering between black and red ...

while bookslave-masters from arabian deserts,

come to find their prisoners,

soft women butterfly women,

taking the boys to their books again,

soft wings they install,
under crying and weeping,
these are shrieking boys in a red clock ...
while pharao wants to drown them again ...

Oh the thrillers of the red dragons,
written by a golden pencil ...
turning yellow in the night ...
while dragon candles burn the books,
she's now a pencil-statue,
a shriek, a dragon's cry ...
turning a prisoner into a spy ...
she lets the boys meet the boys ...
she lets the poles meet the poles ...
and then she lets them mix for new stories ...

she's still the lady of the library all these years

bringing the books to enthousiastic children ...

unaware of their destiny ...

she's still poisoned candy after all these years ...

reading the books loud ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

her husband sells books ...

he is a journalist ... a prince of satire ...

a boy tied to a microphone ...

and she's singing her opera's by taking her boy,

and pushing him to the ground ...

then they always struggle, a fight which ends in the bathroom ...

where she tries to drown him ...

there's something wrong with this marriage ...

she has the pharao-syndrome ...

there's a voice in her head ...

a tall baker's whisper ...

a green dragon's lie ...

making her crazy ...

she's still not happy ...

In summers she's like tied to a spoon,
while her husband is doing the dishes ...

under the weight of a green stone ...

coming from a dragon's castle ...

they try to save their marriage ...

she eats ... while he cleans ...

she cooks ... while he works ...

but it's like their marriage is dying ...

it's heading for a burial ...

for some stones are too heavy ...

she talks too much and he sells the books ...

they are swindlers to survive ...

they lie to each other ...

by a green dragon's lie ...

they are green liars in a boat ...

a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ...

casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...

smiling ...

doing business by a dragon's flame ...

they are both prisoners of a two faced chair ...

prisoners of a two faced bed ...

having their loves and their fights ...

still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ...

they are night troupers only touching each other ...

by the flame of a dragon's castle ...

he's a record-statue yawning ... for the songs are too boring ...

he hears them day in day out ...

she bores him ...

sometimes he's the slave of a flute ...

sometimes he feels like a car ...

he's a victim of a shrieking boys clock ...

while she's laughing ...

these wheels are weeping,

complaining day in day out ...

i'm getting headaches, she sais ...

I'm going to leave my man,

to be free in the snow ...

I'm going to drown these boys,

I'm Pharaoh ...

She's a tear letting others cry ...

She's a death letting others die ...

She's everything, having no possessions ...

She's free ...

She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

She's a swindler standing before the gates of games,

She's an ornament of joy ...

but something's eating her inside ...

It's the red dragon ...

not wanting to lose his toy ...

Capricorn's Jackpot

There are gamblers in a hall, they ride,

They have the red eye on their heads,

they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings,

still strange pictures, for you and me,

these pictures move,

and I'm lying on the floor,

cutting potatoes ...

In a red cathedral,

they hide the three pale purple flowers,

the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum,

to write the future with the iron pencil ...

a winged pencil ...

with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

He writes what he sees,

he's just a gambler ...

when he wins ... he takes flight ...

Oh wasp-tv, gambler's tv,

letting the kids tap the green beers from the screen ...

there's crocodile glue when the chocolate is mixed with the vanilla ..

then the business-brothers come ...

capricorn boys against the boys from lynx ...

making prisoners for an author's kitchen ...

all in a chocolate factory ...

crocodile-glue so thick and sharp ...

then i dive in dangerous seas ...

when yellow and brown .. strike the green ...

but i just won capricorn's jackpot

in this red dragon's casino ...

but i want to be a truant ...

i want to go to pleasure land ...

while i have a black dragon in my mouth,

a hall of games in my mouth ... where the black lemonade streams ...

striking the red

it's still a red dragon fighting against a black dragon ...

two lions fighting in the lake ...

while a skater's on the waves, and a parrot is sinking ...

to the world beyond history ...

to the big museum ...

the puma's paw is gambling ...

and when he wins ...

the tears flow ...

the juices stream ...

awakening the boys from lynx ...

it's tea against the coffee

orange against the black ...

while red cowboys hide behind the black bottles ...

waiting to attack ...

it's streaming from the clock ...

this orange juice ...

mixing the black ...

these boys rule the blue ...

these boys rule the blue ...

they have africa in their hands ...

with orange coins ...

they bred the animals for granddad's zoo ...

it's streaming from the clock you know ...

it's tea against the coffee ...

while black lemonade is streaming ...

and the red still hiding ...

waiting for the strike ...

in cold conscience we all cry ...

where the coffee wins ...

and the tea sinks ...

streaming to the yellow station ...

while grandfather cries ...

the icecream is burning ...

and glues are rising ...

making us so addicted ...

tax's smoke is in my mouth,

i want to swallow,

while there are comic's eggs in my stomach ...

strange juice ...

plain words

plain words,

we're talking about plain words,

the truth comes so close,

but it doesn't touch us,

we're living in tantalos

deep words,

we're talking about deep words,

in deep minds,

we're talking about deep minds

we're the line between you and me,

bends all the lights, bends all the views,

we don't know anything about each other,

we live in our own worlds

big views,

we're talking about big views,

where the mind touches the heart,

where we can trust again,

like we used to do,

when we lived in the fantasy,

but look at us now

brainstorms,

talk about brainstorms,

the truth we can deny,

but it doesn't deny us,

look at us now

and inside the flower breaths,

taking away all our breath,

and inside the rainbows hide,

taking all our colours away,

we're living in a jewel,

in tall whispers,

no one hears,

you are the only one hearing your words,

seeing your views,

there's no one out there to listen,

you have to do it yourself,

plain words,

talk about plain words,

easily denied,

but it won't deny us

Birds of Hamelin

They stole the kids, by a flute,

to bring them behind candybars ...

While birds of prometheus raised the tables and the spoons ...

I was surrounded by your chocolate ...

while you were eating the cookies ...

They stole the kids, by a lie,

these birds of hamelin ...

bringing them into the arena's ...

to spin sugar ...

There's no escape in this land ...

They are breeding siamese twins,

while grandma eats the cookies ...

in a golden chocolate world i take root ...

in a bottomless pit ...

i am an island in the clouds ...

she's just another autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like mud on tables ..

spinning around like judgements in the night ..

she's just another autumn's girl .. she's spinning around like classroomtables ...

spinning around like judgements in the sky ..

this prometheus girl ..

and this is the glue of scorpion,

with the glue of an eagle ...

Ladybug

she has the head of a ladybug ... her eyes try to pierce me, like the rolling dice i don't want to be with her ... but it seems she thinks different about that ...

she's a lamentation cat ... complaining and whining, letting peacocks horrorshows descend ... until i'm back ...

i'm her prisoner ... i'm her coin ... always coming back ... her sting is the sting of a wasp ... and now she's shocked ... she's always shocked about everything i do and say ... it's never enough ...

when her silver strikes me she understands me then i'm her dinner .. she has digested me ... finally almost satisfied ... but she's from the hollow ... they have never enough ... they're living in the almost zone ...

she's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... i'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ...

while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ...

when her silver strikes me, she brings pale stories to the mass ... her newspapers ... her butterflies ... to kidnap the fruits for an author's kitchen ... she's a lamentation cat ... she has to blame someone for pale stories ... while the night brings the colours ... when peacocks horrorshows come ... the day after they are stories ... in venus' bookshop ...

and the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ...

Purple Snow

purple sandman

I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while a purple sandman is picking me up with his wizard's bike ... it's like an orange motorcycle ... we're heading for the deserts ... where bakermen run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... Around the deserts the vila's of the pick pock families stand ... Here they do their dances ...

And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes ... all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmastrees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays

These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but

they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... throw your presents
into them i will be on their back

it was a taxmachine producing icecream ... these women all rose from the
green ... finding their taxlines to be on tv ... they were the swindling lights on
your birthdaycakes ... hiding the ways to these bakerman's faces ... it was a
taxmachine producing these icecreams ... bringing this purple snow ... and
now purple sandman is standing before you ... with this liquid key in his
hands ... so many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... is this
where the delirium ends ? or is it the beginning of a new dream how deep
is this rabbit's tail ? ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ...
there where the rabbits drink ...

it's all wine ... the baker was a taxmaster ... hiding in sweet amsterdam ...
purple sandman is standing before me ... with his purple horses from
capricorn's roundabout ... they make the colours so wild ... while I'm bathing
in purple snow ... just purple snow ... for the icecream stang too deep ... it was
poison ... and now i'm crying on this wizard's bike he takes me away to
a giant's kettle ... why did they drown the chicken here ... there's alcohol
streaming all over the place ... he would have given it to them anyway pick
pock families rising from the chicken ... laughing hard ... it's their obsession
they have their stories while we were in an author's kitchen with purple
snow in our heads ... these snowflakes lead us to the end to the numbers of
conscience ... to the birds of cigarette ...

we travel along the purple curtains ... with purple snow in our hair while
purple sandman watches the show .. the icecream is killing us ... and the tears
flow ... leading us to the big shoe to darker creatures ...

grandfather's horror

It ticks on his cupboard, i'm the silver cocoon, leading you to the end of the moon. I'm the aurora, the crucified witch, I'm the harpoon, there's nothing you can do ... I'm looking for hearts to breed my spoon ... the enchanted spoon ... My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry ... It's still grandfather's horrorstory-booktears rolling through your trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... the big shoe ... still a peacocks horrorshow ... the woodcutter never existed ... it was a taxmaster ... breeding the numbers of conscience by a strange mirror a copymachine ... it was a shark with a camera ... with bright eyes making you blind it was a jewel in a spanish sun ... a jewel in a flower

on a black white chessboard we had our weddings and divorces ... now we look more like each other, for this makes you my brother ... my mother had to do it this way ... revenge before the strike ... still peacocks horrorshow ... from grandfathers taxbook

i cannot help it you're here today ... we divorced too much in that strange black and white fruit ... you like this dance this thriller's dance ... it goes deeper and deeper by in and out ... it penetrates our minds together ... making a siamese twin, a lamentation cat from peacocks horrorshow i'm having a new pet almost ripe for this author's kitchen you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell it's peacocks horrorshow from grandfathers chessbook

what's on the pawn, i'm staring ... a wolve's gnat is sitting there ... from peacock's horrorshow .. another story from your local taxoffice

It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, it's like it's wednesday and thursday on the same day ... It's taxday and tv's on ...

Purple Snow II

Easter lines on wasp tv

Winters after summer,

it's snowing ...

but it's just a winter in april ...

Herodes, Pharaos and Judas coming down,

I'm still waiting for the anti-christ and his little dragon ...

it's a dog ... a wolf's gnat actually ...

barking on wasp tv ...

his hair is in fire ... he's a lucifer ...

And this tv is just a woman's head ...

she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ...

there are bakerman's faces on her crown ...

like lights in the christmas tree ...

where babies come alive ...

big heads ...

where memory is the addiction ...

wasps are rising from wasp tv ...

there's blue metal in the air ...

making the breath and the swallow fast and deep ...

together with the green metal

enchanted mirrors created the public ...

these dogs are mirrors .. diving through black ponds ...

tomorrow they are the nipples

i'm surrounded by bakerman's faces ...

all these tv's ...

they are women ...

they were swindlers on a hill ...

with soft fires ...

they made the thrill ...

they wanted to be the mirrors in the bathroom ...

laying the pink addictions ...

it's a memory tv after all ...

Purple Snow III

Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... while birthday's standing on tv with his dog called christmas for the usual fee ...

Do you believe in christmasbells .. do you believe in crashing cars ... do you believe in white wet alphabets spread on white chocolate do you believe that when you stare in the jewels of these white waspian flowers ... you get blind so blind ... to touch the cold conscience ... on a wet summers day in winter

Do you believe in purple snow ... do you believe in purple winterdays ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas

I believe this is the best opportunity to tell you I do not believe in your tea waters ... they bring me into sleep too slow ... I need some faster tricks ... from that dog called christmas ... he has a black christmas tree as his nose ... where a little tailor lives on top ... together with a pirate ... white pirates on vega southern ships ... still believing in carnival's trip ... still believing in mad suns ... with mad songs ... where everything is crazy ... they are all blind ... rising the chinese lights ... while the owl has such a calming voice ... with his deerbird ... he rides across the moon ... to see the other side ...

these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways .. while the crocodile breeds the glue ... for his new architecture style ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... don't look in the mirror again ... don't breed your soles when you step don't dive into ponds enchanted ... but go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ...

dragonian architecture is in the house, drawn on the walls ... what a lovely wallpaper ... i bought them at mimir's well ... these are lunar stairways and lunatic highways ... while the chocolate is rising ... we are all marching through footballfields ... flowerfields ... staring into white treasures ... to become blind again ...

there's purple snow on the walls and purple snow on these white floors ... while purple sandman travels with us through purple curtains ... along purple pillows ... to the broadcast lady of cartoon ... with her pink boots ... while flowers of smoke send their messages ... the cigars paint the walls ... saint nicolas with all his taxmasters ... spreading the taxtoys to the kids while i'm getting deaf by my mate ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games while the purple snow is roaring ...

There's purple snow on the footballfields ... While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all

these pencils ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of
cartoon with her pink boots in purple snow ... she was painted by a
dragon ... she was saved out of a game ... and now she's here ... while some
call her a prisoner ... they think they need to defeat the dragon ... while the
dragon saved her ... it was her jesus christ ... and when she's laughing ...
peaople think she's crying ...

she's a dragon's prisoner in the eyes of so many ... but the waterlights are
heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to watch her pink boots ...
standing on purple snow they want to see her dragon ... they think they
need to save the dragon from her ... for she's not a comic yet ...

they want to make a comic of her ... so that the dragon doesn't have to fear
her anymore ... they want to soothe it's heart ...

these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow
the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the
christmas museum ... the dragon will write the dragon will write ...

Papyrus of Sekmeth-Brannan

The Insectian Pyramid Texts

Halls of Khelb

The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.

By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.

They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves.

Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps)

Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects)

Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies)

Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders)

Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects)

Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects)

Hall VII – Ant Ship

Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ?

You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.

I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ?

You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.

I have done that, can I have access now ?

Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb.

Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.

Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.

In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire.

When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan.

Papyrus of Ra-Brannan

Piramids on Izu

If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival :

The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu

The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II

The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra

Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharao Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra and of the following pharao's :

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Shesmu

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Sekmeth

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Sebqa

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Horus

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Thoth

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Thoth II

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Amon

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Amon II

Za-Sinysen-Vu-Amon III
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Amon IV
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Amon V
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton II
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton III
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton IV
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton V
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton VI
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton VII
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton VIII
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Aton IX
Za-Sinysen-Vu-Isis

For Izu, Brannan is a holy and sacred place. All sacred underworld trips must end in Brannan, a place where you must return to, always, until you can live in Brannan forever. It is the Third Hall of Khelb, also called The Third Day.

Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan :

Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts is. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then

let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun.

APPENDIX APPENDIX

APPENDIX

PYRAMID TEXTS FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE RED SWAN, SPELLS TO DESTROY HIS WORKS.

The Cantonite Spells

1. Raise him among holy men, and let his evil eye fall, this red swan. Bring him to the mountains, and let him fall among holy swans. Bring him to the top of the temple, and then throw him off, for he is a wicked man.
2. Sell his feathers in the streets of Orion, let him be a fish in the seas of Okil. He will rise a seven times, but he will also fall a seven times, to not rise up again. On the sixth day he will be shot in the head, and he will rise wounded, but then he will fall forever.
3. He will be lain in the graves of Amelia. The symbols of righteous men will be put on his coffins. He is the red swan. His feathers can be used as pencils. They will raise the artists of the world, so many snakes from a basket.
4. He will be drowning in the snake lake as a pharao's boy. He is the red swan.
5. Where the swans spit fire, the snake will rise. On ancient coffins he will sit to get his wings.
6. And the masses will go to Egypt, for the Red Swan was an indian spell. How many sails do they need to heal their wounds. The wounds are many.
7. They will go to the pyramids of Pepi I and Pepi II, and then they will come into the Pyramid of Unas.

Appendix Appendix

28. And a new red swan will rise to be the pharao of a new pyramid.

Appendix 1-20

117. The purple swans will adore him. A new helmet he will wear, an Egyptian Helmet, while the Varia Birds will lead him.

118. He will make strong decisions, leading them all to the thinner fields. There are splits in caves. He will know the pyramids of Izu.

119. He will know the sacred pictures in his head, the double pictures.

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old

locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags ... for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will

start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tattoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows its paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's Sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now you're waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your mom's worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your mom's occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your mom's worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old

curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance

... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see

you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear

in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio ... feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me

She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of
herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old
Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the
moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of
Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams
These are cigars of Pharaos 15.

Papyrus of Izu

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Geb-Brannan version

THE BOOK OF BABYLON

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will

give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement :

Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmth guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to

Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius

suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We

bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur

[guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Emini-us-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Emini-us-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all

different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaos Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaos of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Piramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest

oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

THE BOOK OF ASSUR

Puchalini - Boys from Lynx II - The Land Beyond Cockaigne

1. enchanted bananas /2. tight embrace /3. where love ends - golden pirate ship /4. snares of stereo

Tupuchette - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II

1. queen of hearts - liberation /2. picnic papers - so far /3. July's End - checked snake spoons - watch him closely - golden zebra

Fluvulua - Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III - When the Purple Becomes Green

1. truth called belcanov - ballerinas dancing /2. Kerses minds /3. Sonder Sun/ 4. chessboard's shoeshops

Pirfumata - Boys from Lynx III

1. waving flags - Dwarve's Rain /2. black coffin - billiards day - curse of business /3. Antartica /4. vanilla days /5. graves of matadok - Eric Zwarzenei /6. ladybugs /7. bananas chessboard

Kuzaponia - Boys from Lynx IV - Creatures from Paradox

1. Prince of Comics /2.banana hearts /3. the journey - Dangerous Tiles - Truants /4. golden picnic /5. Emini Day /6. nightmares of truth

Insutinia – Chapter 1-13

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new

world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...
 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
 6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's

Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess

again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green.
Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple
is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.] 2.
Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the
fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of
chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of
a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now.
Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and
truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to
make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ...
proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them
all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into
the funpark ...] 6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are
marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading
me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b.
He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There
are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's
leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides
of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov
breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some
comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets
from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a
wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on
my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax
comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12.
These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed
but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a
gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On
the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov
rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes
bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we
become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become
shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On
wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ...
deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ...
spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a

spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax,

waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in

the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them

from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla

planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these

lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all

underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When

ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed mooses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlites and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and

deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking

for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White

shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5.

And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclouse ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and

your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharao ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharao's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they

can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacocoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like

pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a

truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the

underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrups in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spred by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They

bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristal brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's misvacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the

gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When

you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears

gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he sais, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it

away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he sais Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red,

appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green.

26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27.

Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a

Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a

devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteeds sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaao, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You

forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot

waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the

games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreachd trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreachd football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as

their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while

he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at

someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting

sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on

her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teached me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19.

The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Piramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about

that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by

banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are

on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ...

glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They

were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet mooses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange

tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's doctors ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclaude-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still

sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Insection Book of the Dead

Bearer of the Canon

Scarab

1. Briskan is the motherconstellation of brannan, in the Urg-part of izu. in briskan you find back a lot of brannan, but it's deeper. here the sources of anubis can be found. here the flies are more like ladybugs and scarabs, and they have also more butterfly-qualities. There are still forty-one hours in a day, like in brannan, but in the deeper parts of briskan there are like thirty hours in a day.
2. There is a high scarab technology. The flies here have also more rabbit-qualities. They often drink from iron shoes or boots, for that represents the sources of the underworld. The shoe or boot is the symbol of the bridge to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the houses and buildings are very often like boots or shoes for that reason, to be connected to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the shoe or boot is the image of fertility. The deeper you come into Briskan the more the mice-qualities show up. mice – poverty, squirts – chaos, rabbits – suffering, deer – depression, horses – fear, dogs – pain, cats – sting Most creatures of Briskan are made of strange leather, called butcher's leather.
3. It has a strange smell, and it gives scarab-qualities, to be a scarab and to receive scarab-protection. Initiations for becoming a scarab : Nagal Dagh Helmes Kerg Umgurit. Diagdarma Hetestenken Hettestenken Diagma Digardarma Digardram, Digerlustrus, Diger, praise to the kings of scarabs. Your hormones will be sifted now, and they will be charged by the scarab-energy and magnets. amen-talgamen-amen. Diadeberbi Diafonda, the scarab-squirts will now stand around you, to lead your soul through the gates of the scarabs of Briskan. When your soul has found its seat in the depths of Briskan, near Briskit, the spirit will be led through the gates and will find its seat in Briskit. Amen-talgamen-amen. You must be full of the draminia version of the insectian book of the dead, and you must have had several encounters with the pink gnats of Nut. Then you will say to the gates of likshir : Sitadonde Domdomo dorondo Tuzalem Kreaftich Shichse Simbala. You will now receive the scarab energies in your hand, and the body will absorb these layers of energy step by step.
4. Direct yourself to the north, where the cats are, then to the south where the mice are, then to the east, where the rabbits are, and finally to the west where the squirts are.
5. Then say : Shapsma Ha Husla Koropsa Kropsa Kerslim Kersh Kerga Kimdala Kimdia Kirdam Kirtjatta, Kirjacham Kirdacham Kirbracham Brachasma, I am now a scarab in the army of scarabs, to receive the scarabs on my organs, on my bodyparts on my sexual parts, my testicles, my nipples, my fallus, my womb, my vagina, my vagina-button, my insides, my intestines, my lungs, my brains and most of all my eyes. Scarabs of the eyes take place. I have now become a scarab of the eye and of eyes. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I love the Insectian Book of the Dead as a lover, and I am full of it, filled by its forces, like overflowing its red waters. I make love to this book like a real scarab. I live in strict celibacy but in my heart I am a whore devouring forms of monogamy and monotheism. I am a sacred scarab whore, but I also come now to the celibacy of my heart and its virginity. I enter the virgin layers of the scarab.
6. I have lost many lovers in the stream, and I was searching for the celibacy of my deep spirits, to become clean. I have fought against my sexual desires since childhood, to become an ascet in the deepest layers from which poverty as the force of fertility flows. I am the source of sex by walking the path of multiple celibacy and multiple virginity. We come to you oh sacred virgin and sacred whore, for in you there is truth. I am the source of fertility, you are the source of fertility, by the

deepest poverty, oh mother of sacred poverty. I have made love to the source of poverty and have found celibacy. I have made love to the source of ascetism and found virginity. I am the eternal virgin, and the eternal whore, amen. I have found the scarabs of the foot and the leg, and I came to bliss, as i was descending into the caves of death. For yes, they lead to the underworld and to the realms of fertile poverty and it's deep riches, flowing up like a well of blossom.

7.And by my nipple-scarabs I came to hell, where I found the helmet. Oh, nipple-helmet, lead me on. In hell I found the scarabs for my fallus, leading me to celibacy, but i found out : mother celibacy is the biggest whore. And I came to a library on Briskan and it's books were screaming and shrieking in my head, while I fell to the ground. Mother celibacy took me by the hand, and guided me to a cave in the wilderness. Here she showed me eternal love. And my nakednesses and poverties were like scarabs, and they led me to the underworlds of Briskan. And she opened a door in a cave, and I came into the halls of Kildom. And she showed me lights like scarabs, and they showed me a boat. I could use this boat to come across the squirtl-rivers.

8.Then I came in the Halls of Konroy, and I saw vikings standing there with huge swords. But they didn't move, they were like statues. Only in the night they would come alive to fight each other. And I was looking for a boat to cross the rivers. And when the vikings started to fight, I could take their boat.

9.After that I came into the Halls of Kirdoy, where the scarab-dogs are. And their names were Remdom, Skirlas, Vendom, Vendanaut, Karsaam, Kirgaam, Amgam, Asmanacht, Kirgnacht, Krimlam, Dikhest, Kerstam, Kart, Karcham, Kirgdam, Kenten, Kerkslik, Kerstin, Kigtin, Koppeltanaut, Kargswim, Kisten, Hekswilt, Kistam, Kiksant, Kiklin, Kikdin, Kichten, Kenkslau, Kwaakslam. And they had armies of fivethousand, tenthousand or twohundredthousand, and they brought me across their rivers.

10.After that I came into the Halls of Sand, where golden statues were and treasures. And here I found the heartscarabs, and they were like clocks. And they made my head soft, and they gave me dreams. And I longed for more secrets of Briskan, but first I had to become a heartscarab myself. Initiations to become a heartscarab : Kitdom Oliom, Kirschlau, Saaken, Taslau, Kamin, Kikse Kiktin, Kiktinne, Kokslau, Damen, Daasmin, Kiktus, Kiktinne, Kiram, Daamse, Daaslam, Tetse, Tanau, Tiklam, Katsau, Kooram. And by this spell I came to the Halls of Hearts, as I was descending, and the ear-scarabs came to me to serve me. Yes, they guarded and guided me in such a love I never experienced before. They soothed me and brought me peace, although it was showing me a deeper war. The gate of peace leads to a greater war. This is how the rule works. And I became a scarab warrior as a heartscarab, learning how to fight these deeper wars. And I was lead to their arsenals, and received their armors. I learned how to use their swords and arrows. I learned how to conquer and how to gain victory. I learned the rules.

11.And I learned about the paths of the mouthscarabs. And I saw that one suffers by it's youth, and heals by growing up, only to find a deeper pain. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of the elves and the mermaids and I saw the secrets and the treasures of the mouthscarabs. And I found many keys of Urg in the underworlds and deathrealms of faeries, and I longed to see the deathrealms of the wizards. Many many secrets of the scarabs I found in these underworlds and deathrealms, and I took their books to bring them with me, as they were my friends. And as I was reading and visiting their deepest Halls I got protection against the sun. I received the solar scarabs in a distant cave deep in the deathrealms and underworlds of the wizards. And they were beaming

words of energy into my heart, so that they would be with me always, as I was tattooed by their love. And as I got strange orgasms in my head I received a greater celibacy to guide me.

12. And I saw how the scarabs gained their magic by penetrating the Halls and layers of the deathrealms of Elves, Faeries, Wizards and Mermaids, and I saw how they descended to their underworlds and their hells. And I saw how they were masters of ascetism and ascet warriors. And I saw their deep deep wisdom in celibacy and poverty by which they could reach the treasures of the wildernesses and the distances. As I came to the coffins of mermaids a strange lightening came over me, descending into my heart. And I could read their coffin texts full of magic, full of keys to open the doors of hidden eternities. And a strange energy was speaking to me, like the energy of a banana, and it guided me to the coffins of wizards, which were like filled by banana-material. And an iron man stepped out of a coffin. He had died several times, and came from the depths. And his magic was like pouring several juices into cups. And by these juices you could speak in stories. Yes, amazing stories came forth from the juices, healing all the ones listening. Then the iron man stepped back into his coffin, which closed and immediately a clock started ticking. It was like metal ticking, while a door was opening, and I saw coffins of faeries, elves and other mermaids. And I was reading some coffin texts of faeries as I came into drunkenness.

13. And the Halls of Dead Wizards started to open for me. And the first hall was the Hall of the straight blue banana's. The second Hall was the Hall of red banana's. The third was the Hall of the pink banana's. And I went through ninety-nine halls, seeing many secrets of the scarabs. Prayer to receive the eye-scarabs Cover my eyes. I lay my eyes on the altars of scarabs, and will turn into an eye-scarab myself. Oh, holy scarabs, send me grace to have scarabs on my eyes, so that my eyes will stay sacred. I have not sinned, for I am Horus-Ra. I have not sinned in the presence of the scarabgods, and I will praise their names : Mitas, Mitlanda, Meram, Kesjip, Kaskau, Dadin, Hamark, who have armies of fifty thousand, eighty thousand or five hundred thousand. Lay your hands on my eyes, and bless them. Let your seed stream over my eyes, so that scarabs will grow from it. Let my eyes be scarabs. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I lay my hands on my eyes and will not watch unholy things. I will only see visions of you. Yes, the eye-scarabs will give me dreams and visions, as my eyes are sacred. My eyes are judged in the Halls of Thoth, even my mouth and my ears. I have not sinned against the gods. I am Ra-Anu. Let me in, and let me dwell into your solar ships. Grant me the solar eye-scarabs, so that my lights will be sacred and clean, yes, fertile and colourful.

14. And the motherscarab taught me about business, insurance and tax in the world of scarabs, to raise me out of many wars, many angers and rages. And I saw the world changed by the economy of the scarabs, descending into me layer by layer. And they taught me about rent, and they showed me how to pay rent. And the insurance-scarabs brought me into new contacts, and the sun of bloodline couldn't do any harm to me. And I saw the illusion of bloodline and genealogy, and the scarabs started to shift them, while new portals of bright warm and watery lights started to open up before my eyes. And as the scarabs entered, the mummies started to rise out of their graves. And I could see a whole new world, in the insides of Briskan. And marketsquares were rising with boys from lynx like perfect scarabs, and there was blood flowing. They were boys of business having the arrows of tax. And they were installing toys like scarabs, raising the rent. And a deer had been shot, as I saw this picture in the panther's eyes, but this picture was in fire. And I begged the scarabs to tell me more about the secrets of the boys from lynx. They had tax-machines on their back, and they

had parachutes like octopuses, descending in pits and ravines. They were looking for the shoe, and at one moment they were shouting : We found the shoe.

15.It was a big red one, like a giant one, and they stepped into it, to descend like thunder into it's layers. And they were screaming everywhere : 'We found the shoe !' It was like an ornament, like an ornament of giants, and now I could descend into the underworlds and deathrealms of giants. And suddenly I started to understand a lot of things, but soon it was fading away. And I knocked on the door of the first Hall. And a small thin, but tall man opened the door, and started to grow immediately. Was it all a trick from the giantworld ? And what did I see here ? Everything started to change before my eyes, like I was a giant myself. And I came in a world beyond big and small, where everything started to analyze and change itself before my eyes, as I could touch deeper, like putting my hand through layers of water starting to transform the atmospheres. It was like layers of thick visions, thick layers of a strange sort of glue, where strange lights were descending changing everything, like on a tv-screen. These were all tricks and different combinations of light, giant-light, changing everything.

16.Nodhord – Hall One This was the first hall I came into, as I was amazed by what I saw. I started to doubt my eyes. It looked like everything was just in the eye of the beholder. Do our eyes trick us. Nordglam – Hall Two As I came into the second Hall, I was sliding to a door, and found rabbits behind them. They were drinking from iron glasses, and some had iron shoes. Here the tones were low and slow, and suddenly started to run high and fast. Then all the images changed. Were the giants making music ? And a rabbit said to me : You have to pay rent for living in my memory. Nordhus – Hall Three Here the giants were dancing. They died so many times, and I saw the coffins of giants here, like sarcophages and treasure-boxes. Here the toymaker lived, and he was surrounded by scarabs who helped him making the toys. Ratham - Hall Four Here the scarab-rats lived, and they were like butchers, installing tax. They were tax-scarabs, making the illusions of movements. Ratdonk - Hall Five Here the scarab-rats and the scarab-mice lived together with the timemaker. After going through these Halls I came to the seven seas of the Giant Underworld. Here the scarabs were like boats, and here the scarab-fishes lived. Above these seas a transparant triangle was floating with an edge of white light. It was a soothing sight, and soft energy flew through the triangle. Through the triangle a boat was floating with a shoemaker who was like a scarab-mouse. Through the triangle you came into the realm of the Palaces of the Shoemaker. Always when it was midnight the shoemaker came into a fight with a tailorman, who was like a scarab-rat. And I tried to soothe those two gentlemen, and teached them what the scarabs had teached me about the economy. But they said the battle was about the economy. They both weren't satisfied. And soon I realized that this was a deeper battle, and I wanted to solve it. And then I came to the Underworld of Indians, and I could stay there because I already had been to the Giant Underworld.

17.Dokhorst - First Hall Here the tailors made clothes from shoes, for they said that like this the souls would be kept close to the Underworld, wherever they are. And I saw these clothes were like vehicles, but they could never really leave or fall away from the underworld. Dirsklun – Second Hall Here there were many fights, and I still couldn't solve them, for I didn't have the keys. And I asked them where I could find the key, and they said : You can find them in the books of the dead. And I teached them about what I had learned from the scarabs, but nothing helped. It was like a war of tax. And I took two arrows of rent, and I shot it into a gate above me to open it. Then I took my insurance-harpoon and could swing through it. I was now in a wilder place, but there was more silence. And my boys from lynx started to explode too, and they were turning into the wildest

stinging red nettles. 'You must go to the White,' a voice spoke. But I got madder and madder, wilder and wilder, and exploded too. Hammumda –Third Hall Here I was eating bitter food, and rejecting economy, rejecting mathematics, for it was all nonsense. And I came to the nonsense of mathematics : Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of the animal-mountain a strange towerI'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematicsGot me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange worldI promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and I'm diving away insteadI promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals they're wearing, thinking they're jesus or sandmanTwenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like the animal-tower I'll never winGot me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed

18.Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dremt instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this crossSo bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me today to the nonsense of mathematicsAnd I was shutting the book, but it was still open. Then I layed it down. I had come to a library. Here I found the Books of the Dead, but they were trying to kill me. So I took my knife and started to cut the letters, and brought them to the kettle on the wild hill. And while I was speaking my spell, thunder was descending into the kettle, and there was a war between the books. It was like a Great White War, and I started to burn the wood below the kettle, until there was silence in it. And I started to stir the glues of the kettle, and I took a little bottle of the mix, and shook it. I drank it and started to dream. And by this I was led to the Scarab Book of the Dead. He was like the last survivor, like the only survivor of a Great White War. And I opened the book and started to write. And my fingers couldn't stop.I always try to do business with the spirits around me, and when they trouble me, I use arrows of tax and rent, but that is only a point of view. What about the arrows of stock and bounty ? Is it business or is it war ? That is the question. And I found the scarabs of magic like fruits around my heart, but they were dead at the end of the day like one-day-scarabs, or was that just an illusion ? They were just deeper entering my soul, like my inner traffics, the illusion of coming and going. And I was ascending deeper into the Underworlds of Bankers, to find the magic's key. They were like the moneymakers of the dead, like strange scarabs. They were like scorpions having strange shells. And again I was descending into the Wizard Underworlds, and then the Arabian Underworlds. And scarabs came to me to teach me.I

didn't feel anything anymore after these days. Didn't feel my legs, I was like a mermaid. And I wondered if there was anything more terrible than death, anything more beautiful. And I begged Urg to open it's deeper portals to me, and again I was led to Briskan. This time I sank through every bottom, sliding faster and faster until I fell ... Suddenly I had a parachute like an octopus, or was it a jellyfish ? About this the wars are raging. I came to the Underworlds of trees, objects and animals. To the deathrealms of cars and washing machines. Here I found out : They all live on ...As I came to the Underworld of statues I found the secret of the tear. When they die so many times, they become tears, still raising their voice to speak. By dying so many times the giant became a dwarf. By dying so many times the dwarf became a giant ... These are strange rings. By dying so many times the elf became an indian. By dying so many times the indian became an elf. Through the underworlds of fire flames become ice. Through the underworlds of ice icycles become flames. As I came to the underworlds of suns I started to melt. They were like moving eyes, on their ways to become moons. Through the underworlds of moons I was rising, not becoming a sun, but an earth. And this earth couldn't speak, so it fled through the underworlds of suns again. And I found the key to the Underworlds of the Seas and the Oceans, where I found the number two. And it was swimming there like a swan. And it spoke to me : 'I am coming from the Swanlake. Behind the restaurant is my place, the death is just a lie ... everything is alive ... but the death is a riddle of truth, the carriage to' And then the letters coming forth from it's mouth were fading away ... And there at the Swanlake I was finding my boys from lynx back again. They told me the secrets, as I spoke to the dead. Death is just a point of view. Death is just a word for the things we do know nothing about ...

19.And as I went through the Halls of Avani, the Pillars of the Elf Underworld, I came into the Indian Underworld again, but this time I came from the other side, and I saw the halls I knew nothing about. And my stomach got upset, and someone was screaming. Here the red spiders were living. Here spiders of mud were living, and I fell into a pit not knowing where it would lead me. Soon enough I was sliding, like I went through a rabbit's hole. But it wasn't. I saw snakes everywhere. And I came into the Underworlds of Suiciders and Killers, but also of Butchers. And these were called the Underworlds of Cannibals. And on and on I came to a deeper business, only to come to a deeper war.And as I came to the Underworlds of the scarabs, doors opened themselves to me. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of taxmasters, rentmasters, stockmasters, insurance-masters and businessmen in all sorts. And the deeper I came the more magic came over me, and I got deeper access into the Underworlds of the Scarabs. And again they teached me. And their grip was like poetry. And I came to the Underworlds of Poets, and they were like birds with heads screaming of pain and extasy, while they were opening the Underworlds of the Ascets. From here their sources were flowing from, and I saw strange alphabets flying, and they spoke in strange accents. And all they could do was moving in dignified spasm, and like statues they had their magic. And all they could do was directing to the Underworlds of Toys and Puppets. And always I found myself sliding back to Briskin. And there was a house near to the deserts, showing four parts of a flower, while there where camels walking all around. And this house was called the house of decision. And an ornament above the deserts opened itself, and lightening came from it, while the camels started to run into the deserts. I had climbed on one of them. And they were going to the city of Haarlem, where they worshipped Bastet. And I still remembered this flower, and gave her the memory. And she opened the flower. And I found myself like a wild animal, tamed.And I found a golden globe of Izu, and I was focussed particulary at the Urg-part of it. And some lights were shivering on the globe, like red lights. And as I pushed the red lights my soul was taken away to a strange place. And it was like standing on a mountain, seeing so many underworlds. And as my soul

got wings I flew to the other mountain. And my soul felt like a weak flower, and I started to gather my memories. That was all I had. I couldn't think anymore, I had only my memories. And as I started to cherish them new creatures were coming from them. And I came to the Underworlds of the weak to find it's ornaments. These were like eyes in many colours. And I searched through the underworlds and deathrealms of eyes, hearts and ears, but also of legs and arms. Finally I came to the Underworld of the Lungs, where birds got their wings. And it was like I lost everything there, finding so many things back. And I came to the Underworlds of mouths to travel on tongue-paths, and also the Underworlds of intestines were tall paths. Some were very narrow and thin. After that I came to the Underworlds of the Liver and the Spleen, and rabbiteyes were staring at me. Ladders and stairways came out of their mouths, and I could enter in. As I came into the pancreasal underworlds I encountered scarab-butterflies and scarab-ladybugs. And I told them : Don't hit me, don't push me, don't let me lose my way, don't scorn me, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me brother, I'm a bakerman's face. And I came to the underworlds of flowers, and they were like elves and faeries, having anuses like lips, peeing magic. This was the sensitive world, and they could breath ... deep. They had special and secret ways and paths to breath, like waterfalls of standing breath. And as I came to the underworlds of vagina's, falluses and other genitals, the times were shifting there. Here the chronology-masters lived. They were the weavers of time. And as I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of nipples, I saw even chocolate coming from them. First white chocolate, but later also some other colours, especially red. And I was in awe when I encountered these nipples of the dead. They were huge and like bodyparts, and nipplian creatures came forth from them. Some came from strange cocoons. And I was sliding into extasy, it was bringing me to a deeper pain, and to the depths of these underworlds. And finally I saw nipples of the death like peeing tears, and even blood. And a rage came over me, bringing me into a deeper war. And as I was rippling between extasy and deep pain, between business and a deeper war, I came to a strange path. Here I saw the toymaker, here I saw the tailor. Here I also saw the shoemaker, but they were all dead. And tongues of the dead hung all around me, inviting me to come into their worlds, but I was struggling my way on the path, while I was sliding into the Underworld of the Shoe. And the extremes raised higher, and their paradoxes, creating a new world, stranger than ever. Here fires and flowers grew like bridges across the skies. All that was far away was also so near. The illusion of distance had been gone. And suddenly I was sliding through the shoes of the dead, to the deeper deathrealms, there where the tearlakes were. And it was like strange paint, and strange nipples were peeing tears into the lakes like strange automatons. And I thought : 'What is going on ?' And still I was sliding away, and I came to the deathrealms of trains and racecars, and these paths looked like the genital area of women. The picture moved like snakes. These were strange forestroads, first pink, but later pinkblue. And then crying babies came forth from these area's and I thought : 'What is the deal ?' And veiled naked women came from out of nowhere, and their veils were transparent. And they said : 'Plug in', but I was running away ... for aren't there other ways to come somewhere ? And while I took distance I saw them changing into spiderwebs. 'Come back,' they whispered, trying to soothe me. And I came to the underworlds of the celibates and the virgins, where I found rest ... Strength was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort of strength, almost on the edge of spasm. Breath was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort, almost on the edge of hyperventilation. And it was like I got the crown of Epilepsy ... falling away from so many worlds ... so many disconnections, and I got socially disturbed. Now I could enter the Underworlds of Pirates, the Underworlds of Soldiers, and the Underworlds of Clowns, Jesters and Harlequins. And it was all leading me to a deeper war and a deeper tear It was guiding me to the underworlds of whores and finally the underworlds of clothes. The clothes

were alive here, like vehicles and guides, like scarabs. And they taught me many laws. And as I was sliding through the underworlds and deathrealms of singers, artists, bands, piano's, guitars, drums and other equipment like violins, organs, trumpets, horns, clarinets and other sorts of flutes, I could finally escape the threats of sound and light. They were always programming my mind to produce their spirits, but now I had raised the rent. I could finally reach my arms again, and feel them. Then I woke up. Was it all just a dream ? Well, I used to believe all my life was a dream ... just a dream ... And then ... sometimes it's good to dream within the dream ...

20. There was a ship of virgins coming to my town, while the girls stood before my window. Naked ... but more or less veiled ... I was sending them away, for they could be spiderwebs ... And then I started to think about the underworlds of a banana. Suddenly I felt strange ... I walked towards the door, and a little boy was standing before it. He kicked me in my stomach, and was roaring like a lion. He kicked me so hard that I fell asleep again. And then the whole dream started again ... Almost the same, but just a few details had changed ... And at the end of the dream I expected to wake up ... but I didn't ... Did this boy kick me too hard ?

21. And then I came to the Underworlds of Houses and Buildings, of skies and things like chairs, tables, floors, lamps and bicycles ... I even got into the Underworlds of paintings ... Unbelievable, right ? But in the Underworld of paintings, they are alive, and they are portals to to paint and tears

22. And then I came to the Underworlds of Beds and Doors ... Ships and Planes, restaurants, games, bathrooms, and kitchens And I got problems speaking ... I became a silent person ... because of this all ... There's not much to say anymore when you have seen things like this ... Finally I came to the Underworld of Books, and that opened a few doors for me ... In the deeper underworlds of books, books are amazing creatures, like planes of the underworld, yes, sometimes even starships or ufo's, or cruise-ships But there were many wars between the books and I could not solve these I could only maybe ease their pain a bit I wanted to write one book to solve the whole war of books ... But I couldn't the wars got worse and I had to escape Some boys from lynx tried to let me escape out of the Underworld of Books, but they failed Then some bakerman's faces tried I was a prisoner of an author's kitchen. I tried to invent a new alphabet and a new language but the books always knew how to find me ...

23. And I thought : 'If I could change the paint a bit ? Would it lead me out ? And I thought of all the places where I had been, about the nipple-paint and the tears ... And I started to cry ... while the books were changing It was like another dragon-tear had fallen on the graveyard of books While I could sink through so many bottoms ... heading for the castles of the red dragon ... And I could come into the Underworlds of pencils ... of pencils, paint and tears and of dragonhearts and I thought to myself : 'Where have I been all these years ...' And then Horus said : 'My child ... it's not too late to change your life ... You are now safe here All these strange dancers will disappear' And I went to the Underworlds of dancers sliding deeper and deeper until I encountered the ballerina It was just a ballerina Some parts of her had broken away It was a doll ... just a doll And I said : 'Put your feet, on the graveyard, put your feet, on the grave, and slide a bit deeper There will be things you never forget Don't be afraid Put your feet on the grave where you will find your wings and new tomorrows, where you will watch your riddles coming alive they will guide you across the nightseas guiding you to paradise Come, ballerina put your feet on the grave, and dance like a ballerina then slide from grave to grave On the coffin you will get your wings The coffin-texts of faeries you will receive on

your wings While you read them you will rise like the holy sphinx, knowing all the answers, opening all the doors No one will forget you, you will reach the other shore So fly out, my little ballerina don't cry no more, but get a little deeper'

24.And the opening of the ballerina was like opening the Underworld of Knights ... and of so many animals and ornaments And I thought : 'yes, we're dying before every closed door, until our deep death opens it ... That's the way it goes We do not need more strength, but a deeper death.'

25.And then the fairytale went on There was a butterfly sitting on a musical box It looked like the ballerina She had her wings now ... She was now a scarab-butterfly still a dancer always descending into the underworld One day she met the shoemaker and the tailor, who were still having fights at midnight She took them down on her stairways, until their hearts combined Like the scarab-butterfly they took flight So many knights were rising up, having the underworlds of playcards like magic balls in their hands Like the underworlds of alphabets they stand together And I saw a number three coming forward with a trumpet ... Blowing while I was waking up again The little boy saw that and kicked me again immediately harder than ever I came into the underworlds and deathrealms of numbers This time I thought I was really dead ... No Near-Death-Experience, no fake-death, no, this time I thought I was really gone. And the numbers started hunting after me ... and I thought : What is the deal ? These numbers are dead ... And I saw these numbers were portals to the underworlds ... strange underworlds like the underworlds of a smile Some smiles have died a million times Then they show up with a vengeance to take some pictures and then leave to make comics Well, I went to the Underworlds of Comics after that, and finally to the Underworlds of Cartoon ... A strange museum it is They are made of dragon tears and of alien tears and ... the tears of all sorts of beasts and numbers And these tears are like scarabs Well, cartoons and comics are actually scarabs ... Where would we be without them ?

26.And I came to the Underworlds and deathrealms of trousers, and the deeper I came the more tears streamed through them. They were like strange scarabs and beautiful. I asked myself if there would be anything more beautiful than that. And I came to the underworlds of rings and fingers, but I still returned to the Underworlds of the trousers. And I went deeper and deeper, while they looked more and more insectian. Some had fragile wings like butterflies, and some looked like insectian horses. And some tried to get my attention like they were my sisters and brothers. And I said to them : 'Hey, I've heard you, don't be ashamed, these tricks I never cared to cry ... For these are all just bakerlies ...' And I said this for they lived in deep wars ... Wild wars between a lot of different tribes And I wanted to sooth them, and make them laugh for awhile but I also knew that smiles like these could destroy them so I was very careful ... telling them about some tragedies in other underworlds ... But I couldn't solve their wars these wars were deeper than the previous ones I encountered ... And I went from tribe to tribe to find out what was going on but some tribes were very aggressive to me ... or didn't want to speak to me ... And deep tears came to my throat, but also a deep rage ... And I try to do business, but they didn't respond ... Then I took my arrows of tax ... but I didn't want to fight so I shot them in the middle of the night You must pay the rent to live in my fantasy ...

27.And I try to put some marketsquares and some stockmarkets, building insurances and bounty-fields ... I even showed them the secrets of the capital ... but they didn't give away their prides In the middle of it all they built their totems. But they couldn't conquer me with their webs and their lies as I was a giant in their eyes ...

28.Maybe I have to go to some other underworlds to find some keys ... So I went to the underworlds and deathrealms of the shorter trousers, even of the trousers too short Here the tearlakes were like neverending wars designed by the nevermade I cannot conquer these words they have built ... I can't believe I am running here When I'm looking down I have the trousers too short ... like pink lights sliding over me until I'm crying neverending tears I'm heading for the big swallow for the Underworlds and deathrealms of the throats ... But do believe, these tears are rising higher ... until they overflow again washing my mind again Cannot find my way back to the deathrealms of trousers All I do is coming to the underworlds and deathrealms of lips and tongues Where the ravenmermaids watch and stand ... like queens on their thrones They direct me to the Underworlds of stomachs, food and drinks But I cannot find any key I'm only sliding further away I'm calling for the trousers of the underworld but no one's calling back I am unheard

29.Then I watch a symphony of giants Then I watch some roses grow Like tongues they give light blinding me guiding me into the night Then I swim to the morningsides but I can never touch their hands Maybe I have to dive into their underworlds And when I do I find their trousers like the mermaid's trousers these roses are so blue hurting my eyes all I can do is scream ... when I shriek the clocks are rolling Give me your trousers please

30.Now the fish has two legs again These trousers come from the neverending Have them in my arms ... this fishtail growing like the destiny my baby's dreaming it's all between you and me I bring the mermaid's trousers to the wars of the underworld Trousers are watching me, telling me I tell tales unheard

31.Then I wake up, seeing the boy still standing he's my son And I thank him for all the stories he brought to me ... He's smiling like the Anubis but I have to go again He knows and kicks me knock-out again.

32.Since the coming of the mermaid's tail, the trousers live in great peace There are still some wars yet, but it's now on the background Since peace came the lightmushrooms were coming ... and the lighttoadstools. They were guiding them all home, into a new dream, a dream within a dream ... I came to the underworlds of buttocks well, that was tricky for from there the waterfalls flow like strange pink lights so wet like the watering lights heading for the fights All they want to do is to reach the broadcastlady from cartoon And all they say is : 'Move away we're heading for her' And I came to the underworlds of breasts came to the underworlds of clocks until I found the nipples of dead where the milk of the dead was streaming from I wandered through the underworlds of milk, of blood and sweat I wandered through the underworlds of smoke, colours and candy The underworlds of pink are hard to believe Where the pink trousers are it's hard to breathe But all I did was to search for the underworlds of the brown leading me under the yellow A place of warmth and nostalgia everything is cherished here Butterflies are awakening here Breath, my child, breath break the bloodline and be free Watch the giant's symphony Come into the underworlds of visions and dreams They have died so many times before and after they reached you Bring healing to their bones ... Give them wings to fly Don't let them be shattered again Don't let them die.

33.As I died so many deaths, I became a butterfly sinking into the Underworlds of Shops, where I found some small lights Lead me to the wings so fragile All I found here were deeper wars under the skin Came to the Underworlds of Cradles to the Underworlds of Gamble-machines

and gamblers trying to find their ways back home Scarab-beetles and scarab-snails are searching for you ... These gamble-machines they never lie They only cry trying to find their ways back to you Through the Underworlds of Misunderstandings they will finally understand you These Underworlds of Wars are just some scarabs coming through ... The Underworlds of Traffic leading you homeThe Underworld of the Police guarding you. The Underworld of Letters bringing you to the M. And the Undergrounds of M lead you to the Undergrounds of K, and together they hide the underworlds and deathrealms of the elephant.

34.And I came to the Halls of Death of vampires and witches, but also of demons. And these Underworlds were like three pale purple roses ... becoming dark in the night, with red wet lights and dark wet yellow lights like fire Is this hell, or is this heaven ... it all depends on your point of view ... And three big faces guarded the Underworlds of Chess ... while Horus was descending raising vultures from the sides of chess And I came to the Underworlds of christians they had nowhere to go for in the depths of these underworlds they found out they had followed a lie, and now they had to build their own show And I came to the Underworlds and Deathrealms of Pawns but I tried to get even deeper ... I had to reach for their hells, their eternal flames

35.Underworlds full of riches ... underworlds full of tears underworlds full of paths leading through all these years Underworlds full of traces underworlds full of fears Underworlds, yes, the white rabbit is bringing you near Stepped on the back of a red one ... Alice was in tears He opened some new doors to me tearing down all those years And Alice now her clothes are torn She's wild now, like the jealous gong She's hunting like the raider on a red rabbit she wages war until all her children reach her shore Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the white snow Now it's time to take the red tree he's telling tales on his own While a red rabbit comes like a snake taking her away Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the red snake she's walking on her own now with a red cape

36.Put on your red boots, put on your red boots, step into the carriage, bringing you to wonderland again, not the yellow trip, not the white one, but a red one instead ... breaking the dice, breaking the chessboards of black and white ... on a red chessboard we stand ... from a red chessboard we rise ... Not the one of angels, but of pirates

37.Put on your red boots, while the red rabbit takes you again like the red snake taking you to it's den Not a rabbithole this time ... these echoes come from deeper

38.Put on your dancing shoes, ballerina This queen of hearts you have to defeat Put on your red shoes, ballerina This queen of roses you have to push against the wall You must destroy her painting, and call it art You must descend into her pits and open her door, and swim to her shore Then she will rise like a dragon on her island she will stand hiding her wells But you must put on your red tattoo to break her shoe Send her automatons of tears away Spend your days with the red rabbits and pray Build an army while you can while no one understands Build a tower, build a spear and shoot your arrow into her last year No one will understand and no one will follow you No one will say your name Only she will do

39.Alice, step into her well The red snow will fall The red ice will stand before you, and rise to heal it all Alice the red key lies before you open the door swim through your wonderland again and reach for the shore No one is there but you will raise your children by the red tree Walk the red path Carry the red cross Flames of fire and ice will guide you to paradise

40.To the piramid of crosses, I see the cross, the rosecross, and the red cross But I see the worse cross is the chrystal ball, a red ball while you were watching over me And I see the white ball was the greatest joke coming over me Oh rosecross, lead me through the red ball, oh rosecross lead me through the white ball, the greatest joke of all Oh rosecross, lead me through the red realm, lead me through the red desire Let the red rabbit coming to take me higher than the skies Oh rosecross, and give me daily bread, give me daily meat Oh rosecross, give me shoes to walk on water Oh, rosecross and save my baby rosecross don't let the red ball take her away I pray

41.Saw a white rabbit standing, standing near a white cross while a white ball was coming over me giving me these dreams while a red ball was rising deep inside a worse cross I needed to hide using all those tears to write books are on fire

42.Saw a white rabbit standing there standing near the white cross surrounded by the pink, these snakes were falling falling away into a white chrystal ball While a red ball rose deep from the inside writing like the egg of snakes while a red rabbit was coming forth leading me to the roses leading me to the roses of another year another tear another year

43.Rabbit, don't kill me again Let me stand here where I am got to bring the message to the postman Rabbit, don't run away from me I need you when these roses are dying sliding into the afternoon to the underworlds of afternoon

44.Rabbit, don't kill me Don't you leave me Bring my message to the postman Got to stay here where I am I cannot move, I'm like the red tree And I came to the Underworld of Trees watching the giants in their rivers Some had boats some had strange trousers bringing me on my knees to watch their golden shoes These trees they know how how to escape with me As I came deeper into their underworlds rabbits and squirts in the trees They were watching the giants in their rivers Watching the suns coming over me And I said : 'Rabbit, don't you kill me, I'm still too young to die but bring my message to the postman and come back to me Rabbit, I cannot move I feel myself like the red tree Will you raise me up bring me to the borderlines of this strange dream And I jumped from the edge while I was floating into the Underworlds of rivers and lakes And I came to the underworlds of rocks where they could just move and live Came to the underworlds of mountains and vulcano's, of clouds and stars, searching for the brake Came to the underworlds of bloodlines, who were like lions and butterflies like strange storybooks flying The bloodlines ... strange insects Set them free They were not made to be imprisoned between you and me

Taan Naat

1.Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger,

while they become hunger themselves. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

2.Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her. Come in.Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlighten your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

3.I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.Who are you ? I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat. Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs. I do. Good. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.The white stone is the stone of enslavement and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ? One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krupto manna, the hidden manna. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him. Issaschar was the saviour and

messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

4. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashapheh, the three holy stones. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites. Samson was a highpriest who once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple. They were never kings. Jacob lied a lot.

5. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah, Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig. Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thorn crown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neckchain. It's not

about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne. They have hardened their hearts and have zombified the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four world churches. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions. In the night they lose their powers and are bisons. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

6. Euridyce was the mother of Orpheus. They were together in a boat on a river while Orpheus was playing his instruments like the panflute and the lyre. They were approaching the portals of death, but the porter, a griffon came into a fight with Orpheus, and wouldn't let them enter, while the rivers were turning into blood. This is the story how the rivers turned into blood. They followed the river back and came into a beautiful paradise, where his mother let Orpheus fall in love with a tree, but his loved one was unreachable. She came alive once in the hundred years as a beautiful woman and they had a wonderful night. The tree brought forth three children : Perseus, Medusa and Lilith. One day they took their father's boat and went to the portals of death where they slayed the griffon. They entered the realm of death while the river began to stink horribly. Their father slowly died, and his spirit could enter the realm of death as well. From this place he started to grow like a tree as well, and grew back to the paradise where he could grow into his loved one. Hercules had a garden with enchanting flowerfields which could paralyze you or bring you to sleep. The ones who got lost in these fields finally died and their souls would flow to Hercules' heaven. But one day a baker's child came into the fields and took the flowers to turn them into meal. Then the child slayed Hercules and threw the meat and blood through the meal to bake bread. Then the child made slaves of the bread. Hercules, who was a child of Lilith, went to his mother for help. She showed him that the baker's child had this power because of a ring. There was only one ring who would be powerful enough to beat the ring of the baker's child. Hercules would have to travel through the realms of

death to find it. It was a golden ivory toe-ring. His mother anointed him, gave him food and a robe with a boat. Hercules travelled through the nights of death and finally found the ring, but it enslaved him and drew him into the depths of suffering. In his suffering Hercules lost all his knowledge and wisdom, as the ring burnt him inside. Whoever heard his voice would die since then. Hercules returned to his mother and she also died when she heard his voice. Then he went up to the baker's child and the same happened. Hercules started to eat from the bread and got his life back. Cronos and Zeus were brothers. They already were in war against each other when they were in the womb of their mother Hera. When they grew up the war between the two went on, and their mother Hera would let others pay to watch it. Finally after years Zeus won the war and threw his brother Cronos into a pit. Those who watched the war wanted to have the entertainment continued so Hera said to them that Cronos was now fighting against snakes in the pit, and she let visitors of the pit pay her, but they never returned.

7. Jupiter and Mars were brothers and built a town together, but got into a fight against each other. Jupiter won and brought the whole world on the shoulders of Mars. Mars begged his brother to lighten his burden a bit, and then Jupiter said he would bring the world into flames, so that it would be a bit lighter. And since then the world was burning. Vesta and Dionysus were sister and brother and had a sheepbreeding, but they never cared for the sheep. One day a speaking sheep came to their house and said : 'You have plenty of food with you all the time, but we have nothing to eat and live in hunger. And you always have a warm home, but in the winter we suffer from the cold. Can you do anything about that ?' Then Dionysus stood up and said : 'Yes, that is true. And we will do something about that.' But when the sheep was gone they didn't do anything. Then a year later the same sheep came to them again, and said : 'Dear master, why haven't you kept your promise ? Why didn't you listen to my words ?' Dionysus stood up and said : 'You are right. We will do something about that.' Then the sheep went away. But still nothing happened and after many years Dionysus said to Vesta : 'Let's go to the sheep and see how they are doing.' But when they came to the fields all sheep had died except the speaking sheep. 'How come you are still alive while the others died ?' Dionysus asked. Then the sheep said : 'All the others started to eat each other but it didn't satisfy their hunger. I ate from myself and it brought life to my flesh.'

8. 'You have done well,' Dionysus said, and then he crowned the sheep and made him king. Hades was a traveller. Once he travelled to an island far away and found there his loved one, Medea. But she lived together with Poseidon, a forestman. 'Why have you given yourself to this man ?' Hades asked. 'Am I not more than this savage one, and weren't your dreams about me not more and worthy to wait for ?'

9. 'I needed someone to help the land grow and I needed someone to take care of my cattle, and I paid him with my love,' Medea said.

10. 'But now I am here,' Hades said. 'Who do you choose, him or me.' But Medea didn't say anything. Then Hades and Poseidon got into a fight against each other which grew into a war, so Medea escaped from the island, and went to another island where weapons grew on the trees. She took a knife and went back to the other island where Hades and Poseidon were still in a fight against each other. She slayed Hades by her knife, and said : 'You weren't there when I was hungry, and you weren't there to help the land grow and breed my cattle.' Then they built a hut by the bones of Hades, and hung his head at a tall stake. One upon a time Mercurius went to the house where Saturn and Pluto lived. They were about to play a game. After awhile when they were all gathered around the table, Cupido came in and said : 'Hello Saturn, my father, and Mercurius, my son.' Then

Pluto stood up and started to laugh. 'It's obvious and clear that I will win the game,' he said. 'As I am a free man, and you are all bound to each other.' And Pluto got joyfull and started to drink. Then Apollo came in, and said : 'Pluto, I followed you to this house. You have spoken a lot of proud words about being so free and independent. You have spoken that you have all might. But your words fell down as seed and I came forth from it. I am your son. And you will face a big day.' Then Pluto started to ask questions about that big day, but Apollo didn't tell him anything, and started to drink also to become joyfull. Then Diana came in, she was the goddess of death, and she smiled. 'You are all bound to each other,' she said. 'Only I am free, as I am death, and you are all bound in my realm to each other, so I will win the game.' Then she also started to drink to become joyfull and said : 'You will all face the day of judgement, and all death will finally sink away into flames.' Then they heard screaming outside, and when they came outside they saw a fire they had never seen before. Out of the fire Neptunus came. He started laughing and said : 'Haven't I created heaven and earth and all what is in there ? Am I not the creator of judgement day ? Yes, by the winds I hold everything in it's place, as I am the god of winds. Do I not have the power to stir the fire and quench the fire ? I am the wind.' Then he said to Pluto : 'I have heard your boasting words, how you are almighty, free and independent. But these words follow you to judgement day and give birth to many children.' And then a fire like little children came out of the hand of Neptune and burnt Pluto down. And Neptune started to laugh, and said : 'I have heard about your lies, how you spoke many myths and told you were the god of death. These were lies as you are the god of lies.' And after these words Neptune took Diana and since then they ruled and lived in the house of play. Juno was a woman living alone on a lonely island with a group of lions. One day a man named Vulcan came to the island, and got love for her, but she said he could only have her if he could defeat her lions. Vulcan had a long fight against the lions and they hurted him horribly and started to eat from his flesh. Because he couldn't defeat the lions Juno started to mock him. This made Vulcan very angry and he came into a fight against her. But because he had become very weak because of the lions she could do with him whatever she wanted, and she drew him to a cave where she tied him against the wall. Everyday the lions came to lick the blood from his body and to eat the flesh from his bones. Because Juno had put a spell on him, the flesh always grew on him again and also his blood filled him up again. One day a man named Faunus came to the island, and to him Juno did the same. Finally he also got tied against the wall of the cave, but the two men got love for each other and Juno started to become very jealouse. When a man named Silvanus came to the island she didn't treat him like she did to the other men. She needed him to make the men jealouse, so she took him to the cave and made love to him before the eyes of the bound men. This went on for years and years until a big ship came to the island with a warrior woman named Venus. When she came to the island she got attacked by the lions, but she slayed them all. When she came to the cave she got in a fight against Juno. She slayed her finally and made a magic drink from her blood to heal the men. She took them to her ship, but Silvanus body she tied at the front of the ship where she had pierced him. From the bodies of the lions she made magic bottles. The sea-god Odin had a ship with two workers named Tantalos and Prometheus. One day another worker, Sisephus, came aboard and the three played a strange game in the central room of the ship. The winner would get the only woman of the ship, named Proserpina. The losers would go with Aphrodite, the god of death, to suffer in the underworld. Tantalos won the game, while Sisephus and Prometheus descended with Aphrodite into the underworld to suffer. After awhile Tantalos wasn't so happy anymore that he had won the strange game. He began to become worried about the other men, so he went to Odin and asked him if he could do anything for them. But Odin said the only thing he could do was to let them swap places every half year. Tantalos agreed, and every year he was with Aphrodite for half a year and

the other half he was with Proserpina. Hades has made many lies. Persephone wasn't the goddess of death but of love. She's a hunter on an island with her dogs, where she prepares food. The Danaids weren't women who killed their men in the wedding night and got punished by the need to carry water to bottomless pits to pour it in. That was a lie of Hades. The Danaids are war-goddesses. Uranos is the god of fire, and Gaia is the goddess of flowers.

The Insectian Book of the Dead

Geb-Pulpus version

The Jericho Stone

The Pulpus Stone

The Brannan Stone

The Jericho Stone

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls.

You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it

will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who

gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminus Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminus Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminus-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminus-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminus Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In

this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacraments to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the

rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightenments, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strangle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strangle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heart souls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heart souls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heart souls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heart soul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani :

Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insection Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-

Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Emini heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaos Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaos of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Piramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and

be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminus Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by

mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook

your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.] 2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it says ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ...

these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to

die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them] 17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the

air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to forty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness ... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the

last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

2.

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your

head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmagelns golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue

she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...] [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars

of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic pyramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me two thousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the

killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these

hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's

never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ...

like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liqors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liqors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...][c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an

oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the

bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are

inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharao ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacocoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this

the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on

eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a two-face .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower,

you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candynedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are

eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soulbottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristol brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own

ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is

the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is getting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's

your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ...

for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ... 3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's

a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants

14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron

was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpions.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate- statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the

heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of

suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaon, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] 8. 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were

taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] 9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ... [g. He is the red dragon ...

showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... 10. 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing

fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the

lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you

saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from Alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he says His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident

Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes

are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black

Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's

spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the dephts of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they

are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylight they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's doctor ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then

burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet mooses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's doctors ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. *And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ...* 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going

from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and

california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liqor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to

those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, dominating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3. Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the rubyred moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's

touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune it makes their hearts like drunk they start to discover a world of energies inside their hearts which projects itself on the path they have to go 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. yes, they are rooted in water, tighter than ground they are rooted in a new sensory experience which speaks to their mind it's like a new drug, a new medicine they are so drunk 4. they have been stung by a strange fly ... stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. and then suddenly, like the strike of thunder they lose all their passions and desires ... all their hungers inside because it became all too heavy now they are indifferent ignorant losing all their memories and senses to go into a sleep deeper than death something is erasing and deleting their minds like hell it's the strange fly 6. a light smile is appearing on the faces of the bloodhounds they recognize this voice but they can't remember who or what a light smile is appearing in their hearts ... like a flame so light and thin they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. They are finding themselves on the back of a white fly again and they feel so many injections in their nerves and brains it's like getting an overdose and they fall in a heavier sleep becoming so heavy that it's like they cannot move their heads anymore 11. rippling images are flowing over them, but they can't enter it's like they are hard like stone they see a doctor's hand it's all an experiment while the images are moving the images change 12. a voice is speaking : these are languages of the fly these are languages of sleep then another voice is speaking : these are dances of the lullaby 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. the river his mother is screaming and tries to take his hand but the strong stream is taking him away very quick his mother is diving in the river too but she fails to find him 19. he all sees this while sliding away further and further he sees his own funeral in a flash until a boat is picking him up finding himself in a room 20. while a friendly lady is smiling at him he smiles back and walks towards her but suddenly the face of the woman changes into a mean cynical face in flames laughing at him very loud 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. Now he saw the woman like she was older than everything, and it was like lightning struck his face ... but he became calmer and calmer ... 24. he realized that the woman was losing her powers she turned into an old wasp and was flying to the butchery suddenly the picture was in flames and he heard screams harder than ever 25. like his ears were exploding and blood was coming out of them but he knew his real body

was inside he felt like his skin was torn off 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ...28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them touching all the silent beauty, touching all the fragile layers it was like he was turning into a white fly like he was in a strange sort of cocoon too mysterious to describe and understand 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. He wanted to bring something on the market as a product of these two interests together ... He was thinking about a new line of technology responding to the fine electricities of trees. 34. He had a lab in the place he lived, where he had invented such a scanner, which could catch the vibrations of trees, producing signals on their special frequency-zone 35. It took him years to find and rate the different wave-index's of different trees, and the patterns of communication together with the interaction between these different layers ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. Years later he had invented already a lot of instruments totally working by stored tree-energy. He had invented a tree-energy-based computer, with internet and virtual reality. 39. It became a revolution on earth, and smashed the pollution down like never before. Many factories started to switch over to this new form of electricity-use. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. Soon enough many scientists started to work in the project. A major change was coming into all layers of society : religion, education, politics, science, and many more. Wave after wave of revolution entered earth ... It was a breakthrough in total evolution. 44. Scientists were developing a system to set the moving mosaics into smell. By this system one could bring the healthy flavors of trees everywhere. Also the higher forms of smell which couldn't be traced by human noses could be translated into the present frame of nose-sensitivity. 45. But scientists wanted to recreate the nose by their genetic experiments. The frequency-borders of human organs and cells needed to be stretched out The effect of this new science was that human beings became taller and more sensitive ... so that everything would be refined deeper digested Humans became thinner 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. It was a strange mosaic, it was wilder than what he got from the trees, and it was like little sharp lines mixed through each other It was a wild dance he saw 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. He wanted to be in peace ... he wanted rest ... staying pure scientific but the screens became wilder and wilder Finally he put it off for it was like the screens were almost exploding ... the instruments were already overheated 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... One day he got a letter from someone from the Young Scientist Association ... They wanted to talk to him, for they said that they had worked out his Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. He was very sceptical

about it and didn't respond. A few years later he got another letter, that they got messages from the translated mosaic-codes about him. They wanted to speak to him about it. But he thought it could be all part of the conspiracy, so he didn't respond. 52. A few months later he got another letter. This time it contained the messages from the codes. He was like in a shock, for it contained some details he never spoke about. The insectian codes also told that they tried to reach him before. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequenties were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. While the new insectian computers and observatoriums were built further The tragedy of truth was now leading them Almost all other governments were falling ... Many famous leaders were totally burnt to the ground ... many famous popsingers and sportheroes They all appeared to be members of the Big Conspiracy 58. New education-systems were rising, insect-based There were screens on which you could see the mosaic appearing on one side, while on the other side the translation appeared in many human languages giving very detailed information it set people on fire 59. The world was getting ready for insectian cybernetica, and a new cyborg-structure Many famous old scientists were shot away A total new scientific government started to form itself on earth with many young leaders 60. It was like the insects were born on earth Humanity became taller and thinner men started to let their hair and beards grow It was like Jesus was returning to earth Native Americans and other minorities got their honour back. 61. But he was very sceptical he knew that this was only one step in identification This was only the first wave ... and he warned the people for it He wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four walked to a white castle in the distance ... It looked like a palace ... When they were in they saw an old woman who was like waiting for them She was clothed in white ... but they didn't see this woman before ... She held a die before their eyes, and said that their whole world was living in this die 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. and soon they got these frequencies on the screen ... It seemed that the wasps communicated by holograms, mostly by cubes, looking like dice in many cases. 7. One could trace the different forms of this unique communication. And it seemed the more they developped this wasp-base in technology, the more hidden secrets were being revealed ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, By the releasement of this new electricity in so many ways, the earth-temperature was becoming hotter and hotter, and science found out that wasps directly tap from the suns in different cosmosses. 9. The earth was about to change into a new sun ... and science was in a race against the clock to prepare humanity for that. It was like the sun was touching the earth, but it was not the same energy ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. Seas of fire were

roaring on earth ... But one didn't realize that anymore for they were stuck in their own balls golden balls like a strong concentrated energy 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strangling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ... 13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. Life would have a fitting cocoon for them and he even didn't know who they were ... He just wanted to be blank for now ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. Hours and hours went on, while images were appearing trying to take him away and he knew all the other people of earth would go through the same soon he was very tired of it and he fell asleep 19. When he woke up, he saw the ball was transparent, and all sorts of insects were creeping over it He saw the images coming from them ... from their mouth, their eyes, claws or other parts 20. In the distance he saw a doctor with some injection-needles Suddenly the doctor walks to the ball, opens it and takes him out It feels so strange for the doctor is like a giant to him 21. The doctor has a very high voice, but explains to him that he's still in his golden ball, that this is just a trick of holograms the doctor asks him to shake himself very quickly 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. He started to feel so weird inside ... Like his mouth was in fire ... hearing this strange song ... His ball was surrounded by golden pharaohs pouring golden tea inside the ball ... it was like he was drowning in it, and he was drinking it ... setting his mouth and teeth on fire ... while his whole body was boiling ... 24. Suddenly he didn't believe in this golden ball anymore ... He wanted out of it ... for it was like he was in hell ... And he knew all what looked like to be out of the ball was also in the ball on the screens ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He thought by himself : "Well did I do something wrong, that I am in this cursed ball now ?" The voice then said : "No, but you were prepared for this, right ?" "You knew you would have to see more tragedies of truth" 27. "The point is you were drinking this tea since birth, but you now start to realize it ..." And then the voice was melting away ... It was like he was getting stung by a thousand of gnats ... he realized it was always there, but now he started to realize it ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. it changed the vibrational structures of the surroundings and the vague shapes ... the emotional responses it brought ... all indexes of experience changed ... and it was like he could only stare at this enormous being of paralyzing light ... It was like it was absorbing him totally 31. She's riding with the golden skin ... She's sitting in the golden fly She's sitting there to let it spin ... She never takes her dreams back ... she plants it all into you ... all these voices too loud all these sights too bright ... paralyzing the rest of you 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharaohs were pouring their tea ... 33. He saw lullabies dance ... He saw lamentations stand around them While Viewmasters were coming forth ... His eyes were like eating the pictures ... And these were as honey so sweet But in his stomach ... It became like rage A rage he couldn't understand ... a rage he couldn't describe ... 34. It was absorbing his mind ... and it was like he was growing into a statue ... For outside they are shapeshifting each other ... changing each other. 35. Always changing the shapes, always changing the indexes, always changing the colours Until there wasn't an identity anymore ... only an eaten soul layer by

layer 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore ... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. And then it was like he was diving through a million of golden rings locking him up into this new world ... they all had their advanced ways of locking it up they span so fast and he watched their figures slowly spinning into a tight statue a tight ornament the tight rings they were ... 44. He now realized that the clocks made him so soft ... molding him changing him while he could never get grip ... while the vultures were eating like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. He's trying to grasp them but they are flying away It's like they are there, but when he grasps it's all staring and smiling at him from another place ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to ... 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. He wants to race on banana-roads to learn the language of the banana ... He wants to jump over borderlines over red-lines and dead-lines ... He wants to 52. "You can never say you weren't warned," a voice speaks ... And then it's like he's melting away Into a sort of fruit ... Into the banana of his dreams ... heading for ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. he's heading for a new aldebaran he wears so many rings on his fingers now ... and he sees the wasps flying from sun to sun ... the wasps are so large he can sit on them they will show him the way to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. He was thinking ... what would be the best way for humans to communicate ? direct or indirect ? by telephone or tape ... wouldn't it be much more safe when people just hear something which was already spoken ? then they could also have time to react to it ... 60. ... He found out that earth's communication went too fast It was almost manipulative ... all the need for autograph's ... fast answers ... no one would wait one minute for the other's words 61. and this was causing all the accidents ... the prejudices ... the impulsiveness ... for no one dared to slow down anymore one didn't want to be rejected ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... he found that people just covered their laziness by their talkative actions ... the social strings were about to strangle the whole earth in his eyes he never went to parties he was always working in his cellar 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys having such dreams It was still unbelievable for him ... he wrote all his son's dreams down in maps, and these were almost his sacred agenda's ...

9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recodings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything

has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a temple of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former Jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all it's layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come

from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 78. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slime sort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the

atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds

above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. 4. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. It's June, the second time ... a daydream watches elves on a stream ... of white gold and white silver ... taking them in ... they're from the white chocolate ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for

you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has its own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and conduct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polar patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeeded in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper blood circulation. 20. The way you breathe can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breathe in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23. Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in alignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breathe in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden circle around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The circle spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easily. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are

really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. You didn't have feeling for direction anymore, and you couldn't enjoy anything. It was always like when you tried to come closer to something, you were blown away by a strange hurricane. 10. The contacts were always short. We couldn't enjoy each other. We always lived in fear. When we looked too long in each others eyes, our heads were turned away by a strange wind. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. A girl called White Wool always fainted when the pain got too much. Then she was always laid in my arms, while I was soothing her. But then I had to go, led away by the strange hurricane in my own mouth. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. The aliens were merciless. Some begged them to remove the implants but they didn't listen. We were surrounded by satellites. If we came too close to each other, things started to explode. 16. Things in our bodies.

This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. The implant was riding us. We felt like horses, turning our faces away because of the pain and the pressure. Why did it have to sting so deep ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. What the aliens didn't know was that the mouth-implant had a secret radiation creating a secret thing. They got dreams in the night, while they slept, dreams of a coming help. 22. They felt fear when space-orca's were swimming along the wide windows, controlling the implants. But somehow the radiation gave birth to something deep in their stomachs. Something they desired to see. 23. They got dreams in the night of little snakes coming forth from an egg in their stomachs. These snakes had two colours switching, and were flexible, so flexible. Like they could be a key to every lock. 24. They were screaming by high shrieks, while something else was coming from the egg. It was a shark with a lion's head, surrounded by sharks with snakeheads. 25. It was taking control in their stomachs, like help was on its way. There were dark lights growing in them, having such secrets. The aliens thought what's going on. 26. Marazanta was the Lord of insects, having a golden pencil, shining at nights. There was a small ball on top of the pencil, the snake's egg. He was interested in these prisoners, and gave them these dreams, coming from the snake's egg in their stomachs. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. Surrounded by some smaller sharkships with snakeheads, all coming from the snake's egg. It was Marazanta's Egg, the egg of a black shark.

14. 1. 'Uh. I need to suffer for my Lord,' the preacherman said softly, while he's shivering in his chair. 'There is only one Lord,' the girl screams. 'And that is Lord Marazanta !' 2. 'Chantal, I think I just got a heart-attack, please call for someone,' the preacherman said. The girl runs on the street, and screams : 'Please help our dear preacherman. He got a heart-attack !' And soon people run into the house to help the poor man. 3. A couple of days later Chantal and her mom visit the preacherman in the hospital. It's better with him now. 'Hello Chantal,' the preacherman smiles a bit. 'Can you tell me any more of your precious stories. I always liked to hear them.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The doctor is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. A monkeyman is staring on the hill, watching the space with so many stars. He feels the snake's egg rolling in his stomach, and is ready to speak. He knows it will rise to his mouth, to bring a story. 7. Then he will vomit, but it will all happen inside. It will not come out of his mouth, for then all this precious ink would be spoilt. He will only belch flames. He has precious rings throughout his body. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. He's just remembering a poem of his childhood, an old poem from an old book, but he always forgets. He has the wings of dementia. 9. It was just an old man, coming out of space, bringing some words of an old poem. He doesn't understand the meaning of the words, but he just wanted to tell what he remembered. And that was all he remembered. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomach. These were his last words, and then the man goes to sleep. It was his last trip to the city of temples, his last words to the priests. He didn't know what was going on. These were only his last words, his last memory's from an old poem of an old book. 11. He only knew some

things of his childhood, but didn't know who he was anymore. These were his last memory's. He had the wings of dementia. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in this snake's egg, while the shark of dementia was flowing through his veins, through rings of fire, he possessed, the things he didn't understand anymore. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomach, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. This is all she knows, all she remembers, but these words are filled by gold. All these feelings she doesn't understand. She cherishes ... She has the wings of dementia. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher sais. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachers in your stories, in such shamefull ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a docter or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man sais. 'I told you in the beginning that this was the story my wife told me. You must listen more carefully when people come to you for help. I thought maybe you could tell me what this story is all about. 8. My wife found a golden book on the streets one day and since then these words were in her head, and she couldn't get it out. 9. Everyday she tells the same story, and then I say : 'Talk, talk, it's very important to talk it out, sweetheart.' She gets headaches when she doesn't tell it. 10. She only told it to me, for she is too scared to tell it others, but she has a lot of headaches since she found the book. Maybe you know some good persons she can talk to ?' 11. The preacher nods and nods : 'I'm sorry I misunderstood you, and forgive me about the harsh judgement. In history there were more examples of people finding golden books which changed their lives dramatically. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. The medical circuits cannot help in dealing with those golden books. We as christian helpers believe it is a materialization of a demonic spirit which can live in the head of such a person for several purposes. I believe your wife must be exorcized. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. 'Oh, thank you, preacher, can you please exorcize her then ? And do you think it had any negative influence on me also ?' the man asks.' 16. But the preacher shakes his head : 'I cannot do these exorcisms for I am not authorized to do that. But I can send you to a good exorcistic priest of our church, and he can also pray for you.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. People must die for this, and this is worthy to die for. He runs back to his satanic temple underground. This man is dangerous. Is life about a story, or is it about a sacrifice, or both ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomach. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. It is a love and hate relationship. But he knows it's also very dangerous, for the question is : Who is stronger, and can they trust each other. 5. There's something in his stomach, alive, with fragile muscles it extracts, it's so fine, but also scary. He vomits when it extracts too deep, but it doesn't come out of his mouth, but it spreads through his body through hot rings, almost burning in his veins. 6. He suffers. Is his body the altar ? Is he part of a strange temple ? Is something eating him from inside out ? It's contracting and spitting inside, secreting so many strange fluids. 7. He shivers with these strange feelings, almost starting to cry. Sometimes white slime is coming from his navel, then he's watching it for hours and hours. What is it doing to him ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the

darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomach, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. It's growing into his lungs, heading for his throat. What is it doing ? Can any Jesus Christ or Osiris save him when it will really turn against him ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. Or does he just need some integration. For now he's safe in his Satanic Temple, with paintings of Apep and Seth, and all the other demons of mythology which seemed to be just the gods of the ancestors, the older people, the older ages. 14. He knew the tricks of church history. He read about Satan comes from the word Sati which was an ancient eastern God. He read about Lucifer who appeared to be an ancient Roman god. He wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. What a preparation for death. Should he be judged by Jesus Christ, or by Osiris, or by Satan ? Or by all of them ? He could read it all in the book. If he would be initiated by this book, it was more impressive than the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Bible. If the Octopus would grant him grace, he would break out of his prison, like Peter in the Book of Acts. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. One day a psychiatrist wanted to see him. He heard his stories and gave him the label of 'Religious Disturbed'. That was a label with which you could come out of deathpenalty, but he had to go to a psychiatric clinic under heavy medicine and guard. 18. It was an octopusian psychiatry in space, with orca-guards. A dentist was the boss ... a dental psychiatrist. He got sick of the implants in his mouth, implanted by the big machines. It was a merciless system. While the snake-egg was growing in his stomach ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. It came out of his navel, and he could even eat it. It was like something was dancing inside to strange music, like a strange altar of a strange religion. It was eating him, but giving also new life.

22. The dental psychiatrist told him that the mouth-implants gave him gravity in the ship. Without it he would be blown away to come in the dark world again. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. There was no way to escape, and where could he go ? He was reading the Octopusian Book of the Dead, telling him about the three steps of true death : The first is the priest, the second is the psychiatrist, and the third is the dentist. These steps were to save your life, and the man could see that it truely happened in his own story. 25. The ship looked like a huge octopus. It had a pale orange colour switched by an other colour. Sometimes this colour was light grey, sometimes it was black, or another colour like blue, light blue or green. The octopus could switch and shift so easily. 26. It was like a flexible pool. And the man needed to learn swimming in here. It was like growing up again now, with the wings of dementia. 27. The man got older and older, but he was returning to his youth. Grasping for his toys from the past again, to really understand what they were meaning.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. When it moved it gave him visions, about gems so bright and clear. He could travel through them, he wasn't a prisoner anymore, while the sun was smiling. 31. But when it stopped moving he always found himself back in the prison again. It was protecting him against a worse prison, so he could learn to love it. It was still a relationship of love and hate, spinning a desire to be free as a bird, as a winged creature, making it's own travels. 32. He loved to read comics, trying to understand the art of it. Traveling without moving. He found out the

Octopusian Book of the Dead talked a lot about comics. And it was like drinking strange juice while reading it's comics ... comic juice ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. The snake egg made him cry sometimes. How many deaths did he die to become like that spider, to move so many arms, like having wings He was longing for the Spiderian Book of the Dead ... 36. It was like his last wish on the ship he was now ... For more often the arms of the sun started to move, and he was free ... He knew he would head for a new place And the Octopusian Book of the Dead was preparing him for that. 37. Streams of joy flew through him more and more. It was often dormant, but it was screaming inside. The feeling deep down in him was enough for him to live on. He could swallow life so deep now, like there were millions of golden throats throughout his body, penetrating the depths of his soul. 38. It was a material world inside, woven by a spider. It was like nothing was leaving his body anymore, but more circulations rose, as a way of deeper transformations. 39. He didn't have the feeling that his life was a waste anymore. The rings of fire kept the energy inside, tied to the rings, when he vomited inside. He was belching the fire through his inner oceans. 40. The snake egg made him vomit more and more, and his muscles could contract and pulse in so many ways, secreting new fluids and inner species. There was life growing in him, he wasn't alone anymore. He only wanted it to contract deeper and deeper, to secrete better and better.

41 And one day he had the golden book in his hands, it was alive, contracting and extracting like a golden cigar. How many of these he needed ? 42. It was the Spiderian Book of the Dead. He needed to die himself into the sun, where his arms would turn into wings. So many cigars were staring at him, while he was belching and vomiting deeper inside. 43. There was nothing to lose anymore. While the snake's egg was rising in him, turning into a dragon's heart. It spoke, it was bleeding. 44. 'You need to lie much,' a voice said. An orange liar stood before him. It was the cabman of a ball called truth ... a golden ball ... light yellow ... 45. By the lie you die, to find the truth, and to find out that the lie was a riddle of the truth. You may drink from the tea of lies, full of flies, touching all things lightly, weakening the grips. All lies are jigsaw-pieces for the puzzle of truth. 46. You need to lie much, to handle it as a riddle, as a jigsaw-piece of truth. Just turn it around and move it a bit, try to connect it to different pieces, and it will find it's way to the truth.

47. He had the Book of Lies in his hands, the Spiderian Book of Lies, in his hands, like a second golden cigar, while so many golden cigars were staring at him. 48. He didn't know what he was doing, losing his mind, screaming in unknown languages, trying to confuse himself. He was now an orange liar, so deep in a trap, but would this trap lead him to eternal life ? Then it was all great. He wanted to live forever, to find out the truth. 49. He was speaking : What is this, is it something I can use. Then he looked over my shoulder, and saw it was me, the monkeyman, I said, now it's time ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. Suddenly he made spasmic movements, and started to roar. He started to shiver, and the muscles in his stomach started to contract tighter and tighter. Suddenly he spat the egg out with slime. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms and soon the disease spread itself through the city. It was an army of zombies, forgetting about everything they knew. An enormous octopus was appearing above the city, while lionsharks and snakesharks came out of it's body, surrounded by millions and millions of small striped snakes, covering the city like dust. 54. They started to eat the zombies from inside out, while other things were coming alive in them, waiting to go to the next city. It was a golden picnic, coming from the Octopusian Book of Lies. 55. It became

a cell, a strange honeyweb in the skies, while a spider came forward. He was sucking the lies empty. The lies had attracted so many flies like a magnet. And now these pipes were full. On his forehead he had printed the Spiderian Book of Lies. The spider roared in many colours and tones, making everything deaf. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while his patient was smiling. He finally had a good story to kill his psychiatrist. He had to live in a cage too long. But he couldn't go anywhere for he had a strange suit attached to his chair. 57. He was roaring and spitting, screaming, while other psychiatrists ran in. They were standing before a riddle. How could the psychiatrist die ? The psychiatrist was young, not too old. 58. 'Shall I tell you the story too ?' the patient asked. 'No,' the psychiatrists said. But the patient started to scream the first words of the story, and another psychiatrist fell down. 'Run for your life !' another psychiatrist screamed. 59. The patient was spitting fire, and suddenly had so much strength that he could break the tight suit. His hair started to grow and he started to look like a half horse, a centaur. 60. Screaming he ran through the hospital. They locked him up since he was a child. 'I will burn you all,' he screamed. But suddenly there were a few shots. A policeman shot him in the heart, and now he was laying on the ground. Was he finally free now ? 61. A book of lies was locking him up. It was a winged creature, taking the souls of the deceased. It was the Griffonian Book of Lies. 62. The griffon shrieked shrill, and the patient got deaf. Now he would be sensitive for even more lies. The griffon started to shriek in his ears and blue slime came into his ear. Then the colours started to change. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. He started to burn in these waters, while the shrieks became shriller and shriller. Something was trying to hit him in his heart, where the wound was, the bullet. 'Stay away from my heart,' the patient shrieked and screamed. 66. But the creature was merciless. It started to eat his heart, while his soul turned blue. He got locked up in himself. he couldn't move anymore, and couldn't digest. He was growing and growing, until he was a big blue balloon, and then he burst into explosion, while a slimy fluid flew out of him. 67. Millions of fishes started to drink from this fluid and ate the last pieces of his soul completely. Now his spirit began to rise in anger and fear. 68. His spirit was flexible, like coming from a snake's egg. From here the stories were flowing, and that was which they desired ... stories flowing from his books of lies There, deep down in his spirit ... he bore a book of lies they desired it was a wanted golden cigar ... 69. They would tear his spirit until they would have reached this book. It was the heart of his spirit, and they desired it like golden water. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. The book was covered by a pyramid so bright. Many fishes died by only watching it. Others started to bleed or vomit. Only a few of these fishes would survive the appearance of this pyramid. 73. It was the guard of the book. Lightning was flashing, deep thick thunder was speaking, while something was ripping the flesh of the victims like raking the sun. 74. These fishes knew what fear was, but they had to go inside. It was there last chance to survive. For the Griffon hunter was after them. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. It was the Flyian Book of Lies, the heart of this patient's spirit. But the Book was attached to another Book : The Flyian Book of Dead. Another golden cigar. 77. And if they would be separated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to separate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. Quickly he stang his sword into the Flyian Book of Lies, while now the spirit of the patient was dying. Dark creatures came to take the

shatters away. It seemed the Griffon hunter had won the war, and took the Flyian Book of Lies into his mouth. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. Everything around him was melting away. Now he had many golden cigars on his shoulders, but this golden cigar was most dear to him. It was sinking into his stomach. He didn't dare to speak for awhile. 'Yes,' the man in the chair said, while turning around, 'the breasts of women are made of this Book of Lies.' 81. The girl was shaking her head. 'Uncle, you're crazy. No one would create a story like this.' Uncle smiled. He was an orange liar. 82. Orange liars were old men deeply initiated in the books of lies. It was a sort of cult, and once in awhile they came together. They knew the secrets of the anatomy, the body, and they had strange buildings called zebra's boats. They were the guards of the golden cigars, and they made all the decisions. 83. Someone was sitting with the Sharkian Book of Lies in his mouth. It was shooting pictures in his head. He just came from the dentist, and now he sat with this implant, a prison. The dentist said it was good for him. But now he wanted revenge. A shark with a lion's head was staring at him, with so many snakesharks surrounding him. They were ready for the Big Strike.

Kjebbih Sapor

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2.

Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be openened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake

will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmful lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa

Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

5.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on

Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successful projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchical commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rhythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existence, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. It would be boring like the driest desert, and it would bite like salt, until all their memories are erased and finding the bottom of that cocoon through which they can become ... waspian butterflies ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5.

No one knows who it really was, but this Almighty God was just using the higher insectian enemies as a tool to rule the kettle of metamorphosis. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. Marazanta, Oh God of the Gods, Marazanta, Oh King of the kings, Thou art mightier than a slave, and mightier than it's boss, Oh Marazanta, Thou art holier than a slave, and holier than it's bosses, Oh Marazanta, King of all purple kings. 8. They were worshipping the thing they feared so much, something which was presented in their sacred art as a tall man totally covered in a purple garment with a cape. 9. No one ever saw his face, and some even said he's faceless ... Some of the wasps had statues of him or paintings like a purple sort of ninja, surrounded by veiled dancing arabian women. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks, and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. They had the power to decrease the size of the waspians, until they were so small that they could be laid into some sort of capsules as small as match-boxes ... 16. They would take the capsules to a sort of oven, in which the wasps would be transformed into new planets, but in these planets their souls would die ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. This would be a slow way of getting older and losing everything. They would be the seeds on the planet-field, were the planets would rise like balloons, while they sacrificed their lives for it. 20. But they knew, on the bottom of this cocoon, there would be a small gate to new life ... But that would take a long long time ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. They were extremely thin, but the ones who watched them could easily think they were very thick, for they could switch the eye-indexes and translations. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. All poles were getting masked by their opposites ... And this was the way how they could erase so many memories and standards, while humanity was thinking they were getting smarter and wiser ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. but humanity was thinking they became healthier They loved to hear how people were speaking in misleading poles, thinking they are too this and too that, and thinking it from each other. 37. So that they could enter them by using the other pole ... They let earth's watchers see something at the left, while they were entering at the right. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness.

39. These deceiving images were good distractions in their eyes. They loved to make people insecure by switching the pole-indexes, and their laughs were like curses, paralyzing the brainfunctions, for the laugh releases stomach-energy to penetrate the mind to digest the pole-switching image, which is nothing more than a victim of dementia. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. While dementia is growing, while everyone is thinking ... it's getting ..better ... Dementia knows the wounds this system hits ... and then he creeps to the victim, having so much compassion, while making the wound worse than it is, to show an even bigger compassion, while the wound is ripping the whole body more and more ... so that dementia can now really grow into a saviour's position ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. The switching of the poles can make you laugh or cry ... the laugh when you look at the other and the cry when you look at yourself the swing of the senses can make us into a criminal or a victim ... it's a dangerous playground after all ... 45. The laugh of Dementia, installing their fiscal circulations ... their cocoons turning you into another planet to spread their tax-hungry jokes they search for control and transformation for another but if it comes to themselves, they just want to cover their fears 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. Dementia is heading for a hunger for one day the meat will be eaten and then they will realize ... they were just eating themselves ... For they were also just in someone else's cocoon Marazanta's ... 48. They worship Marazanta too ... for them it's a story of victory ... their victory but they also know Marazanta has many species There are pseud'epigraphic scriptures in their circulations about the coming of Marazanta, about their destruction ... 49. And only the good ones will rise at the end of that cocoon ... There will be a new species erasing their memories and tax-etiquettes ... They will go to sleep for many ages ... 50. These ones will look like insectian horses or dogs ... they have bony crenated arms and legs at some places, and some places are very hairy some even look like deer 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of

golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

The Pulpus Stone

The Pulpus Stone

Pullamut

1.

1. Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

2. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

3. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

4. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north

and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

5. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ... It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of Amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. All these cities were spoiled by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained Saturdays on a Sunday-morning. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

2. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again.

3. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stung the old thoughts.

4. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

1. Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

2. Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow

us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of its secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

Biomil

1.

1. Tifiaf has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiaf has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refrigerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightful place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightful places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightful places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

2. And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

2.

1. And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiaf, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for

they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball.

2. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

3.

1. and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission.

2. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ...

3. She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

Hanik

1.

1. He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me.

2. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

2.

1. Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground.

2. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tomb, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummifier of Mother Death, and mummifies the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombs of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombs. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountain goddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of volcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple.

3. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombs and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a volcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummifier by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

3.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the Indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means Indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones who come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobras were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountain river-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountain goddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had

your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge theirselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeiija Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I

need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtsch Urom Riptil Kiteks Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

2.the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

3.where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

4.And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move

through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

5.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

6.Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to its backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the pyramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the pyramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

7.He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

8.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

9. Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

10. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of piramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your piramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the piramids of everchange.

11. Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tufef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

12.I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater.

13.Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

14.Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

15.Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

16.Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a

woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

17.He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

18.Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

Boetulip

1.

1.The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness. Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go. Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

2.Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

3.Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

4.Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

5.I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you.

6.It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.

7.I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.

8.I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.

9.I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you.

10.Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

2.

1.The elf parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ...

2.Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozez Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkxes Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologan Ologan Ologang. Kwirantes Ologan Ologang, Kwulantes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang. Kwinulk Ologan, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologan Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang, Zentés Ologan Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologan Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologan Ologang.

The Brannan Stone

Rediga

1.

1.Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits,for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

2.The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys ... they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

3.Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all

written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

1.I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ...

2.Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

1.Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owlspider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ...

2.Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work

to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

1.I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room.

2.Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live.And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someoneThese dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants

3.They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I amThere the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's

time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches
When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come
home nowI'm sorry, the zebra says and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint
again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will
happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from
place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is
this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a
fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is
that ?

4.My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of
my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love
you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections,
bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs
in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a
nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys
with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a
toy of itThere a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the
green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There
he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He
tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared

5.He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is
that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and
switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it
attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power
to move to travel I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy,
and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapesTen firs,
ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's
eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he says that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of
oneWhat did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he says the Lion's Tea
again

6.When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea
..... Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust
anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's
things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No,
get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I
go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take
The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he says Yeah, I
sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of
swimming lions but it's all him

7.They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass
of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I
will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is
it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of
Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks

quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for

8. There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

3.

1. Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ... Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles to the grave There he lost his mother, There he lost his red barret There he dances and swings with his bullets For he lost his dogs And he lost his blue corsets For he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ... There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interesting Like there are things worse than it I mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same time And it's like I feel the red path burning under my feet Far away, but close I can't describe it It still feels strange but Sometimes I think maybe it was all true

2. My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at ease He tells me he has a present for me He had waited for the right moment It was a present from my real father When the storm was after their boat My father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many years Then my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She says when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my room It's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

1. Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while Hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... 2. By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... 3. Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... 4. Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... 5. These are the bones... taking flight in October skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... 6. I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... 7. one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... 8. we're dying in the cold ... but

the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ...
 9. There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ...
 They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... 10. I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of
 history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing
 me down ... 11. These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend
 everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... 12. There are silver statues in my
 mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades
 away ... 13. There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to
 let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... 14. It's
 strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement
 it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to
 other shores ... 15. The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything
 will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... 16. It's like
 worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines
 don't exist ... only stockmachines ... 17. It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the
 iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... 18. I have silver chocolate
 on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall
 down ...

2.

1. Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... 2. Indian books fall down
 ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all
 away ... 3. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of
 silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... 4. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go,
 I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... 5. History made me
 taller, birds have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ...
 6. They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud 7. I'm all in
 darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the
 threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ...
 for more silver bones to come through 8. I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ...
 Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the
 frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the
 morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about
 the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... 9. These coins from history ... for the aldebaran
 automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your
 heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... 10. Why do you
 want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and
 wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them
 understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... 11. Where's
 the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ...
 12. There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to
 school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing
 down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... 13. Silver
 wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it
 there in hitler's mouth ? 14. Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice

I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

3.

1.Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... 2.These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... 3.I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... 4.I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... 5.There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds 6.There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... 7.The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... 8.While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... 9.Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... 10.Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ...someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... 11.These soldiers are all frozen ... 12.When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... 13.To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... 14.What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... 15.There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... 16.mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ...17.it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... 18.these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

4.

1.The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page 2.Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue 3.Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of

Jesus ... making the candy thick ... 4.Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ...5. This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... 6.These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... 7.In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue 8.Red England, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... 9.And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... 10.Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today 11.The hours of friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins 12.The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... 13.The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream 14.Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ... we're never really free 15.These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

5.

1.Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history 2.Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me 3.You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... 4.It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... 5.Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... 6.We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me 7.Hours of friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming near ... 8.Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ...9. I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... 10.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me 11.Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles 12.I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... 13.These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet14.So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the

pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... 15. These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee 16. History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... 17. I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry 18. These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... 19. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves 20. They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... 21. Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month 22. Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye 23. Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday 24. She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit 25. Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the silver lights And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... 26. It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how 27. History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go 28. My wounds are deep but that's how I met the silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... 29. Not knowing what they were hiding ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years 30. to hide them in a sacred book.... And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... 31. just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator 32. when no one seems to listen ...

Samin

1.

1. Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. En de sfinx nam het boek in de hand, en brak het zegel. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too.

2. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These

machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ...

3.Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ...And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ...

4.The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ...

5.Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes.

6.Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ...

7.There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ...

racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ...

8.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet ..

9.And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ...

10.Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already

ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ...

11.I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1.Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done ..Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in septembers brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors.

2. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the doctor ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallower, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ...

3. Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's doctor ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ...

4. While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ...

with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lapped by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylight's dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at home I don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ... I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...

5. The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress's strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breathe good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

3.

1. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend ... Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to

bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds

2.It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lappossessed in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gamblemachines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it says ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...

3.I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

4.

1.It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car

among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun

2. These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle

peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footballfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaos doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ...a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging ... chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ...

they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ...

3.His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ...

rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

5.

1.And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard sais it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons

2.Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman

brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaoh A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Birebacha

1.

1.Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmastrees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ...

2.They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ...Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do

you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of cartoon

3.The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

2.

1.When it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ...

2.Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeeshouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the

coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there
There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the
arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are
there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the
sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at
the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will
jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here
becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children
play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red
eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking
boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they
were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on
bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the
smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet
These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the
watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind
children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red
ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup
is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in
a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted
by a black widow

3. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to
burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their
stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red
breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red
lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ...
they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to
spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all
back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched
before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ...
they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red
becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's
curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ
and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

3.

1. These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in
slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow
their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the
rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors
from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like
rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion
battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with
teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ...
showing them were the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much

fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain

2.Masters of the great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

4.

1.She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on

a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the day ...in the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ...

2.Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norns are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kite Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree

stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret ..

3.I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

5.

1.You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...

2.I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ...

3.These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ...

4.I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours

... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

5.The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ...

6.There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks

7. The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

6.

1.He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face.

2.And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ...

3.Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ...

4.These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ...

5.The movie egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ...

6.Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ...

7.Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattooed by the waterlights ...They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ...

8.In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ...

9. There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ...

10. Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ...

11. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlights.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired.

12. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend.

13. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ...

14. They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

1.and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming

2.These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ...

3.These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ...

4.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

5.Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket

6.Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ...

7.Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

Rakham

1.

1.Egyptian Book of Hell ; Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, wearing the feather of Banchelo, which is the fourth piramid of hell. All travellers have to go through the fourtyfour piramids of Egyptian Hell, for purification and direction. By fire-mummification they have to head to the circle of the fourteen earths, by the higher gods seen as the invisible piramids. They then are the fourteen chiefs of fire-mummification.

2.Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, greets all visitors coming near to Benchelot, the forest and mountain piramid of hell, which is the first piramid of hell, and to Belchelot, the water and cave piramid, also called the vulcano piramid, which is the second piramid. And they have prisoned you for a long time, prisoners, for it wasn't time to reach for the third piramid Jelzaham. And the sight of Jelzaham has terrified you for a long time.

3.Benchelot and Belchelot, so long they were your two legs, while you couldn't work with your hands as you wanted. Here are the spells to open Jelzaham, and to continue your journey. Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves.

4.I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me.

5.I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone.

6.Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey. Spells to open Banchelo : I have been sent by Damash, second chief of hell. Let me in. Let me see the ring of invisible piramids, known as the fourteen earths. Do not let them have the power to prison me, and to let my feet sink into them.

7.I am grounded in Jelzaham, I am grounded by the mighty powers of Damash. Let me wear the feather of Banchelo, piramid of air, to have the powers to move and fly, yes, even to escape where I want, when confronted with the circle of invisible piramids. I swear I will not hurt any of your rabbits, and will save all your rabbits out of the hands of their persecutors. I will bring the heads of the evil lawyers of hell on plates into your temples, and their hearts in canopevases into your tombes. [This sentence has been left out by some translations, probably because of fear of evil spirits or curses.] I will learn about your architectures, to rebuild my homes forever according to your will.

8.Kings of hell, give me the keys, the liquid ones, to bring them up, layer by layer, as the sacred vehicle to enter Banchelo in terror, to set the rabbits free, once again. Kings of hell, bowing to the first chief of hell, having layers of light as ornaments in his shoulders : Do not give me the helmet of Banchelo and hell, for the first chief will do that himself. He's the statue in the fifth piramid, ascending to all the other piramids and dwelling in the center of the circles of hell. He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

2.

1.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. 2.It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. 3.It will be like the thousand lightbeams. 4.Counters of hell, rise up. 5.You will not give me the

helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. 6.Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. 6.You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. 7.You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it. 8.Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. 9.You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. 10.Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. 11.Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. 12.Ra blesses the statue in you. 13.Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. 14.Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. 15.Their shoulders stretch out to each other. 16.Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. 17.The well of purifying the blood. 18.This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] 19.Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. 20.Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo. 21.Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. 22.I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. 23.We belong to your kingdom. 24.You, the one raising in every pyramid. 25. Oh, pyramid of piramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. 26.You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. 27.You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your piramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. 28.Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just sais : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. 29.Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the piramids of everchange.

3.

1.Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the

poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers. 2.Oh, gods of the rabbits show yourself to me, so that I can follow your paths to the wonderlands. 3.Teach me your art, and close the doors behind me, so that those of the canons will not take me again. They have mocked me, they have lied to me, but now I am free. 4.Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. 5.Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. 6.Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. 7.Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. 8.They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. 9.By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. 10.Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. When I blink my eye let the rabbitmagic be spread. 11.Give me wisdom and understanding, oh rabbitgods, and let Bihelsheput be the guard of my nipples. Bihelsheput now rise from my deepest wounds, from my deepest caves through the spine. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. 12.Spell to open the bottles of Rabbitsmoke in the body : Rabbitsmoke, come from the bones, for the bottles will be opened now. 13.Be open, and spread the smoke through the ribs, so that my arms can move. And then sink to the legs. Be my guardsuit so that the gates of canon can not suck me in again. Show me the gravity of Rabbitmagic and their gods, to move on, to open new worlds. Nanak. Rabbitian gods : *Raman*, god of rabbits : I will arm you and give you the rabbitcoverings. You must learn how to breed things of your own to lengths. How do you do that : If you suffer somewhere, don't search for a quick death there, but let it grow in this cocoon to lengths. Raman, light the candles, Raman, open the bottles of smoke, Raman, pour out your spirit upon us. *Dorkok*, rabbitian god of wild fires : I am Zu-warrior, which is the rabbitian magic. 14.I bring Zu to your bones, if you walk the rabbitian paths in honour. Just call my name, and I will lead you to great mountains. Jakhor, rabbitian god of war : I will give you the Zu-rings for powerful rabbitian magic. These rings contain rabbitspirits who will help you. 15.They will communicate with you through your fingers. Inahus, rabbitian god of sprites and lights : I will send you the waterlights, the tall lightnings into your body, so that it can move, and always reach for the things in the distance. 16.You really have the power to possess. Naktahus, rabbitian god of forests, and forestrivers : I will send you the lights of the forests and their spirits to teach you. Totok, rabbitian god of darkness and mud. Yomek, rabbitian god of mountains and vulcanoes. Silent Mahos, rabbitian god of silence and art. Ninok, Rabbitian god of death. The gods want to show that life is like a rabbitcocoon. 17.Spell to let Rabbitian Darkness come over you to make you invisible and to let you escape through dark holes : Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. God of darkness, Totok, come over me, and let me leave through your dark holes, for smoke is all around me. 18.Let the rabbitnipple-smoke move through my body to make me invisible and to let

me fly and soar like the winged rabbit. 19. Let me escape through paintings. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. 20. Give me roses to surround me, let the thornes be my guard. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. I speak now to the lights of canon : be ashes now, and leave through the holes of hell, to dwell forever in the realms of the dead. 21. You will be the sand in the deserts of death, and there's no spirit to bring you alive again. Your throat will be cut and filled by cucumber, so that you cannot speak again. Chant : Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, etc. 22. Then call for the circle of rabbitian gods to surround you : Raman, Dorkok, Jakhor, Inahus, Naktahus, Totok, Yomek, Silent Mahos, Ninok ... 23. They bring all kinds of problems to get you to the darkness, to develop the divine hair. 24. In their books they describe the several paths of darkness. If you want to become a zu-warrior you must walk these paths. You can only truly walk these paths if you have reached the flame of poverty, so you must be really skilled in poverty. The Rabbitlord is my shepherd, I do not have any shortcoming or lack. 25. He covers me in grassfull pastures and he leads me to quiet waters. He enchants my rabbitsoul and leads me in right tracks for his name's sake. Even when I go through the valley of darkness, he's with me, and his stick and scepter comfort me. 26. Blessed are the poor, for them the rabbitheavens are open. Blessed are those who hunger for they will be satisfied. 27. Blessed those who weep for they will laugh. Blessed are you when people laugh at you, hate you and reject you, when they say you're an evil man for the sake of the Rabbitlord. Be glad these days and jump of joy, for the rewards in rabbitheaven are big. 28. Woe them who are rich, for there will be no comfort for them. They have it already. Woe them who live in prosperity, for they will hunger. 29. Woe them who are laughing for they will weep. Woe them when everyone speaks good about you, for that was which their fathers did to false prophets. When someone slaps your cheek, turn also the other to him. 30. Oh children of the light, bring the one who has power because of his head-ornament over the ones of the sun. and come to me quickly, so that I, the rabbitlord, can go here and there. Blessed are those who found the house of silence, for they have been delivered from many slafework. They can build their own houses to be with the Rabbitlord. Blessed those who found the pearl of poverty, for they have power, and will be with her whose name is poverty. 31. Come to the dirt of the Rabbitlord, for it's cleaner than the clarity of the earth. You have a well of dirt in rabbitnature, by which faulness you can clean yourself and your house, as it is divine. Come to the ornaments of poverty, to have coverings when you enter the valley of coldness. You will be able to reach and save many rabbits, and they will save you. 32. And they will see the canons around you, and they will break them, and take the tall teeth of the canon and their needles out of you. And you will live with them forever, not thinking about those who have repressed you so long, for it brought you to the rabbits. They have been enemies, so that you could be friends with the rabbits. 33. They know what you feel and where you go through, for they got the same. 34. The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. 35. You see their houses and their gardens and that which they forbade. Know then the wildernesses of poverty, letting the flame rise to bring you to the rabbitheavens. It goes right through death and hell, but ends in rabbitheaven. 36. The needle has to sting deep, to take you out of canon. They must even go deeper than the needles of the canon itself, otherwise their will not be an eternal bond between you and the rabbits. The needles sting deep to open the rabbitbottles of smoke and storm. 37. Hail him who enters the sacred rabbittombes and blessed are those who find the sacred rabbitmummies. Direct communication is often too dangerous, that's why it's often happening by subtile codes. Be aware of tokens and omens in nature around you, for there are many ways of the divine to speak to you. We all live in our own fantasy, and we decide how the others are drawn on our screens ... There is no modern way of looking towards the other ... it's all based on ancient laws, and it's like a cycle ... It's nothing new, for it's just

tapping from outer space The way colors are perceived has to do with the heart ... As you can see there is nothing like life-motion, but a movement is based on solid characters isolated, while we change our consciousness. Movement has all to do with time and point of view, so actually it is one big illusion. The dreams we have paint the minds of the other ones, and make them how we want to see them ... It is not always our desire, but the value we give to things deep in our hearts ... This makes that it's not always a pleasure what we see with the eye ... All images are connected to feelings, and all feelings are connected to the values we have ... We must not identify, but associate and dissociate. When you are a rabbitpirate, stretching out to the paradoxes of life, to symmetry but also to asymmetry, you are under the law of compensation, which means when you lose something, it is to win more. Climb on the webs surrounding the rabbitpiramid of destiny ... And let yourself be led by the rabbitwildernesses, bringing you clarity ... My webs of light, come layer by layer, to reach a heart as an instrument ... 38. Then the rabbitseas of my light come layer by layer, in which the soul will drown, to bring forth the immortal rabbitspirit of the sea ... My lights are beacons on your trip to the old rabbitrealm, the sacred rabbitheart ... My voice comes forth from the overflowing light ... Come closer to that which you missed all the days of your life ... Even if you will see or feel things behind glass ... It gives you the power to dream ... Don't be disappointed when there are still things you cannot reach ... 39. It teaches you how to do rabbitsoul-travelling ... The deepest powers come forth only by the unreachable and by the deepest hunger ... You must first sink into the deepest pit to have the highest jump ... The power of the rabbitbow and rabbit-arrow ... My voice is overflowing light, while it can fill you layer by layer, coming forth from the deepest silence ... There is no voice without silence ... actually it comes forth from it ... My voice is healing ... and it comes forth from the striped and rippled rabbitspine ... Let me bring you the book of light, as the blessing on the water ... It is light full of ancestral voices, as a ladder back to ancient times ... You actually breathe from the wells of deepest history ... Don't think about how you are being projected, but think about who you really are ... Don't follow the projections ... but follow the facts ... Plug into the rabbitlights I give you throughout the day, to be connected with my heart, from where the messages stream as subtle guidance ... Don't expect voices ... but expect subtle tokens, which erects your powers to reach out and solve ... Expect difficulties and complexes as the egg of development and mental power ... It gives you the strength to practice wisdom and flexibility ... The subtle energies will bring you to greater treasures than the direct voices ... The divine communicates by light, and not by voices ... 40. Voices are often your interpretations ... as harvest, but sometimes as stirred up by your own impatience ... 41. Not that I'm saying that a voice isn't divine at all, for voice flows forth from the overwhelming light ... Be quiet, and listen to your heart ... to find different ways of silent communication ... like trees and flowers do ... Voice often eats the flavours and fragile connections away to end in rudeness ... 42. Your society is a prey of overcommunication ... It eats away your breath ... and your eye for true beauty ... My rabbitlights are so intense that it's bubbling ... and each and every bubble contains the hormones for good breathing in rabbitdivinity ... There are treasures hidden in the ground of Egypt which are not found yet ... but now you can already connect yourself to these treasures as the sacred seed of a new body and society ... The secret treasures are messengers of divinity, as a representation and storage of divine power ... I am speaking as a clear rabbitchannel of stars ... I am speaking as a tube of the divine light ... 43. I will feed you, if you allow me to feed you ... Just stretch out to me ... I will reconnect to your heart, as you have my heart ...

4.

1. Rabbitian goddesses ; There's a rabbitgalaxy where there are many rabbitconstellations with rabbitstars. These constellations are the rabbitgoddesses. Their names are : Woman with the soft

feet, Woman with the soft lips, Woman with the soft mouth, Woman with the soft breasts, Woman with the soft ball (between her legs), Woman with the tongue bridge, Woman with the ice tongue, Woman with the soft star, Woman with the soft light (as a waterfall), Woman with the ice toe, Woman with the fire toe, Woman with the fire breasts. 2.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, where you can run in slowmotion, where the camera isn't a threat, where the lights are purple and blue, so many colours, not eating you. 3.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, eating licorice and staring at the chocolate, what a surprise. 4.It's melting coming to you, to cover your body, softer than a velvet custard suit. It's bringing the stars deep into you, these rabbitstars they glow and rise like balloons. It's coming over you, when you're locked up in the rabbitstone again, so safe, no one's hurting you, everything is slow, enjoy every second, watch the rabbitpictures, one by one, the evening is like a book. 5.No one pushes you, no one pulls you, no one stops you, you're in the rabbitstone again. While your spirit escapes through the window, and your shadows try to follow. You thought epilepsy was a curse, but it was the rabbit taking you ... 6.You thought spasm made your life difficult, but it lets you escape the city-chains ... You thought paranoia wasn't good for you, but it is the rabbit's eau de cologne ... the flame rose from poverty, to walk towards a deeper darkness, to finally disappear ... 7.She has the wings of fire, her feather smells like silver winds, like white ornaments. Totok, god of darkness and mud, guider to the cubes of hair, and the worlds built of the cubes of hair. They are light and wet. They provide the rabbit-breath. I give Zu to the brain, to raise up rabbitian architecture. By Zu-power you can build by thought. 8.The cubes of hair are softer than velvet, bringing enlightenment to the rabbitbrain, filling the hands with Zu. I speak to you in many layers of liquid voice, very energized, to penetrate your brains until it reaches the rabbitsoul. These layers form the stairways, so that you can reach your inner rabbitspirit, and rabbitheart. 9.Here the rabbitcandles stand. When you light these, you can follow the smoke to your rabbitstorage in the rabbitliver, where you can find the rabbitbottles. When you open these your memory can bring you to the ancient rabbits again and to the rabbitgalaxy where your liquid selves can dwell and soar. Here pure slowmotion can purify you again in all your layers. 10.Pure slowmotion is there a fruit. There is no haste, for everything has already happened, and to that you can return. There is no future. The key is in history, when you will translate this message. History is just a message, and you must translate it to come home. There is pure ice in the deepest darkness, holding the greatest distances as keys to come closest to something. 11.These are the lungbottles of rabbit. It's the sacred breath, and the only breath who will allow you to survive life for eternity. It is the eternal breath. This is where the journey has to go to. 12.The winged rabbits use the history as wings, and while they use it to fly, they transform it ... They are everchanging. 13.When there's plenty of Zu, it can stir up the firebreath, by which you can clean your thoughts and visions, and to give the rabbithelm as a zu-guard of the brains. 14.By this helmet while using the firebreath, the rabbit-aura will be formed and cleansed to make it pure. 15.If you have too much firebreath it can be dangerous, so you must also use icebreath. You must learn to balance these and to switch. 16.You can do that by using the dark breath, which is the bridge between these two. The dark breath slows you down, to have survey and control. You must have times in which you monopolize the ice completely, or the fire will start to burn things away. 17.The best thing to do is to swear off the fire, and to make the journey of ice in order to find the iceflame, which is the blue fire or burning ice. 18.And then start searching for the cubes of burning ice hair, to build your worlds further.

5.

1.Rabbitian ice-vulcanoes ; They are actually the rabbit-nipples who are the thermostates of the body. They can only be reached when you monopolize the darkness completely, to search for the

dark flame and the dark ice, producing the dark coloured lights. By the thermostates thought is written, and even the muscles move by them, when they build a target layer by layer. The rabbitnipples are the guards of the heart, raising their voices as moving shields. The eruptions of the ice-vulcanoes bring forth the hormones to regulate the rabbitian body-functions. 2.The rabbitian body works a lot with the raising of smells, for these are the channels of Zu. 3.The rabbitian smells coming forth from Zu, are the regulators of the sexuality of the rabbitian. It is mostly a unit coming from the soles, named LBOK. 4.It triggers a creative substance, becoming rabbitian seed through the channels of sexuality. The programs are very complex. 5.Only by the rabbitian nipples the seed can be sown in high forms of temperature controlled by the ice-vulcanoes, writing new forms of dark coloured glowing lights, but these are only forming eggs holding heavy silences. The project is to bring forth deaf rabbits. 6.They can serve in the temples of loneliness, to reach for the treasures of their inner selves and their deepest selves, which they can guard. They are the candles and bottles of slow-motion, so that everything can be stored in templebooks again. LBOK is one of the most powerfull zones of Zu, and can only be generated by the deepest needles. It comes forth from deep pain and deep rejection, and it's deeply paranoid stuff, so it doesn't show up very easily. 7.She is one of the most creative and powerfull goddesses of the rabbitian, and it needs a complex of temples and tight rituals to generate her forces and intensity. This is one of the biggest goals of the rabbitian, to build and spread such temple-structures. 8.Building the temple of LBOK : First of all, there are some things which will block in stirring her up : loudness, social life, over-communication, mock, painlessness, prejudice, laughing, plentiness, lights, speed. She's paranoid, has spasms, epilepsy, and more ways to guard herself and to regulate her energies. She's a sort of treespirit and she can come through smoke and wind. 9.She's very softhearted and carefull. She can only be called by her highest priests, the rabbitian. They are the mediators. The names of these mediators are : Rabbitwand, Mirhan, Totohan, Rabbitwheel, Rabbithat and Rabbitpiramid. Only by them you can communicate with her. The tree she lives in is called Rabbitfood. In her temple there are many flames, and also a tombe. There are many urns in this tombe. In some scriptures she's described as a spirit of rabbitian death and hell. 10.She experienced her powers by wearing the eternal poverty. By paranoia her winds of magic start to rise, and by her epilepsy they strike. By spasms she practices a sort of sacred vampirism. Her priests must hunt after her enemies, the ones who harmed her, and she's only satisfied when she can drink their blood and eat their flesh. She makes ornaments and other things throughout her temples of their bones. Therefore she's also seen as a very cruel rabbitian, asking for ritual sacrifices, but never an innocent one, but only enemies. 11.A lot of rabbitians do not have much sympathy for her because of that, although she's only acting because of justice, not because of greed. In her world it's an eye for an eye, a leg for a leg, a head for a head, and a heart for a heart. Her temples are cruel anyway. [in many translations the part about vampirism and sacrifice isn't there, but we felt the need to keep it in the book, for it gives a better picture of who LBOK is] When she finds someone who has tortured her, then she will torture him for the full extends, and she has many wolves for that. [of course this sentence cannot be found in many translations, neither the following] 12.She's therefore very feared for this. Her deep wounds cause her to do this, for she cannot live when she wouldn't do, because of her hunger for revenge. But this is also the reason why rabbits feel a sort of comfort, for they see her as a guard and saviour. By this attitude she can save rabbits out of their prisons, so for her the choice is easily made. She needs to be this warrior otherwise her loved ones become prey. But there are still many rabbitians who see her and her practices as one of the biggest wells of Zu. 13.She practices a mixture of white and black rabbitian magic, for these two forces can simply not live without each other. They both become corrupted when separate.

6.

1. Mousian Magicbook ; This is the chapter of the sacred flying mouse. Hail to the batgods : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum and Delri. May their blessings be upon you. Spell to enter the batvehicle, to escape from the canons of hell : Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. This is the day, this is the hour, that the batvoice rises up, to make a way of glory, a path out of hell. All our powders and fluids fit, all what we do is magic.

2. Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. We now take place in the batvehicle of escape, surrounded by the batgods, and it will bring the sacred flame, when we speak out their names : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri. The batmagic spreads, and in explosions we will find safely our ways. The mice of hell will close the doors behind us, as we continue on our ways. As we say goodbye to the rabbitpriests and welcome the mouse-priests for our temple, far away from the canons. Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and show us your mouths from where the lightvoices flow. It will penetrate our brains to install new visions, to build the mouse-shrines in us.

3. We chant : Miktal, Miktal, Miktal, until we feel quiet. Oh, bringers of new lights, let the darkness now be bound, so that it will not speak to mislead us. Oh, bringers of new fire, let the ice be bound, so that it won't throw us away. We stand on new ground, to fly with new wings. In new voices our heads will dwell, and these voices are high, spoken by the bat. They came out of his mouth like liquid fires, to install the throne forever.

4. And it melts me away, when my spirit ascends to mouse-heaven. The brothers know how far they can go. There's green fire coming from their mouths and hands, to bring the mousian magic to the temple. Let all bats rise up to it, so that they will understand what to do. It guides them through the land, and like powder in the wind, it spreads ... The black fire circles in the sky, coiling for another day, raising the bats of our time. In history they find their keys to ride. Let them come by mighty rivers, let them come through holes of space and air. The batgods surround my vision, tall in the air, and in distance they stand, but the fires in their eyes become close like the waterfalls searching for their ways.

5. It's overwhelming, when the distance strikes, coming so close all of a sudden, and then totally disappears ... It's always moving in a circle, coiling towards the hills ... The ornaments hold their voices, spread like powders by the wind ... Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and let us fly and soar with you, higher and higher. In the forest is a place, where we can be free. You have possessed many churches, to bend it like the green mystery. When the puppets will bend, we're finally free. Tek'l Tat'l Tulaheim T'klon, T'lalk Irkjun, hold me tight, for the four winds of hell are attacking me. Root me here in your ground, and let your rocks cover me.

6. You brought the new life, of mouse of mouse-heaven. Give it also to me. Pour it out in my baskets, I will find my way to absorb it. Rain on me. And open a new darkness for us, in which we can hide. The poverty is still king, and it's tailor is loneliness, but give us a new nakedness, and let us dwell in open sun, the dark sun bringing us new madness. The old has gone forever, now give us a new old. Bring us away from history lies, and let it bend in our hands, to build a new house. In the forest we will be, where the sun reaches for the open place.

7. The mouse comes over me, and takes me away, while the winds of oz are staring. There is a new fable day, when the mouse starts to speak. Brought by seven bats, the mouse takes me now ... I'm getting deaf to hear new sounds ... the things I had never heard of. I see their signs, I see their birds,

I see their kingdoms, sliding away, so that I can follow ... It's a liquid machine, heading for a new day ... It's heading for a thousand oceans in which we are finally free ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She holds the liquid key ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She still holds the liquid key ...

8. Her statue's there for years ... but now I have to leave ... I'm losing the picture ... Tomorrow it's in a magazine. They have built the houses here, they have made the spiders ... but tomorrow it's in a magazine. Don't push the button again ... It's too late for this machine ... Tomorrow it will be old, only as a picture in a magazine. Don't give me back those years ... you can keep them for yourself ... I will get new ones from the mice ... It starts to come over me, like visions from the red surprise ... I am free. I don't want to imitate ... Let me have my own ... I don't want to be a puppet in someone's show ... I have already pain enough ... Where is the peace, where is the love, where is the thunder growing down on the cross, where is our Jesus, where is our murderer on the cross, where is our teacher, where is our Baphomet and Behemoth, where is our Peter Pan, where is our Sandman, where is our Superman, where is our friendly lady of the tram, it's killing us all in Amsterdam.

9. Try to escape as fast as you can, and then return, to save the rest of them ... My voice is like fires becoming water, like flames bending in the wind, getting taller to catch a glimpse of your signs, I know you, like a million years ago, I'm going to save you, like you saved me before, eternally united I am with you, nothing's gonna break it. I'm dreaming of it, I'm sleeping to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the nightmare ... I'm sliding to it ... I'm breathing to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the lie ... I'm misunderstanding, until I hear the voices of yesterday ... Gods of Mice : Dandael, Rumhurd, Ruuks, Ruuch'g, Iram. I'm wrestling in my sleep, to get this done. The king of mice, his shadows are after me ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, and the candle is on, I'm having a firebreath ... I'm drowning in my own words ... no one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ...

10. I'm wrestling in my sleep, the dream cannot take me ... I'm too heavy ... drowning in my words ... No one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm exploding, I'm too full of my own words ... while no one stops me ... I'm cycling underwater ... sinking to the depths of nevermind ... A new day already has begun and I'm exploding inside ... From dust to dust I glide, until it explodes, I am too full of it ... It's yelling in my head ... I'm laying my head on the table ... to cry my tears ... trying to forget ... In the distance someone plays the piano ... so slow ... almost tragical ... suicidal ... until I lay my hand on her ... she's trying to forget it also ... until she explodes ... From dust to dust we glide ... From dust to dust we hide ... in the distance pianoes play ... like the soft rippling waters ...

11. We don't know where to go ... afraid of returning ... but everything will be different forever anyway ... I cannot breathe I explode again, these powders run free now ... I don't know where I am ... but I am not the same ... It's something I do not understand ... The pain is breaking me ... but you are taking me ... to make the journey of delirium ... the only way out ... This pain it brought me delirium, the bridge between you and me ... the greatest distance is closest to me ... Princes becoming big and small ... This sting it brought me delirium, the deepest sting brought me the softest places ... in delirium we dwell ... It's like drinking from magic bottles ... from cold magic making us warm ... in delirium we sink ... on the other side ... roses thin and thick ... Cannot read your letters anymore ... your hand is coming through ...

Silano

1.

1.All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ...

2.Orange Balloon ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ... Your miniature stings through the silence.

3.Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle.

4.Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat. And this smoke it comes from battle.

2.

1. The priest comes forward and sais : Thou art filled with that which hath been pressed out and hath come forth from thee. He will say this four times, while he is offering the Hebment wine. And the priest will offer cake while saying four times : the Eye of Horus hath been presented unto thee, and placed for thee in thy mouth. Then the priest will offer a scale full of onions, while saying four times : the white teeth of Horus have been presented unto thee, which are strength-giving. Then the priest sais four time with stretched arms : nothing is what it seems.

2.Then the priest offers a vessel of Tchesert drink, and blesses the dead one with the blessings of the Eye of Anubis and the Eye of Ptah. They will watch over him like the moon. The toes of the dead one represent the ten trees of paradise, and he will drink from these. It streams through his body to his throat ... Then the priest offers two vessels of white wine ... which will guide the dead one on his journey ... When he speaks ... white wine will flow from him, and will open his wells inside ... the inner cellars ... These are the cellars of the body ... These cellars are in the foot ... Whenever you

think about the swallow and whenever you think about the throat ... fluids will stream from the cellars ... The priest says four times ... The dead one will make a living in his own throat ...

Mirg

1.

1. And the racia tombes are there, five million racia's waiting for their brannan cars to drive in ... on banana railroads and on blue red racecourts ... They're alive and well ... standing on high coasts but from high tops they fall ... into the hands of the docteria's ... now they learn the tricks of slow motion ... becoming wasp-statues in the night ... They can say goodbye to brannan ... someone else now opens the hidden doors ... where hidden bottles stand hidden fluids stream ... These are the seeds of a new race ... always hidden ... behind old trees ... These ... are the dentistia's Impressive, but autistic ... you can never reach them ... They are the drops of vanilla ... Like perfumebottles they are Say goodbye to Brannan ... say goodbye to the bottlers spears all they sell are bottles behind vanilla walls they are ... funeral undertakers the hospital in great delay some lawyers kidnapped, which makes the story ... so sad ...

2. I am the bottler, I am the funny cake, so autistic am I, and so fake I am the bottler ... I am the nowhere fake ... I am the nowhere butcher ... sowing the seeds for the big break ... I am the bottler. I am the ornament's crown, I'm so paranoid ... not losing my grip on the hidden ... I am the bottler ... Watch these bottlers watch their grip ... You can't follow them, for they are too deep ... They're floating there like trains of thought They're floating there, like lost pilots ... They're heading for the moon of broken dreams ... where bottles raise the puzzles high all combined like silver paper golden tiles ... on the ground ...

3. Paradise city is the best all bottlers come here to find some rest ... The wedding was a soldier's weapon, a killingfield ... a legalized prison There were no lusts ... only strategies of war ... laying the magnet so deep while someone else took the bottle away It was a soldier's weapon ... A clownface was his mask ... Brannan warrior ... possessed by an Lbok spirit ... wanting the wasp-bottles to go home Soon he will be a bottler ... Soon he will find the baker's crown ... I have the bottler's crown I have pushed Brannan down ... One day it will rise up again ... Like Lucifer's candle Like Lucifer's brains Can you hear me in neon-style ... all these Jesus Christs will die, when the bottlers rise to push Brannan down It's a war underwater, but I have to find the deepest cellars, where the deepest trousers are ... These bottles from the green ...

2.

1. Brannan Warrior, pilot in the sky, with all your sharp layers while you keep it soft inside In helicopter skies you crash down The ship lost his monkeys and it's doomed to sink ... within three days ... Brannan Warrior, lost Jesus Christ ... lost earth in a monkey's mouth ... Earth is only growing, since you're gone ... Earth is only sinking ... in a deeper spawn Goodnight, soldier, the bottler has taken your head away ... Tomorrow you will be old and wise ... in a hospital's delay while someone is treading the grapes of vine ... I'm a bottler in the skies ... fluids are flowing from my eyes ... From the cellars of shoe it rises bringing kids to their schools ... bringing moms to their fools It's christmas when I'm dying It's Easter when I'm rising up At schoolbreaks I lose my trousers diving deeper into the lost graves ... These are the bottles of death ... I'm digging my way to the deepest bottles, the bottles of the big shoe, in their cellars ... where the bottlers live They let the juices come from the eye ... and then there's tv ... And all these bottles are locked up in history ...

2.Oceans dive in neighbours junes ... These Roman Warbottles strike the blue ... when orange strikes the blue ... When we're diving in the nameless ... we're diving in these names too of these history bottles ... dying too soon ... Send me a helping hand, and help me understand ... all these messages from a roman soldier drowning in his bottle's wine ... There's no day to save him ... he's undercover now under a warm balloon ... When I saw these people dying and crying, when I saw their flags were burning ... I wanted to know ... these Roman bottles they're ready to sow their lives on the borderlines making the edges come alive

3.When orange strikes the blue These towers coming, growing from June and I bet these daylights fall ... and then Russia eats them all I'm tied to this flower to sing this song for you until orange strikes the blue

4.When orange strikes the blue A daylight wonder guiding us under a warm balloon When history guides us to our cellars where we have to die to become bottles again of roman wars when orange strikes the blue these towers rising from June under his hat they all fail but they come alive on his hat ... all these grapes are bleeding noises are coming from the bed the battlefield where the bottles sing their song these black songs in the night after the big big fight to prepare all these lazy ones for slaughter for slaughter like orange wine mixed with blue ... escaping the terror for a new day after June ...

5.Roman soulbottles and roman warbottles ... marching to that day after June like summersnow they know that the orange struck the blue it's between me and you ... a green green flower was born and all these pale pale roses with trousers too short ... an indian princess hunting his dreams ... silent nights after all these years ...when orange strikes the blue Some roman through the french ...

6.And all these indian history-books, like warbooks in my head still frozen bottles ... gotto open them when orange strikes the blue ... history is alive

Vilapsa

1.

1. Jerica was a strange insect spitting ink in the heads of people, causing psychosis and visions. The group was attacking him, for he had sinned ... He had fallen away many times from the waspian and now he was this insect ... but still an unobedient one, with an own mind. These insects were octopusian ... like fire-spitting aliens ... bombing the minds of man with thoughts in all colours ... 2. They were guarding a prison ... They were guarding a net an egg ... They had to ... for if man would escape ... Jerica himself got strange visions too ... for he was connected to a big reservoir of ink ... It seemed the ink was living on itself ... It was like talking water ... 3. Jerica didn't have a family ... that was forbidden on the ship ... All his family-members were killed ... That was the price he had to pay when entering the ship ... but now he was falling away ... looking for strangers looking for the ones who decided to bomb his mind for awhile ... Those were higher creatures ... Those were higher agents ... Jerica found out that the ship he was on, was also a prison ... just like the ships of the waspian he lived on for so many amounts of time ... 4. He forgot a lot about their actions ... it was like they were out of sight ... One day he got a dream ... He walked in a field with a waspian who was his wife ... but they shot her, and they took him away ... to a strange ship ... There were no fire-spitting aliens here no ink Everything was so transparant ... Very tall insectian bodies were appearing in the distance, very huge and big they were lying on benches tall like big snakes And they were also soft They had many tall nipples like cows on certain

places while their bodies were pale and transparent ... They were feeding their babies ... 5. They were giving them dreams but not by ink ... but milk and honey Some were sliding into a sort of sea or lake in the ship ... Jerica had strange feelings inside ... Jerica hoped that these creatures weren't gnats ... for once he was abducted to a gnat-ship, and they did horrible things to him It was still a big trauma in his head but this atmosphere was soothing him like warm milk It was like he was coming to life It was like he was forgetting about everything, even the octopusian insects he belonged too ... 6. It was like he found something better 7. But then the War started, and it was horrible ... 8. The octopusian insects were attacking the ship and they started to kill the babies of the feeders with the udders 9. But suddenly ... the udders started to grow and grow and spitting more and more milk It was like the octopusian insects were drowning in it ... But then another group of insects started to attack ... they were a strange species of wasps ... very flyian, but also like butterflies they were like real pieces of art and they started to kill the cowlike insects 10. It was a horrible sight And at the end they kidnapped Jerica Jerica couldn't do anything they were too strong, and it was like they had possessed him Panic came over him, but at the same time the panic made him very strong It was like they could easily flow into his spirit, tearing his soul apart ... and giving him strength ... but for what ? He hoped he wouldn't become a slave of them ... This was a higher race of wasps ... These were wasps who went through the big cocoon ... These were wasps like hornets ... They were much taller and more dignified than the usual wasps But again there were shots another race was entering ... Jerica shocked himself awake ... it was a strange dream ... A hornet was standing before him ... asking him if he wanted something to drink The hornet was very friendly So didn't he dream this all ? Was it real ? It seemed so, for he was on a strange ship ... 'You were saved by dreams ...' the hornet said 'just dreams' ... Jerica smiled ... but inside he thought he was about to cry ... He felt himself like being very emotional ... The hornet was very soft to him ... Again Jerica got attacks of panic inside ... but after that he became stronger and stronger Xambal was a colony of hornets a strange city where they lived They brought the dreams not by ink not by milk or honey but by stings ... 11. It was a strange cross Jerica was hanging at ... but it was better to be on the cross of gnats The panic was feeding Jerica and he became stronger and stronger Then his soul could rise up, out of the cross and he could be free in the wilderness and the city ... One day a girl came to Jerica She said that her body was also on that cross, but her soul could be with him ... She wanted to offer him money but Jerica refused ... He didn't want to be attached to someone ... The girl started to weep, and panic came over Jerica ... He wasn't strong enough to handle it ... so the panic got worse but at the same time he got strength to run away He gave her some last words ... and then he was gone ... But more girls tried to do the same... to be with him, by giving money or other things like books ... but he didn't want to sell himself again He knew that he had to pay a high price then also ... He knew what family or friends could do ... He wanted to be free The hornets were proud of him ... He had made the right decisions On one evening he felt himself going to his body again, there, at the cross ... His soul became one with his body ... and the heat was streaming all over Something in him was rising up ... 'Oh come then ... battle against me,' it said It was almost teasing him, but he felt it was also protecting him ... His spirit rose up like a hornet ... but this thing was stronger ... It wanted to take him off the cross Jerica started to scream The being in him started to laugh, but was still protecting him, and giving him strength ... Jerica got another attack of panic for what would happen if he would be free from this cross ? Maybe he couldn't live without it ... The thing was stronger than the hornets ... stronger than the spiders ... It was another sort of wasp a species Jerica didn't know of ... And yes, they also went through the Big Cocoon, but also through other cocoons The panic was taking the body of

Jerica off of the cross and took the body to a sort of sea ... Jerica got other sorts of stings It was like a million of wasps were in his body ... stinging him ... It gave him so much strength for the stings weren't really hurting him ... They gave him new visions ... a new world to live in ... They could scream so high and loud, and were always the winners of that These guys were on the top But in the sea were many fights between many different waspian races These were called the Waspian Wars Again he was kidnapped but the being that took him off of the cross was stronger and killed the kidnapper in a flash and pierced it with thousands of horrible stings Then the wasp started to eat the meat ... It was a horrible picnic ... But Jerica knew that the wasp was only protecting him ... After the wasp ate the body, he started to eat the soul of the killed kidnapper ... It was a strange picnic ... not of a vampire but of a guard ... After that the Guardian Wasp flew into the body of Jerica again ... Jerica felt very strong ... This being wasn't a vampire, but a guard ... And sometimes this guard challenged him to fight with him but this being was too strong It had possessed Jerica and for a reason ... 'Bring him to me !' a dark voice said ... But the wasp-guard stang the one of the voice to death and left the blood and the bones ... The wasp-guard had to tear many and many red curtains in the Waspian Realms and finally they came into a new area There were strange theologies here so strange that Jerica began to cry The theologies of this new realm showed Jerica that when many of these waspian souls were bound together such dark worlds could come into existance ... Sometimes the Wasp-guard went out to deliver such souls It only happened once in a long time and this time only Jerica was saved He started to see that also his own soul was attached to another waspian soul, and that was the reason why he felt so handicapped The Wasp-guard was his healer ... and his saviour One day the Wasp-guard died, and Jerica was very sad and scared for maybe the red curtains would suck him back to the cross and the slaveships The Wasp-guard didn't speak anymore 12. Jerica digged a grave for him and buried the wasp ... but the other day a flower was growing there, and the wasp was creeping out of the flower like reborn The Wasp explained that sometimes he had to go through another cocoon but it was for a reason ... The wasp told to Jerica what he needed to do in such a situation ... The Wasp was a very good teacher ... and it was like they came into silent nights there were no wars here No one dared to attack the Wasp ... 'I am king,' the Wasp roared and Jerica felt such a strength ... 'We are one,' the Wasp said ... 'I am your guard ... don't be afraid I am not a vampire just a guard But sometimes the Wasp challenged Jerica to fight with him ... the Wasp was much too strong for Jerica and Jerica started to love the wasp more and more ... The Wasp liked to prove to Jerica that he was stronger 'I am king,' he always said 'I must protect you ... even against yourself ...' And then Jerica understood more and more what was going on ... that there were still other souls in him which needed to be cut away ... Jerica wanted to be free ... was he really attached to other waspian souls ? The Wasp wanted to lead Jerica to places where they could be torn away The Wasp had strange moving teeth ... going up and under ... He had a brilliant smile 13. He wasn't a pirate He was a guard ... And together they were torn away from the ship ... The Wasp loved Jerica very deep Jerica felt more and more comfortable with him They were as one ... but still sometimes the Wasp jumped out of him ... challenging him to fight ... and sometimes it was like the Wasp was teasing him a bit but it was to protect him Jerica felt so much love, but in a strange way ... The love was very peaceful ... The Wasp showed him the way he stang It was a wonderful armor ... Suddenly the Wasp started to sting the nipples of Jerica ... Jerica started to scream ... The Wasp said that so-called canons were planted in his nipples, giving text to his head ... These were prison-implants ... Then Jerica got another implant in his nipples ... In the night Jerica got a dream about a cowian insect ... with a lot of udders on her body He started to drink Suddenly the cowian insect started to change into a

skeleton ... and Jerica started to run away and there was the Wasp ... protecting him ... Many times Jerica got strange dreams ... but the Wasp protected him ... Jerica felt the need to cry a lot. The Wasp was there for him, to sooth him ... but also to fight against him ... for he needed to be protected against himself ... He wanted to run away from all the lower species who lived in such denial ... The Wasp helped him in that trip He brought him over many walls 14. When Jerica was over many walls other sorts of enemies were attacking them ... These were the sharkian wasps and the orcan wasps They were horrible ... They had many cruel ships and they tried to take soulparts out of Jerica and out of the Wasp Guard There was also a race called dentistian insects They were very sharkian and orcan They had also many gnattian abilities They were like the brood of many insects a mix of them ... Jerica was shivering Would the Wasp Guard be stronger than them ? Jerica lost a lot of soulparts, and felt empty sometimes it was like panic and fear was taking him over Jerica hated the dentistian insects ... They were very arrogant ... 'Oh you arrogant one ...' the Wasp Guard roared to the leader of these dentistian insectships It was an assistent-insect ... very female ... but it ruled them all ... Jerica was still shivering ... He saw how the Wasp Guard went towards the ships He started to destroy them ... But still enormous panic was over Jerica, until the Wasp Guard pickted him out to fight ... They fought together, and Jerica got many special weapons from the Wasp Guard ... The Wasp Guard brought him to a Warship ... In this ship the wasp-statues were ... These were like cannons of waspian heat ... The Wasp-statues were like programmed soldiers like cyborgs ... They all had their own tasks ... The Wasp-Guard said that he was the captain of this ship of wasp-statues ... They communicated by holograms ... A strong metallic solar energy. The Ship of Wasp Statues had a lot of waspian ships under their command ... and there were all sorts of communications between these ships ... It was like solar storms between the ships ... 15. Jerica loved to see the sight It was calming him ... giving him peace ... but also a strength and a lust to fight ... Something was paralyzing him and that was the warning that when these wasps would sting too often, they would die ... for the heat could destroy their brains ... That's why they needed a lot of silence also ... Sometimes there were heavy alarms when they were communicating too much ... These alarms protected them against death ... Fortunately there were many systems who could turn the communication or cannons off ... This was to protect their lives ... but sometimes these systems failed ... especially when a wasp would get at rage ... Every wasp-stature had many ships under command ... This was how they were making wars ... They had their tasks and used the ships to fullfill these. They were programmed by tight clocks ... and even in their armours there were a lot of alarm-systems ... They were guarding and leading the programs ... They had visors in which thin lines were creating the sights ... and even making everything very transparent ... By this they could see the different souls of an enemy and even tracing the history-lines ... This visor could also use strong solar energy to beam at the enemy They could control this by their eyes ... By small movements they could use the visor-cannons ... Mostly small movements of the eyes. But one day a species called the Autistia's attacked the Wasp-statues and kidnapped Jerica ... The Wasp-guard was very sad ... He had lost so many lines between him and Jerica He hoped that the Autistia's would be good to Jerica ... Jerica was now on their ships, and in a sense they were very waspian, and the wasp-statues and the wasp-guard always had some sort of respect to them, even as being an enemy ... They liked the autistia's in a sense ... Some said the autistia's were just transformed wasps ... but others said they were more than that ... The autistia's were against almost everything ... They were called the sifters ... They wanted to change everything ... They weren't aggressive, but they could explode at times ... Their motivations were good though ... They took Jerica with them to their land ... where he started a new life ... He liked it there very much ... They said them that they had kidnapped him to protect him

against something ... They said that the wasps had helped him a lot, but they had to draw him further over the lines ... 16. Jerica smiled They were really as friends to him ... They built a dashboard, a sort of visor-helmet into his head by which he good be a good warrior ...

2.

1. Afternoon Wine ; tall lights from the red. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ... where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ... 2. After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ... In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ... The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spread ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ... The woman talks, the woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her 3. She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me 4. I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come 5. Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore 6. I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rosetrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... 7. There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... 8. These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspian species ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ...

Then there are getsemaneh-waspian, calvary-waspian, thorn-crown-waspian and so on ... also red robe-waspian ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspian Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed him instead of Jesus ... 9. Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimathea, buying the body of Christ to lay him in a grave ... The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurt Jesus most of all were the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The cross-guard waspian are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret Christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

Hormom

1.

1. Ascet Warrior ; Plan of the Gods ; They had blue faces, them of the Guerra. They were often huge, and without mercy. They went to the surfaces of the earth, to colonize the lands. They were in need for slaves to build their temples. They wanted earth, they wanted this part of hell. They lived underground, and had built their metros, these underground trains. They used strange sorts of drugs, from flowers living underground. These flowers were really mean, for they were meat-eating flowers. They had killed a lot of blue ones. Unfortunately their queen died, and now they didn't have a leader, but one older man was slowly taking over the royal house of his beloved queen. He had much experience in warfare. Yes, the earth had to come into their hands. It was of the Guerra, for their temples and their rituals. Humans were only bred by them to become their slaves. Savios was the name of the man, and he told everyone of the blue race that he would be their general very soon. Everyone who was against Savios had to be killed. One day another warrior came to Savios with some news : 'Sir, we have colonized the arabs, the Egyptians and the Jewish ones, and soon we will head for Africa. 2. What must we do with their existing temples.' And then Savios raised his hand and said : 'You must destroy all temples, except the Egyptian ones. Make sure you destroy their houses. Only temples have the right to exist as long as they are Egyptian.' And the warrior left with these words in his mind, and started to do the job with his men. He used the earthlings as slaves to build new Egyptian temples in all parts of Arabia and the Jewish sector. And the ones who refused to work had to be killed. The blue race was merciless. There was no any hope for humanity if the other parts of the world would be taken over so easily. The blue race had to be worshipped. And soon some humans painted their face blue to join them. Savios also told that those who would join the blue ones had to be handled with care. Savios was one of them. He had been a general in army, but he became interested in the views of the blue race. It was not that he acted because of fear, for he wasn't afraid of dying, but he became obsessed with their strategic skills, and their views on life. Savios gave much power to Savios to have monopoly in many colonies. One of these colonies was called Untiaga. Untiaga became one of the biggest slave-colony on earth, and the slaves had to build a lot of temples. Many slaves died because of the hard work, and soon enough earth's population number started to decrease. 3. It was forbidden for humans to have sexual intercourse, for the blue

ones were afraid of new babies. When a blue one had sex with a human, it was okay. And when a baby was born from them, it had to be sent to the headquarters of Savios, far underground. Savios believed in sacrifices, but he wouldn't easily touch a blue one's baby. They were important to be alive, in his eyes. But if it was a human baby, then it had to go through several tests. If the baby failed it had to be bred for sacrifice. The rituals were very bloody, and had to be practiced in deep underground temples. Savios was a very cruel man, and sometimes someone of his own race started to stop him, but would be killed immediately. Savios was obsessed by the aztecs and incas who brought human sacrifices. He always told his race that he was their new leader now, and he would follow the footsteps of the queen, who was also very cruel. He told his race over and over again, that he was a god, as a mediator between them and the gods, and they needed to sacrifice. If they wouldn't, then the wrath of the gods would fall over them. But there were strict rules in sacrifice. The priests of Savios had to be highly educated. They weren't allowed to make mistakes. If a priest irritated Savios too much, then Savios would challenge the priest in a fight on life and death, in a special circle in one of the deep temples. 4. If the priest would win, then he had to be the new general. But many priests would rather kill themselves than fighting against Savios. Savios used to be a gladiator. He never lost a battle. He was a slave of another empire, but the queen's court had set him free. That was why he was so devoted to his queen. He even worshipped her as a goddess. As time went by he more and more demanded his race to worship him. They made statues of him, and even built temples for him, where he was the supreme god. And more and more he got the intention to root everyone out who wouldn't worship him. And also on the surface of the earth they had to honour him, or they would lose their lives. Many earthlings who didn't want to give up their own religions had to be sacrificed or just killed. But some of them for some reason he kept alive. They had to worship him, or one of the egyptian gods. But it seemed that he also agreed in compromises, as long as it didn't irritate him. He saw irritation as the plan of the gods. Savios would never lose his goal. He was like a robot, highly programmed. But he had an enemy, Rudos, the emperor who once kidnapped him, to become a gladiator in their underground tombes. Rudos was the emperor of the green faces, and they also lived deep underground. They wanted to have Savios back, and colonize the whole blue race for their goals. The green faces were even more cruel than the race of Savios. They worked together with the skeletons. 5. Now Savios had something against skeletons. He was abused by them in his youth, and since then he couldn't stand them. Actually they were the ones who kidnapped him, and they worshipped strange purple bones. Savios often let the dead be mummified, or when they were burnt they had to be in urns, but Rudos loved the skeletons. One day when Savios went to earth's surface he met some skeletons of Rudos'army. A fight began, and the knee of Savios started to bleed. They had hit him by the purple bones, which they used as their swords. But somehow they started to become very afraid of Savios and ran away. Savios didn't know what had happened, but he started to ran after them, to follow them. He couldn't control his rage anymore. He followed them all along to the underground castles of the green faces. And there he saw Rudos standing, but he was shaking like a sick man. He knew there was something wrong. He didn't know what. Suddenly Rudos jumped towards him and started to fight against him. The skeletons were all gone. Savios knew this was a very dangerous place for him, but he couldn't hold his anger in anymore. Savios started to run around the castles, and yelled : 'all you green faces, you dumbheads, I hate you for what you did to me when I was young.' He didn't see Rudos anymore, and he knew it was very dangerous what he was doing, but he felt he didn't have another choice. He wondered why no one attacked him but Rudos. 6. Suddenly he jumped into one of the castles through an open window, and came into a long hall. There were a lot of skeletons and green faces walking there, but no one attacked him. At the end of the hall, he kicked into a door, and walked

into a room. There a couple of green faces were making love. He took his sword and killed them. 'I will destroy this green world,' he shouted. Then he ran outside the room while all green faces and skeletons in the hall were staring at him. Why didn't they attack him ? But it was like he felt a snake or reptile lied around his neck, sucking the blood out of his chest, like a vampire was around him. Was that the reason why everyone was so quiet ? Maybe he should fight the vampire surrounding him. He had hard time breathing, and he started to cut the vampire with his sword. Thick blue airblood was streaming out of the creature. But then all of a sudden the green faces and the skeletons started attacking him. Was it because they were also afraid of this vampire, until they saw the vampire was bleeding to death ? But then another vampire started attacking him, and the green faces and the skeletons were running away. This was a bigger one, and now Savios knew that it was actually the vampires scaring them of, and not himself. Again the vampire started to hang around his neck and started to suck blood out of his chest. 7. What was he supposed to do now ? He knew that if he would kill this thing again, then the green faces and skeletons would attack him again. Maybe the vampire was the reason why he felt so powerfull, so maybe it was a good armor after all, although he had to pay a price with his blood. This bigger vampire made him even more angry and a lust to kill came into him. It was like the green faces and skeletons were very easy to beat now. So he killed thousands and thousands of them in short time after his own, but unfortunately he couldn't find Rudos anywhere. He knew that if he would kill the big reptile surrounding his neck, then the skeletons and green faces would probably kill him, but he also knew that when this vampire would be around him for too long, he could also die of bloodloss. He started to run away from the empire, and went home. When he came into his own castlechamber he started to take away the reptile from his chest. He didn't want to kill it, for he might have needed it again. Suddenly the reptile started to speak, and said : 'Drink blood. I will not go away from you, unless you kill me.' Savios knew that if he wouldn't drink blood, then he would die of bloodloss. He could go back to the green empire, but he could also go to the surface of earth to take human blood. Now Savios also started to understand why the gods needed so much blood. 8. They probably also lived with these sorts of vampires around their necks. Savios chose to go to the surface of the earth. He took one of the metros and used it to crash into an underground church. Here was enough blood for him. Savios hated humans with their stupid religions. There were screams, and soon the whole church was full of dead bodies, while Savios started to suck. He took a lot of bottles with him, so that he could store blood for the coming weeks. But the reptile around his neck started to grow and grow, and was finally like a snake coiling around his whole body and often tightening it a lot. It started to ache very badly, and Savios started to feel a huge anger to the creature, but he also knew the consequences of killing it. It was his pleasure and his pain at the same time. Savios started to become very insecure of not knowing what to do. He felt like becoming more and more divine, but at the same time it made him very tired, and soon enough he couldn't do his job anymore. He more and more felt the need to move deeper underground where the unknown races lived. Without this special armor it would be too dangerous to make the trip. Savios knew it would be a long and lonely path waiting for him. Many of the blue race were glad he would go. Although they weren't mercifull, no one of them was as cruel as Savios was, and he used severe discipline to his servants. Savios had made a suit full of bloodtubes, so that he could still store a lot of blood. And then he started his journey. 9. Someone else, one of his faithfull priests, would take over the leadership. Like a robot he was taking his path to deeper divinity. The reptile would lead him in that. It was like a total new behaviour was growing in him, under the pressure of this snake-like vampire. He knew that deeper underground the beings he would meet would be often separated. They didn't live in groups too much, but rather isolated. This was the law of the areas deeper underground. It was like he remembered these places from

childhood, like he had been here before. Maybe the green ones and the skeletons had brought him here sometimes when he was a gladiator, but he couldn't remember much of those years. He still couldn't get used to the taste of blood, but he knew it was necessary to survive. After awhile he found an empty castle where he could stay at least for awhile.

2.

1.Kiss of Death ; He was walking the road to the piramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the piramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... 2.His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the piramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... 3.One he never experienced before ...It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the piramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the piramid ... 4.They said there would be an elevator to heaven .. It was a piramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white piramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... 5.He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white piramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophesies ... He was very sure that these prophesies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. 6.They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ... It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophesies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... 7.They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the piramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ... It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... 8.No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the piramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he

would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what sort of powers this snake had ... The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the piramid ... and he started to climb ... 9. There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a piramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ... His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the piramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the piramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ... He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when a went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ... The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery 10. He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the piramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ? Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this piramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ... The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ... Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was another, higher blacony he was stonding on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake 11. He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this

skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ... It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurted very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ... The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ? No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... 12. She ran away ... Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... 'Throw him before the snakes !' she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomitting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could

choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ... I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophesies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... 'They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ... The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophesies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophesies ... These prophesies were more extended than the prophesies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ... Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...NASSA RA DAM MAK DUROK TIFOLI. These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... 13. He took the snake and tied it's head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ... Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophesies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to ran to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods terror ... Then everything would burn and melt until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent here ... The piramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizrads aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the piramid would be

like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ... The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophesies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new piramid ... One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery They were on their way to Venus, where they would reach the Piramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ... He could see the piramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they taught him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the piramid of sweetness ... 14. He knew that on top of this piramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floatingThe air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ... No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of egyptian and indian gods ... They sent the spider to him It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ... Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ? A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

Pulpus Popol Vuh

Pullamut

Biomil

Hanik

Beruboe

Boetulip

Pullamut

1.

Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barters ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ...It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to its lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots,

without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stung the old thoughts. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of it's secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

Biomil

1.

Tifiat has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiat has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refrigerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightfull place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightfull places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightfull places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

2.

And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiat, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

3.

and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ... She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well. In het district Sepanda van de witte chocolade sterrenhemel te Brannan, daar waar de ster Mehn is, daar bruist het zilver, de zilveren stem, en daar is de zilveren kamergenoot. Rijst op allen die bevrijd zijn geworden door Brannans eerste leugen-omnibus, oh gij oranje leugenaars in zebra-boten, en komt tot de tweede leugen-omnibus, als een dag van verademing. Ja, het vuur achtervolgt u, en de angst, en zeker ook het depressieve, maar gij zijt tot de vruchten daarvan gekomen. Eet hen dan wel, en dringt tot hen door, tot Mehn. Daar waar de zwarte panter op u wacht. Wachtende om door glas heen te breken, om de kat te bevrijden. Ja, Nut zal door de glazen breken. Zo is dan Mehn als het witte zilver, met de chocolade-weg, leidende tot het diepere Brannan, daar waar de tijger is. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen, oh bezoeker der raadselen. Gij hebt de stem der leugen gehoord. Zo is hier dan het witte zilver veelvoudig gezuiverd, en schuimen de vlokken met genezing. Oh gij van de eerste leugen-omnibus, blijft dan niet staan in het eerste, maar komt tot het tweede, oh oranje leugenaar, oh zoon van Horus de geweldige. Zo hebt gij dan gehoord dat chocola de vrucht des doods is. Hier dan is de witte chocolade, en de chocolade van het witte zilver, veelvoudig gezuiverd. Gij dan hebt de angst gekend als een leugenaar, en nu zijt gij zelf een leugenaar geworden. En stap dan in de zebra-boot van Mehn, en reist langs de oranje leugenbollen, dieper de leugen in. Want in de leugen is bevrijding. Gij bent op weg naar de tekenfilm-omroepster, de muis. Ga tot de muis, en wordt een leugenaar, opdat gij leve. Tot Mehn zijt gij gekomen. Hier woont die tekenfilm-omroepster. Klopt aan haar deuren, opdat zij bij u binnenkome om maaltijd met u te hebben. Klopt aan haar deur als een jehovah getuige, aanhoudend en de voet tussen de deur, wanneer zij eenmaal heeft geopend. Breek dan in als een inspecteur van waren, en vertel haar dat je een oranje leugenaar bent. Dan zal zij alle geheimen met je delen. Tot Mehn bent gij gekomen, tot het diepere Brannan, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven. Ja, vreemde woestijnen zijn hier, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Autistische helden komen hier. Als een walvis van Brannan voel ik me, zo teder, en zo uitgestrekt, zacht pulserende stralen bij elke beweging, om Brannan langzaam te verwarmen. Walvissen van Brannan, zo wijs en zo zacht, nemen ze je mee naar het land van buitengewone pracht. Als de zee in de woestijn voel ik mij, de Brannan zee. Zoveel zeeën zijn hier, glinsterende in de woestijnen, in Brannans woestijnen waren wij. Ik voel mij rustig en kan weer ademen, alsof ik honderd jaren heb geslapen. Mijn tranen komen langzaam naar boven. Ik kan weer praten. De walvissen van Mehn zijn hier, zij zwemmen met mij, en zingen met mij, zoals ze dat eens deden met mijn opa. Tot Mehn ben ik gekomen, als het zachte van Brannan. Hier maak ik mijn woning, en zal ik verder reizen. De warmte spreekt tot mij, een ziedende warmte, geheel troostende mij. Tot de leugenaars van Mehn zijt gij gekomen, zij zijn van het zachte. Zij staan op de loer als de paarse gordijnen, om je door de woestijnen van Mehn te brengen. Woestijnen van Mehn, waar vreemde poeders rondstuiven, van vreemd stekende planten, maar wanneer zij steken voel je het zachte. Allen zijn zij bakkerbomen, en zij komen tot de niemand om te steken, om hem het zachte te laten voelen. Ik dan kom uit een diepe gevangenis, opgesloten door een draak. Maar nu wordt ik gestoken door de zachtheid. Door bakkerbomen wordt ik gestoken, door bakkerbomen krijg ik mijn dromen, om dieper tot Mehn te gaan. Wijs geworden ben ik. De leugenaars nemen mij mee naar hun kamer. Ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij liepen allen weg van mij, en zeiden : 'Kom

mee tot Mehn.' En zo kwam ik tot de dieptes van Brannan, in Mehn, waar de vreemde poeders rondstuiven, waar de bakkerbomen staan. Zoveel leugenaars in de bomen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam. Wijs geworden ben ik, een nieuwe rust, tot de bakkerbomen ben ik gekomen, zoveel deuren in de woestijn. De woestijnen zijn bloeiende, hier in Mehn, diep in Mehn. En er zijn zeeën in woestijnen, de zeeën van Mehn. Wijs geworden ben ik, met de walvissen van Mehn zwem ik. Ook met de haaien van Mehn kan ik gewoon zwemmen. Ze hebben zulke mooie ogen, en ze hebben groot plezier, alleen kunnen ze niet praten. Ik kijk hen dieper aan, in hun keel zit een banaan. Wel kunnen ze zingen, wel kunnen ze spelletjes doen, die haaien van Mehn, die haaien van de grote tekenfilm. En daar vind ik de omroepster van de tekenfilms van Mehn, aan de woestijnzee zit zij, in het zand, met al die bakkerbomen, die stekende planten, zij steken oh zo zacht, dat je er dronken van wordt. Aan de woestijnzee zit zij, met opgeheven hand, waar zijn de waterlichten, ik heb ze hier net geplant. Tot een koning maakte ik hen, tot een koning vouwde ik hen, al die koningen van Mehn, al die koningen der tekenfilmen, zoveel leugenaars maken naam, zoveel leugenaars zijn hier te vinden. En ik zeg : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam.' Maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen, en nam mij mee, tot Mehn. Wil je dieper tot Mehn komen, wil je dieper tot Mehn gaan, volg dan de tekenfilm-omroepster. Zij maakt koningen van waterlichten. Tot de ijslichten bracht zij mij, en tot de haaien van Mehn. Teken een haai van Mehn, teken een walvis van Mehn, en al die andere dieren, de dieren van Mehn.

4.

In een optocht naar de Virgo-toren van Mehn, waarop de omroepster staat, wanneer zij beweegt, vallen alle soldaten neer. En dan vloeit de chocolade weer over het land, en de ijslichten komen aan het strand. En ik zei : 'Brannan heeft mij geholpen, Brannan bracht mij deze faam,' maar zij is toen van mij weggelopen. En ik sprak : 'Loop niet weg,' en zij sprak : 'Volg mij, ik laat een lijntje voor jou achter.' En zij bracht mij tot deze woestijn, tot de slangen van Mehn, zo zacht als fluweel, met al die mooie kleuren, weten zij mij op te beuren. Dit is het einde niet. En zij bracht mij tot de tijgers van Mehn, in grote woestijnen stonden zij, kijkende om zich heen. En zij waren als de bakkerbomen, de leugenaars van Mehn. En zij kon tekenen, die omroepster van Mehn, zij had de octopus-kroon, en een slangen-ei diep van binnen. En Mezedium was haar naam, als een bleke oranje octopus, als een bakkerboom, maakte zij faam. En zij stond daar en maakte elke ochtend een frisse duik in de woestijnzeeën van Mehn, om haar vriend, Matas, de waterplant op te zoeken. En weet je wie in die toren woonden ? De leeuwen van Mehn. Zij schrijven daar de nachtverhalen, over de nachtzeën van Mehn, en hun nachtpaleizen. Zij zijn de leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen. Met hun pennen creëren zij de zeeën, ja, zelfs de toren waarin zij leven. Zij dan hebben Mezedium op de toren getekend, duikende in al hun verhalen, als een omroepster is zij. Al die leugenaars van Mehn, met al hun verhalen, en al hun vreemde talen. Na de winter wordt het donker, het donkere seizoen, het nachtseizoen, met al hun nachtzeën en nachtpaleizen. De lichten van Mehn zijn aan, de ijslichten en de steenlichten, en ook de lichten van het oer. De leugenaars van Mehn staan op de daken, om hun verhalen in de nachten te verkondigen. Als het nachtseizoen is aangebroken, dan zijn er verhalen de hele dag door. Dan hoeven de kinderen niet naar school, maar hebben ze koor. De leugenaars van Mehn, zij lachen in de nacht, zij laten de steden steeds smelten, om nieuwe inkt te hebben. Zij dragen de octopus-kroon, en hebben een slangen-ei diep van binnen, opstijgende tot de troon. Alles past in hun verhalen, als over een brug in de lucht, een waterbrug, rennen zij naar betere dagen. Er is dan zoveel over de bakkerbomen geschreven, de leeuwen van de Virgo-toren hebben hen gemaakt. Langs zeeën groeien zij, diep in de woestijnen, en de lichten van Mehn maken hen vrij. De torenleeuwen van Mehn, als een weduwe en een merel, ja, als een mus, is zij naar hen op zoek. Zij glijdt dan langs de daken, en als een oude bezem gaat zij over straat. Dan komt zij langs de winkel van de eekhoorn, die verbergt zijn chocola. Ik ben daar in dat huis boven die winkel geweest. Ik heb hun kastjes en spelletjes gezien. Hier komen de leugenaars tezamen, die lichten van Mehn. Ik ben bij de koning van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Hij was een oranje leugenaar, zeer zacht waren zijn steken. Hij heeft de bakkerbomen gemaakt. Ja, een torenleeuw is hij, een moeder van vele namen. En toen ik terug kwam wilde hij me zien, maar toen was ik al verdwenen. Hij kwam te laat, pas in de hel kwam ik hem tegen. En hier dan is het altijd te laat, waar slangen wonen, waar zij hun spelletjes spelen, en waar hun treintjes staan. Ja, hoog op de zolder, daar is het aldebaran van Mehn, starende naar de sterren van lynx. Hier vallen de lichten altijd. Hier komen de torenleeuwen om chocolade voor hun vaders te vragen, maar de eekhoorn zegt telkens nee. 'Laat hen zelf die chocolade maar spinnen, ze hebben de Mezedium, laat die het maar doen.' En dan moet Mezedium rennen, van de zee naar het land en terug, als een sleutel van een vissenstaart, spint zij de dromen van de leeuwenkoningen. Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars. Zij is het spinnenwiel der leugenaars, als een vogel wordt zij, om chocolade te brengen, want de eekhoorns geven het niet. Zij hebben hun winkels wijd verspreid, en verkopen vele dingen, maar chocola verkopen ze niet. Ik ben bij de keizer van Mehn geweest, maar hij wilde mij niet spreken. Een leugenaar was het, en pas in de leugen kwam ik hem tegen. Het was een eekhoorn, die al die leeuwen en hun torens had gemaakt. In den beginne schiep hij het, en hij wilde zijn chocola niet geven. Dat moest Mezedium zelf maar spinnen. Vele koningen heeft hij, die keizer. Zij moesten het chocola zelf maar zoeken, de lente werden ze niet. Na

hun winter kwam de nacht, waarin zij hun verhalen schreven, over de nachtzeen en hun paleizen. Nu willen ze dan een eekhoorn worden, een eekhoorn van Mehn. Volg die eekhoorn op z'n pad, maar volgen kun je hem niet. Het chocola zal hij je niet geven, je moet het zelf maar spinnen. Hier is het altijd te laat. Slangen worden hier geboren, en de treintjes van aldebaran in Mehn. Op hoge zolders en hoge tafels staan zij, achter glas, met lange rails. Mezedium de muis is zij, zij draagt en is een raar kruis, een spinnenwiel is zij, om de steden te laten smelten. Nu kan zij borduren met de treintjes aan haar zij. Een raar kruis is zij, een spinnenwiel, waar slangen worden geboren, daar rijdt zij. Zij wordt van vis tot vogel, en van vogel tot vis, om in haar ketel chocola te bereiden, voor de octopus-kroon. De eekhoorns van Mehn, de trots van een verleden zo wijd. Hebbende chocola, alleen om naar te kijken. De eekhoorns van Mehn, de scheppers der leeuwen zijn zij, met al hun leugens, hebben zij hun tijd overwonnen. Nu zijn zij dan keizers, de keizers van Mehn. De eekhoorns van Mehn, met z'n allen staan ze sterk, om het chocola te bewaken. De winkels hebben zij, om zaken af te leiden, tot de miezerigheden van het bestaan. Lapsalvania dan heeft Brannan gezuiverd, door de Grote Witte Oorlog en de Grote Marazanta, werd Brannan het domein van de Witte Gouden Hand. Een groot keizer is hij, zo almachtig. Hij heeft de eekhoorns van Mehn overwonnen, die leugenaars, die treiteraars, in het spel. De Witte Gouden Hand, ja, hij is koning, schenkende de witte chocola overvloedig. Zo worden de bananen dan overvloedig geschonken door hem, en zij komen uit hun vele schillen, opdat zij die volgehouden hebben hun zegels zien. En deze zegels zijn nieuwe postzegels om met de diepere bewoners van Mehn te communiceren. Nu dan is het tijd dat de heerschappij valle in de hand van de wolvenmuggen. Leeuwen, kom tot de eekhoorntoren. Hier zal de Witte Gouden Hand regeren, en zijn leeuwen zullen koning zijn. En dan zullen de wolvenmuggen alle macht overnemen, stap voor stap. De generaals der oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Ja, Brannan en Mehn zijn in hun handen, en zij zullen daar hun toren en poort opzetten. Op hoge koetsen zitten zij, als de spot zijn zij. De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij kunnen door de kleine gaten heen. De wolfmuggen van Mehn, zij hebben de Gouden Hand om zich heen. Zij verkopen de postzegels op het stadhuis, op hoge koetsen zitten zij. Zij dragen de zegels van bananen en van chocola. Tot de kleuren van drop komen zij. In de bakkerbomen zullen zij brouwen, de nieuwe melk en sappen. Alle karsuiken zitten op de daken, en breken vrij. Ja, wolfsmuggen zijn zij, nu vrijgekomen, en ook de putsen komen vrij, en de karazuur. Op de strozalk vallen zij, om ook hen te bevrijden. Oranje leugenaars zijn zij. Het fruit ligt in hoge handen, de zegels vangen zij op, om gordijnen te openen, te laten dalen, en op te hijsen. Zij kennen alle namen. Een nieuwe orde stichten zij. Verhalen schrijven zij, die leugenaars van Mehn. Heb je hun sterrenkaarten gezien ? En de landenkaarten van Mehn ? Grijp dan niet naar wat brandt, maar doe het met de gouden hand. De gouden hand zal 't overnemen, de heerschappij over Mehn, om de laatste bruggen te openen, als Abraham Lincoln zal hij zijn. Al die presidenten van Amerika, waren maar wat leugenaars van Mehn, machines van Las Vegas. Zij sliepen allemaal met Amy. Een nieuwe orde stichten zij, als het nieuwe amerika van Mehn. Zij zuiveren de indianen van Mehn, veelvuldig. Van een oude indiaanse secte zijn zij. Een vreemde cultus is het, die oranje leugenaars, met hun opperhoofden, de wolvenmuggen. Aan hoge snelwegen staan zij, om het verkeer te misleiden. Vreemde zegelen drukken zij op hen, opdat zij met de ouden kunnen spreken. Een vreemde cultus is het, die wolfsmuggen. Zij laten de gordijnen dalen, en trekken hen weer op, om zielen door de woestijnen van Mehn te leiden. Waar gaat dat heen ? Tot het Californie van Mehn. Een vreemde octopus staat daar, terwijl de Mezedium staat in Washington, en het slangen-ei stijgt vanuit Arabie, alles in Mehn. In een Mehn-Arabische woestijn, daar groeien de vruchten. Tot California stijgen zij, waar de ketel wordt geroerd. In Boston vallen zij allen in slaap, het zilver leidt hen tot California, langs paarse gordijnen, daar zullen zij verdwijnen. In de ketel gaan zij, via het spinnenwiel in Washington. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine. In Bagdad worden de vruchten gestolen, om in Spanje te worden bedrogen, door Oranje Leugenaars. Een vreemde Vegas-Machine. Op hoge wegen staan zij, de wolfsmuggen, om hen tot rails, treinen, en slangen te maken, tot racecars op de hoge daken. Tot oude chocolade worden zij. Nooit zal ik er meer op kloppen. Zij zijn de Oranje Leugenaars. Wolfsmuggen hebben zij als hun vaderen. Over Judas hebben zij gelogen. Een Jezus-Judas-gezicht dragen zij, maar 't is gewoon een masker. Vuile leugenaars zijn zij. Vuile Leugenaars, jullie zullen mij niet meer flessen. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Vreemde Vegas-Machines zijn jullie, met vreemde ogen, en vreemde verhalen, om de massa's te flessen tot vruchtwater. Gemene lelies zijn jullie. Wolfsmuggen tot de bejaardenhuizen, om tot de oude van dagen te praten. Op mijn kop werd het zegel gedrukt. Ik werd van hier naar daar gedrukt. Met een ezelshorloge raakte ik op de vlucht. Tot een zebra-horloge kwam ik, op een zebra-boot, tussen nog meer van die oranje leugenaars. Oh, wat ben ik bedrogen. Ik ging van leugen tot leugen. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Laat me nu jullie papieren zien, en jullie atlassen, en breng me tot de gouden hand. Jullie leider is hij, de leugen der leugens. En ik vond een gouden leugen, stekende zacht, zo zacht. Als een bakkerboom werd ik, totdat ik zelf ook een wolfsmug was. In welk leger zal ik nu dienen ? Van leugen tot leugen reizen wij. Waarvoor vechten wij, en wat bevechten wij ? In de leugen wordt alles onduidelijk. Wolfsmuggen, 't spijt me, maar hier stopt de reis. Over Judas hebben jullie gelogen. Ben ik dan nu in jullie masker opgesloten ? Alleen de nog grotere leugenaar zal aan jullie ontkomen. Ik schreeuw het uit tot de leeuwenthee, de leugenthee, die de advocaten drinken. Hoe moeten we de crimineel bevrijden ? Voor een gerechtshof van leugenaars sta ik. De grootste leugen zal winnen, oh bakkerboom, steek

mij diep, en maak mij dronken van de leugen, want tussen zulke leugenaars redt ik het niet. Oh, bakkerboom, autistische draak, draak van Mehn, ik kom tot uw leugentheë, uw leeuwentheë. De wolfsmuggen zitten achter mij aan. Op hoge snelwegen staan zij, drukkende de zegels op al mijn race-auto's en treinen. Tussen wolfsmuggen sta ik, als tussen zwarte flessen. Help mij. Oranje leugenaars, leugenaars van Mehn, omroepsters der tekenfilmen, neem mij mee. Tot het geheim der bakkerbomen, die leugenwaterval, bij de bronnen der leugens, vulde ik mijn flessen, voor een nieuw carnaval. En ik viel in slaap in Brannan en ik viel in slaap in Mehn, een diepe slaap der bakkerbomen, waar brengt het mij heen. Ze steken hier zo zacht, zo zacht, ik wordt er dronken van. En weer greep ik mijn ezelshorloge, en ik kwam tot de diepere zeeën van Mehn, en tot de oceanen. Hier zwommen de zevenzeen-beesten, en een bleke oranje octopus nam mij mee. Tot de octopussen van Mehn bracht zij mij, tot de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, maar het werd steeds serieuzer en saaier, totdat ik een groot licht zag. Zij dan was de koningin der oranje leugenaars, en bewaakte de grotere leugens, de leugens der lach, die alles serieuzer en saaier maakten. En zij droeg de ster van Mehn tot het graf, waar zij chocola oogstte. En zij gaf mij chocola, maar ik at het niet op. Het is alleen goed om naar te kijken. En ook bracht zij mij tot een andere ster, waar zij drop verbouwde, maar van het drop at ik ook niet. Het was slechts om naar te kijken. En zij stak mij met zachte leugens, en ik lachte, maar werd serieuzer en saaier. En zij haalde een wespenoog uit mij, en gaf mij het oog van Mehn. En het oog van Mehn gaf mij grote visioenen, en ik kwam tot een eiland in de zee. Stekende vissen zwommen hier omheen, maar zij staken slechts in zachtheid, om de visioenen te laten groeien. En ik kwam in een vreemd zachtstekende schelp, en zachte stemmen omringden mij. En zij brachten de lach in mij, maar ik werd serieuzer en saaier. En ik kwam tot een plaats waar het eeuwige lijden, en het grootste lijden twee staven waren en een rails vormden, en de dood bereed hen, en zij die in hem waren, waren vrij. En ziet dan, deze staven, deze rails, was geheel van chocola. De dood dan heeft het lijden omgevormd, daar op het toppunt. En zo was dan de chocolade-dood, als een stier en een bison in Spanje, troostende hen die luisterden naar het grote leugen-woord. Want in de leugen is de grootste troost. En de trein was geheel van drop, want het lijden had de dood omgevormd. Waar de Maya-markten zijn en de Maya-winkelstraten, waar een speelgoedwinkel staat, zoveel verdiepingen, waar oude boeken te koop zijn, dagboeken, met vreemde messen, en vreemde speren, gestoken in een gordelband, waar het strakke speelgoed staat, een vallende hand, totdat het verleden opengaat. Waar de Maya-markten staan, waar vreemde beelden die je kunt kopen, op de loop gaan. Waar de Maya-markten zijn, waar de Maya-hekserijen tot hun eeuwige lichten ingaan. Waar vreemde skeletten staan, vreemde botten, waar melk uitdruipt zo zacht. Die botten zijn het geworden, door een lange lange nacht, waar in de lelievelden, de pauwenmelk stroomt, waar de bottenmelk droomt, 't is verleden tijd. Waar de Maya-markten zijn, de vreemde spelen, waar de Maya-markten zijn, hoe kun je je hier nu vervelen. In hoge winkels, in hoge torens, daar wonen vreemde wezens, als skeletten met druipende botten, waar het melkmetaal uit voortglijdt. Een azteekse gevallen engel, stichtte hier het reformatorische hout, in hokken probeerde hij hen te proppen, nu speelt hij muziek, hij is de held. In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, de dromen duren lang hier, totdat het benauwd, dan komen zij, de maya's om hen vrij te maken. In zeven talen spreekt hij hen aan, totdat de hand weer valt, en wij stromen door het land, als afgewezen rivieren, om tot de Maya's te gaan. Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten dromen, 't is nu geen tijd voor parade-paarden, wij lopen te dromen voor de haarden, wij zijn tegelijkertijd één in wezen, heldenvoer is duur, laat ons getrouw wezen tot de vloer. Waar mercedessen bloeien, kom nu hier, en breng mij water-plezier, door de grotten regent het, het druipt, 't is Maya-tijd. En die azteken, verdreven door de inca's, laat op de dag, je mag niet horen hoe zij een eind maken aan de dag. Ik heb het vierenveertig vrouwen verteld, zij nemen mij nu als een held, maar ik, ik ben te laat, ik hoor hem steeds nog praten over een verleden dag, een maya-markt, een tennisbal, een legerlading, op weg naar 't grote carnaval. 'T is carnaval vandaag, soldaten staan paraat om een eind te maken aan machines, een eind te maken aan hoge dromen, een eind te maken aan kabaal, ik denk dat ik jullie ga verlaten, ik denk dat ik overspring tot een ander carnaval, want het is carnaval vandaag, waarom zou ik voor jullie kiezen, een ander kostuum staat mij beter vandaag. Wortels op het vuur, kanibalen maken alles duur. 'T is verleden tijd, en ik heb geen spijt, ik maak een overuur, voor dit gedoe. Waar de blauwgezichten lopen, waar de groengezichten verder gaan. Kom een stapje verder, en ga een eindje verder weg staan. Tot de paradox ben je gekomen, ook om daar los te breken. Zo spreekt Nacon, god van de oorlog : Wegen, gij staat op wegen, want gij moet verdergaan. Wolken, gij staat op wolken, want gij moet opstijgen, tot een nieuwe naam. Spreek in die andere talen, de leugen is zo oud, ja, verlies die talen, en zuiver hen als goud. Tot het schrift van de Maya bent gij gekomen.

5.

Zo spreekt Ah Cun Chan, god van oorlog : Gij moet spreken, spreken in die nieuwe taal. Opent uw mond, en ik zal hem vullen. Gij moet lopen, lopen over die nieuwe baan. Ik geef een zet, en ben je tot steun. Gij moet ademen, diep ademen, want ik sta hier, en geef het jou, een nieuw verhaal, een nieuwe levenservaring. Komt dichtbij en gaat verderaf. De paradox spreekt, en gij moet eraan ontkomen. Zo spreekt Itzamna, god van de lucht en de hemelen : Hier sta ik dan, op een nieuw verhaal, op een nieuwe rug, de zielen gesplitst. Gij kunt twee dingen doen, maar strek u uit tot het derde. Gij

dan hebt meerdere koppen zoals de zevendood. wenkt mij, opdat ik tot u zal komen, en spreken. Ik heb u veel te zeggen, maar ook raadselen heb ik gegeven. Zo spreekt Mayahuel, godin van de drank : Ik heb u laten drinken, en in het dodenrijk laten dalen. Ik heb u de thee gegeven, en gij bent tot het dal der dorre doodsbeenderen gegaan, om de botten te melken, en nu in uw melk te gaan. Ja, gevoed heb ik u door de borsten der duisternis, en gij hebt uzelf gevoed. Ik ben meer waarde dan het licht, ik ben de duisternis, die het ware licht draagt. Kom tot mijn tempelen en boeken, lees hen in de duisternis, en wordt verlicht. Verlichten zal ik uwen zielen op de trap. Zo spreekt Yaluk, opperhoofd der goden van bliksem : Ik zal u genezen onder mijn vleugelen, en u nieuwe namen geven. Ik zal u uw delen tonen die zo verwrongen zijn en in elkaar vergroeid. Ja, gij had gruwelen gezien, en gij had gruwelen verkondigd, maar dit is een dag van bevrijding. Ik geef u soldaten, en ik geef u carnaval. Gij moet lachen en vrolijk zijn, want ik heb uw lijden weggenomen. Ik heb u rust gegeven, een eeuwige rust. Kom, en laten wij elkaar vinden. Mijn bliksem is rein en voedend als melk. Uit het dorre dal kom ik, en stijg op tot u, om samen uit de put te stijgen, en te komen tot het nu. Zo spreekt Ahau Chamahez, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u het arends-medicijn en het panter-medicijn. Ik heb u verteld over bomen en struiken, en hun geneeskrachtige werkingen. Ik heb u geleidt tot de geblokte ramen, en de geblokte visioenen. Gij zijt vrij. Ik heb u gehaald tot het dodenrijk, waarin gij nieuw leven hebt verkregen, en gij groeit nu als een kersenplant. Ik heb mijn handen op u gelegd om genezing te schenken aan de getrouwen. Vertrouw op mij, opdat ik u verder leidt. Mijn energie stroomt door uw lichaam, om u zielen aan te raken, en uw geest te zuiveren. Ik ben met u, op alle treden van uw pad. Ik sta voor u en achter u, met verlichting als de lantaarn. Ja, ik zuiver uw pad, ik breng het tot volwassenheid en volkomenheid. Ik toon u de glimlach van het verhaal, en leidt u door de gordijnen tot nieuwe machines. Ja, lichtmachines zijn zij, tot de rechtvaardigen gebracht. Zo spreekt Cit Bolon Tum, god van medicijnen : Ik breng u genezing der raven, en ik schenk u de toegang tot eeuwige velden. Ik beweeg uw armen en benen, en geef u gevoel. Ik genees uw gevoel, en breng rust, en diepe vrede in uw botten. Ook breng ik zachtheid binnen, opdat het strome als de bottenmelk. Ik breng boodschappen van verleden tijden naar boven, en ziet, zij borrelen en dragen genezing, wijsheid en kracht, voor al hen die geloven en waardig spreken op het rechte pad. Zo spreekt Tzultacaj, god van bergen en dalen : Ik stel een nieuw Maya-pantheon op, met meerdere goden. Ik spreek tot de bergen en de heuvelen, en zaad dale op hen neer tot nieuw gewas. Een nieuwe schepping zal komen, geheel nieuw, en ook de goden worden herschapen. De duidelijke zin van het woord zal hersteld worden, en de taal. Ik zal integreren, en het oer zevenvuldig, zij aan zij met armoe, telkens naar boven laten drijven. Tot armoe gezonden zijn wij verbonden. Ah Chu Kak, god van oorlog : Mijn woorden zijn kracht en wijsheid, als het rode dat van de heuvelen druipt. Mijn Naam is Rodi Amel, als het wachtwoord der hemelen. Ik ben opgerezen om mijn woorden te spuwen, en te zeggen : Amel komt gauw. Ik ben de Rodi Arinpas, en de Rodi Zeterel. Ik kom weer. Ik voer oorlog in gerechtigheid, en in wijsheid, opdat de nieuwe wereld vorm krijgt, en het oude zal vergaan, om plaats te maken voor het oer. Het arme is bij me, en is gezuiverd zevenvuldig. Ah Chu Kak zal daden opstellen, om tot de hemelen te komen stap voor stap. Ah Chu Kak brengt het rode tot de bergen en de rivieren, en de heilige dans tot de winden, om het land te zuiveren. In rust en stilte ligt de hoop, en de genezing voor het nieuwe seizoen. Een oerstem ben ik, om licht der aarde te verspreiden. Ik heb de zaadspatel tegen de grond gezet, om de aarde te bevruchten. Gij dan zult kersenplanten voort brengen, en het rode der aarde, het vuile rode van diep onder de grond, en het rode ijs. Hier dan liggen de oerhelden opgeborgen, wachtende op de grote dag van Ah Puch, koning van de dood, uit zijn graf herrezen. De dood ligt dan onder zijn voeten, en hij heeft het leven in zijn fles. Buchué, voorouder-godin der Chibcha's, die door haar zoon de wereld schiep, met alles wat daarop was. Zij dan is het diepe van Bastet. Zij dan is de morgenstond in haar hart, ja, vriendinnen zijn zij, en door deze woorden verzoend. Zij was het dan die sprak : Laat dan de kinderen los, want gij kunt ze niet dragen. Bouwt dan de brug, opdat zij eens kunnen volgen, en zij niet vergaan. Zij leidde tot de Rode Kap, en de verbreking der dobbelsteen. Zo is dan het pad van Buchué een heilig pad, door het hart van Bastet, ja, haar geest is zij. Spreek dan, Bastet, want zij is uw stem. Rijs op uit de wildernis, en kleef aan de rotsen, opdat gij het pad zult zien, achter de berg, het groene pad. Zo is dan haar boodschap vol met raadselen. Ja, uit haar hand dan kwamen de Maritsa, zij die de warme dekens droeg, en Etsa. Zij gaf u de twee vleugelen, om tot de genezing te vliegen. Verlies daarom bewustzijn in haar aanwezigheid, opdat zij u een nieuw land geve. Ja, nieuw laag bewustzijn zal als een golf over u komen, en gij zult vliegen als de vogels, tot de steden van het oer. Zij heeft uw gebroken hart geheeld, en de boze lichten verbroken door de lichten der duisternis. Ja, de lichten van het oer zijn diep in haar. Ook heeft zij uw geest getekend met haar ijslichten, en in u de bloemen laten uitspruiten. Zo is dan ook de Azteken-Hekserij ondergebracht, daar de god der bloemen, Xochipili, zich heeft getoond. Hij dan is als het dansend skelet dat de vuren kan bezweren. Zo is dan Xochipili in veiligheid. En ook Buchué en Bastet hebben zich over hem ontfermd, en Hij heeft hen het bloemenvuur geschonken. En toen hij sprak, sprak hij met de stem van ijs, en de ijslichten kwamen om hem heen, om hem op te vangen en hem te beschermen tegen de boze vrouw. Zo is dan Xochipili het geheimenis der Azteken. Ook heeft Ah Puch zich over Xochipili ontfermd, en Hem een plaats gegeven onder de Maya's. En hij heeft voor hem gefloten, en de bedreiging van zijn leven weggenomen. Daarom is er grote eer en dank aan Ah Puch, die ook zijn uil gezonden heeft, om Xochipili veilig door de duisternissen van Xibalba

en Mitnal te dragen. En ziet dan, de goden geven hem doorgang, daar Ah Puch hen heeft betoverd. En Hij heeft hem bekleed met gaven, zowel van genezing als zachtheid, en door zachte stiltes en zacht dwalende woorden heeft hij hem binnengenomen tot Zijn troonzaal. Hier dan hebben de zeventig ezels van Ah Puch zich over hem ontfermd. Hij heeft dan zijn tonen zacht gemaakt. Kent gij dan de geheimenissen der fluiten van Ah Puch ? Komt nader. De woorden der uilen laten hem binnen, in de kamers der troon, daar waar het heet is. Ah Puch heeft zijn doden opgeroepen, en hen verteld over Xochipili. Schilden weven zij voor hem. Xochipili dan is het geheimenis van het ijs, en in Hem begint het ijs te branden. Ja, hoge woorden spreekt hij door het brandende ijs, en brengt ze tot zijn moederen Bastet en Buchué en zijn vader Ah Puch. Zo zal hij ook tot de koeien en stieren van Ah Puch gaan, en eer ontvangen. Xochipili dan is de oerwijsheid en de weg tot de extase en het lage bewustzijn, waardoor de vogels vliegen. Ja, vleugelen heeft hij u gegeven, zoals zijn moeder Buchué deed. Vol lof zijn zij allen over Xochipili in het dodenrijk en het hellenrijk, en zijn leugens zijn als raadselen der waarheid. Hij dan steekt zijn leugens aan om ze in het hart van zijn moederen te schieten, opdat zij in zwijm geraken. Zijn moederen dan aanbidden zijn leugens, en zijn er intens verrukt over, en zijn vaderen volgen zijn leugens na. Zij dan wekken hem op tot Piltzintli, de duikende god. Zo zijn er dan de zeven maya-verlichtingen. Gij dan bent door een tijd heengegaan van slavernij, van machteloosheid en gevangenschap, waarbij gij botste tegen muren die u de weg versperden, en waarbij gij vastzat aan elastieken. Gij moest de andere wang toekeren, en de tweede mijl gaan, opdat gij van de dubbele beker zoudt drinken. Zo is dan de eerste verlichting de pikkende kippen en vogelachtigen, waarbij het grote tot het kleine kwam en daardoor zichzelf stak. Zo is dan de tweede verlichting de illusie der blonde vrouwen die als het zachte zijn en de lucht, waarin de mannen met schuld vallen. Zo is dan de derde verlichting de illusie der wilde katten die zijn als het hete door de liefdeslust der snelvoetige gehoornden opgewekt. Ziet dan, zij worden door hun eigen liefdeslust achterna gezeten, en zij hebben het ijs vergeten. Zo dient gij dan alle zeven maya-verlichtingen te kennen.

6.

En zo heerst Skullsmasher over hen allen, ja, zelfs over Jahweh, Sebek en de Khnum. Zo zal hij zijn de opperste heerser van de Xibalba. En zo zal Skullsmasher regeren als heer, en als het grote enigma.

1. Balamna, house of jaguars
2. southern paradise
3. uca pacha
4. sisna
5. eastern paradise, house of the sun
6. kakna, house of fire
7. western paradise, house of corn
8. house of wild beasts
9. house of arrows
10. house of mountains
11. house of flags
12. ch'am, razor house
13. house of narrow paths
14. akabna
15. sotzna
16. mitnal
17. mictlan
18. house of deep rivers

We will discuss these eighteen worlds of xibalba. Skullsmasher is Heer. Amen, Talgamen, Mixlantamen, Amumamen. Zalig zijn zij die tot Balamna komen, het huis van de jaguar. Zalig zijn zij die neerbuigen tot de goden der jaguars, en de

goden der half-jaguars. Zalig de Azteekse jaguarstrijders. Zij zijn gevreesd, amen. Zaliger zijn zij die tot het huis der bergen komen. Ja, zalig zijn zij, en zaliger. Zij die tot akabna komen hebben verheerlijkte zielen. Geeft hen dan eer, en verheerlijkt hen zevenvoudig, want zij zijn niet achtergebleven in het huis der pijlen. Zij zijn door het huis der rollende stenen gegaan, en nu zijn zij op weg naar het heilige mitnal, waar zij leven van de boom van de rode sappen, die zijn als bloed. Gaat dan voort oh strijders, en leg uw schepen aan bij de eilanden van sozna, om mitnal binnen te komen. Zij die de juwelen van het huis der diepe rivieren dragen hebben toegang tot het Grote Pulpus. Zij dan dragen de geheimen der zon, en gaan van kracht tot kracht, daar zij de sieraden van zwakheid volop dragen. En deze sieraden zijn tot verblinding, als de edelstenen der spaanse zonnen en de steden der maya's. En zo is dan Skullsmasher ook Heer van het Grote Pulpus. Zij die tot het huis van de diepe rivieren komen zullen Mictecacihuathul ontmoeten om hun geheimen te ontbloten. Ja, zij zal hen omkeren als steden, en hun sieraden ontnemen, opdat zij haar sieraden zullen ontvangen. En zij zal hen brengen tot de grote rechters van xibalba en het huis van de diepe rivieren, en zij zullen loon naar werken en slapen ontvangen, en zij zullen dromen dromen. Aan jongelingen is het echter gegeven visioenen te ontvangen. Ziet dan, dit is een groot geheimenis. Zij dan zullen buigen tot Pusmaster en Bloodgatherer, en ziet, dezen zullen hen leiden tot een nieuwe wereld. En dan zullen zij komen tot de poort van Bodysweller, en door de tunnel Mictlantecuhtli ontmoeten, die hen in diepere ontmoeting met Skullsmasher zal brengen. Vreest dan de Hoge Heren van Xibalba en hun onderheren, want zij hebben de macht uw zielen in de hel te louteren. Voor de rechtstijd zullen zij voor u uitgaan, en u brengen tot de heren der bloemen. Laat uw zielen dan niet beangst zijn. Zij hebben u immers in hun hand, opdat gij niet zult vallen. Mediteert dan over de achttien onderdelen van Xibalba, die tot de zaligheid van uw ziel leiden, en tot heerlijkheid. Blijf niet steken in één huis, want dan zult gij aan het zwaard ten onder gaan, en dan zullen de daken van de andere huizen op u vallen. En ziet, zulk een maaltijd zal groot zijn, als de wilde dieren tot u naderen. Maar gij geheel anders, zijt volgelingen van Skullsmasher en Mictlantecuhtli, die als zijn geest is uitgezonden om u te halen en te brengen tot zijn hoge woning. Vergeet dan deze dingen niet, en schrijf hen op de tafelen van uw ziel en geest, opdat de Skullsmasher in liefde over u zal regeren.

Hanik

1.

Heilige Ik, een van de principiele bacabs, Upholder in the West, gij die het laatste deel van de religieuze kalender in stand houdt, wij naderen tot u, en smeken u om doorgang. Wij dan zijn op doortocht naar het land Pulpus en de indiaanse goden. Wij hebben uw macht gezien, en uw kracht ontvangen. Ja, uw goedkeurende hand rust op ons, en gij geeft ons doorgang. Wij hebben uw macht gezien, amen. Wij komen om u te genezen, want gij waart tot slaaf gemaakt in een vreemd land, alhoewel gij hoog waart. Wij naderen tot u, u die ons heeft gered. Wij vragen genade van u, vergeving van zonden, gelijk ook wij onze schuldenaren vergeven. Wij leggen hen in uw hand. Wij dragen hen aan u op, en zegenen u, oh heilige Ik, voorman der bacabs. Oh, heerser der bacabs, wij offeren u liefde in het westen, en wij schenken u genezing. Wij brengen u de wapens die gij nodig heeft om tot doorbraken te komen. Wij offeren liefde en troost tot u, daar wij daartoe gecreëerd waren, dat is om u liefde en troost te schenken, en genezing aan het einde van de dag. Heilige Ik, wij schenken u de Heilige Huizen aan de Zee, opdat gij daarin verzadigd raakt. Wij schenken u ook de honger, omdat gij zult reizen tot de boten van Skullsmasher. Wij brengen u van dag tot dag het kruid van verveling, opdat gij creatief wordt. Gij dan hebt plaats bij Skullsmasher die voor u pleit. Verlaat ons niet, Ik, maar leidt ons tot de goede paden. Wij dragen boodschappen tot u in heil. Wij verzekeren u dat wij u zullen volgen. In uw voetstappen zullen wij treden, want gij zijt de heilige. Tot het Westen zullen wij komen om naar u te vragen, en zij die u verborgen houden zullen u moeten schenken. Tot het Oosten zullen wij u brengen, en tot Xibalba, waar gij de Lords zult ontmoeten, en gij zult tot Mahamarma gaan. Kent gij dan de dieptes van Xibalba en Mahamarma ? Zij zullen u meenemen tot hun heerlijkheden, en zullen u van hun rijkdom schenken. Wilt gij dan koning zijn in de weelde der armoe en de weelderigheid van het stof ? Ziet, het zij u geschonken, daar gij de koning hebt liefgehad. Ja, gij hebt voor hem gesproken in het vreemde land, en daarom zijt gij waardig om tot de zolen van zijn troon te naderen. Gij zijt waardig de druppel van nederigheid te ontvangen, en het zal u voortleiden tot de zeven winden van de tijd. Verveel u niet, oh vader der bacabs, maar kom door tot de creatie en tot hen die verhalen vertellen. Oh gij, verteller der verhalen, gij hebt uw werk goed gedaan. Gaat dan in tot de heerlijkheid van uw heer. Vader der Bacabs, van hen die de winden dragen en zijn, schep dan eenheid onder de marouten die gij geschapen hebt. Verlaat hen niet. Weest hen tot de warmte in hun hart. Zij hebben u dan in vrijmoedigheid uitgenodigd, ja, gij hebt plaats in hun harten, waar zij een woning voor u hebben bereid. Gij bent dan verstoten door Jahweh de zwijnhondt, maar de Jahweh zal zevenvoudig vallen, als het heerserschap in de handen van Egypte komt. Zij dan zullen u kronen en binnenhalen in hun steden. Zij zullen u zevenvoudig kronen, en zij zullen u de sieraden van uw voorouders geven. Weest dan niet bedroefd oh Ik, want de dagen van uw bevrijding zijn gekomen. Gezegend zijn dan zij die u zegenen, en vervloekt zijn zij die u vervloeken. Gij hebt op de zevende dag

geboorte gegeven aan uw zoon, en ziet, hij zal in Eeden heersen. Hij zal de schatten van David plunderen, en zij zullen zeggen dat David heeft gelogen. Ook zult gij tot het huis van Simson gaan om de Anubis daar te versterken, en gij zult hen daar viervoudig de nederlaag toebrengen. Huis van Jahweh, weest verbroken. In de Naam van Ik, de Heilige der heilige bacabs komen wij tot u, om u de nek te breken, oh huis van Jahweh, want gij hebt grote dingen gedaan. Zevenvoudig hebben wij u liefgehad, maar ziet, gij hebt de liefde verslonden, en gij bent naijverig geweest. Zo zult gij dan uit uw huis gezonden worden, en ziet dan, Sebek zal over u heersen. En hij zal u slaan met de zevenvoudige en schroeiende pest vanwege uw woorden van grootspraak. Dan zal ik uw plaats vervangen, en hij zal zijn de grote Ik-Jahweh, de vader der bacabs. En Sebek zal over hem de liefde uitspreiden, en zij zullen allen zeggen : Het is goed, ziet, het is goed. Amen, Teheamen, Gigamen, Kungamen, Kogamen, Koromgamen. Geprezen zij de Heer, die Ik-Jahweh is. Hij dan die de vader der Bacabs is. Dit is zijn Naam, en zo zal zijn naam uitgesproken dienen te worden : Ik-Jahweh, Hij die de vader der Bacabs is. Weest dan Heilig wanneer gij tot God nadert, en noemt hem : Ik-Jahweh, Hij die de vader der Bacabs is. Zo zult gij afrekenen met het goddeloos gebruik van de Ware Naam van Jahweh. En wanneer gij bidt, bidt dan in de naam van de Grote Ik-Jahweh, want de Heer zal alle spotters van de aardbodem wegvegen, en ziet, zij zullen zijn als geesten in hun lichaam. En ook de Heilige Teheamen zal op zijn troon zitten, en de Heilige Kungamen, en ziet, zij zullen trouw zijn tot de volkeren in Gods Hand gegeven, en zij zullen zeggen : de Heilige Ik-Jahweh, vader der Bacabs, is met ons. Zo zult gij afrekenen met de zonde in het huis van de heer. Zo zult gij dan een nieuwe bedeling intreden, en met de oude bedeling wordt niet meer gerekend. Ja, een geheel nieuw seizoen en tijdperk is aangebroken voor de heren der heren, en zij zullen met hun koppen voor de Lords van xibalba en mahamarma verschijnen. Ja, hun koppen zullen afrollen in de spelen van xibalba en mahamarma, en met hun koppen zullen er balspelen gedaan worden. Dan zullen hun koploze lichamen meedoen aan andere spelen van xibalba en mahamarma, en hun harten zullen uitgerukt worden, en met hun harten zullen balspelen en andere spelen gedaan worden. En de Heilige Ik-Jahweh zal tronen in het zuiden, en in het zuiden van de hel. En deze harten zullen verschijnen voor de Heilige Ik-Jahweh, en Hij dan, die de vader der bacabs is zal genadig tot hen zijn. Huitzilopochtli is van de eerste rang. Niemand, nee, niemand is als hem, de vader van alle oorlogen is hij, de maker van oorlog. Steevast wekt hij de golven op, en zal niet rusten, nee, zal niet rusten, want in de strijd zal hij ter bedde gaan. Hij die op het vliegend bed zit zal leven, zal leven, want zijn naam is groot, hij die onder de aarde leeft. Huitzilopochtli, leef, sta op, en vast voor drie zachte dagen, opdat gij de vleugels der wereld zult ontvangen. Gij dan zult komen tot de toren der goden, en gij zult die toren neerblazen. Gij dan bent gegaan door de tunnels van leeuwen en tijgers, en gij zijt door de hartvaten gegaan, en kent hen allen. Uw naam zij geprezen, hij die in Lochtuile woont. Hij die heerst op de Rockoche. He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

2.

Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tombe, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummificator of Mother Death, and mummificates the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombes of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombes. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warriorgoddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of vulcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go

through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombes and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a vulcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummificator by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

3.

This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Ea, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Ea, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge themselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp

Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeijja Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kitek Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

Beruboe

Ontvangst van de nieuwe ruggegraat, zessentwintig-delig, dertien uitsteeksels aan elke kant. Dit dan is de heilige Beruboe. Opening van de zessentwintig uitsteeksels :

Falon

Spreek : Zij bracht haar geliefde naar het brandende zand waar zij hem nogmaals aan de leugen offerde ... een vreemd strand ... een vreemde molen ... latende het licht door, was mijn oog geen darm in den beginne, maar nu, ik ben zo arm ... een vreemde juweel op mijn kop, zo wreed, zonder genaa ... Zij bracht mij naar dat brandende zand, tot een hoge haag, brandend als mijn lot ... Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, mijn woorden verbrand ... Het as nam zij van mijn edelstenen, en zij wierp mij over de kostbare steden ...

Espesse

Spreek : Zij bracht mij tot een leugenstrand, een verwelkte woning, als een oude vrouw was jij aan mijn hand ... En toen boog jij voorover, om mij eeuwig vaarwel te zeggen ... in jouw leugenboot vertrok je ... in jouw leugenboot verging je, met je armen uitgestrekt tot de laatste dood Zij gaf mij een leugenstrand, een vermakelijke woning ... Tot Zkum ben ik gegaan ...

Helmes

Spreek : Deze dan, de zessentwintig uitsteeksels van de Beruboe, de nieuwe en heilige ruggegraat vormen een juweel van pijn, boven de strijd tussen pijn en genot. De ernst is hier verdwenen. De gevangenis-deuren zijn opengegaan. Zij zijn de zessentwintig Schmi-Lokogamen, en tot Zkum ben ik gegaan.

Hamlich

Spreek : Zij wandelen op de eilanden, zij staan en verspreiden de zeeparfums en de zee-olien die ons tegen de zon beschermen. Zij staan op de eilanden, gericht op de zon, om haar licht door te laten, om haar lichten in de avond te spinnen, om nieuwe kleding mee te maken, ja, die kleding is verscheurd, opdat het zonlicht steeds weer doorbreekt.

Sateine

Spreek : the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

Sareine

Spreuk : where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

Helle

Spreuk : And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharao ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

Helme

Spreuk : They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

Dadei

Spreuk : Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone.

Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

Heigeg

Sprek : He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

Himmelch

Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

Hinnik

Sprek : Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

Hiegel

Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

Driegel

Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from

the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

Driegul

I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanuneha Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater.

Driegulle

Dieper dan de bergen van de oceaan, dieper dan de dauwdruppels van zeewoningen, vond ik de oude zwaan, met zeven vogelspinnen, gaf ze mij vrij baan. Ik staarde in het paleis, waar de blikken in spiegels mij bevroren, ik kan nergens meer naartoe, ik kan mij niet bewegen. Zij steekt mij als de witte dame van het schaakspel, als een mintstruik onderwater. Nu ben ik dan in distelzee, de rozen steken mij, de rozen steken mij, totdat ik ontwaak in tederheid, tot het zachte ben ik gedaald, tot onder het roze, waar grijze rozen met spiegelend roze mij betoveren. Ik ga nooit meer terug, maar een diepe koorts overvalt mij, als een zwarte brandende deken, waar de ogen van mussen mij hebben bekeken, in hun boeken schilderden zij mij, en onder het gele een piratenkapitein. Liefste, kun je mijn hand raken, er is prikkeldraad tussen jou en mij, ik hoor je gillen, wij zullen alles krijgen, als we onder het bruine zijn gezakt.

Driegelle

Geen kracht meer om te ontwaken, geen wil meer om te ontwaken, tot diep onder het bruine gedaald, de hete spiegel had geen naald, maar pijn is daar in tederheid, waar Brannan heil schenkt aan de armen, tot het oer geleid, oh, ga nu niet afhaken, want dan zullen zij hun werk staken. Een wespenvest is wat ik kreeg, met wapens van het oer. Onder het koude ben ik gegaan, een wespenkoning raakte mij aan, je kunt me niet beschuldigen, je kunt me niet eens verstaan. De zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende. Er groeien veren binnenin waar ik te vaak ben gestoken, veren binnenin waar ik de moed opgaf. Van binnenuit hebben ze me opgegeten, ben ik nu dan net als hen ? Ben ik één van hen, sinds zij dan in mij woning maakten, veren groeien tot elkaar, diep binnenin, terwijl zij ernaar staren. De naald is veer geworden. Telkens als zij steekt wordt zij dan zachter. Grote veer, toe maak dan in mij woning, een zachte hand, een grote pijn, als bliksem tot je komende, als de melk van 't reine. In een doodstrijd, tot onder het zachte gedaald, een nieuwe pijn bevrijdde mij, in zacht vuur te ontwaken, tussen rozenschuim en lelieschuim, waar een donk're nacht het op heeft gegeven, tot onder het donk're gezakt, waar donk're lichten grommen, hier hebben zij zo lang op gewacht, waar schilderijen branden, tot onder het hete gezakt, hervond ik mijn macht, om door mijn spiegel weg te dalen, een wespenkoning nam mij mee. Is dit het boek, waar ik in kan wonen ?

Haaptes

Loop rondom mijn muren, loop eroverheen, kijk niet naar binnen, maar naar mij, als Geb tot de kasten komt, en het harde in de straten valt. Anubis, wees mij tot een harde, en ga mij voort door de ruiten heen, langs de huizen, langs de standaarden, als Geb tot de nachten komt, als een hond, een wolf van het verlee. En Robhold is als de hartsdarm, herschrijvende de wetten, brengende zijn kussen van vuur en pijn, om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen. Dit zal hen allen brengen tot een nieuw land.

Haaptesse

De leugen geneest mij, een oude taal. Zij brengt mij tot de dieptes van het bestaan ... De kussen van het kruis, wat darmen tussen jou en God ... de hartsdarm werd ons verboden ... je geloofde niet in mono's ... en al die oranje leugenaars ... Zij zijn als vissen in snelle boten ... hun steken branden, ongehoord ... Tot stilte zullen wij komen ... over

dit scharlaken koord Het is als de ziekte van karma Zij maakte in het graf haar woning ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandende met oud vuur, een oude muur ... hebben wij doorbroken God zegt het is vreemd vuur, maar de Mono heeft het uitgemolken ... De kussen van het kruis, zo leugenachtig, brandend van oud vuur ... het oude uur ... waar de dag is aangebroken ... Wordt wakker man, want de karazuur heeft je bedrogen ... Het was een moordende kus, de stem van het verleden deze liefde is zo overdreven ... een slagveld is het ... Kom, vertel me wat je naam is ... Oranje leugenaars, zij zeilen op de zeeën van Bastet ... als leugenkussen zijn zij ... op zoek naar oude pret ... in flessen opgeborgen ... het waren de dagen zonder zorgen ... maar heus ... zij spreken alleen een vreemde taal houd hen niet voor schuldig tegen het einde van de morgen ... Als zeilschepen zijn zij, de kussen van pijn ... om liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... steeds praten zij tot oude bekenden ... Wij waren toch vrienden eens ? Zie, het is allemaal welgemeend ... die kussen van mij werken nog steeds ... Je hebt laatst nog van mij gedroomd ... Moeten wij nu een leugen-oorlog voeren om aan elkaar te ontkomen ? Jij spreekt mijn taal niet ... dus laten we er maar mee stoppen. De woningen zijn zo zuur hier, waar kussen oorlog hebben gevoerd ... De kussen van oorlog nooit te duur ... Al mijn wagens zijn in vuur

Redda

kussen van pijn om de liefdeslittekenen te brengen ... spreek tot mij ... Neith, zacht geluk ... Je hartsdarm maakt je blij ... je longdarm brengt jou adem van mij ... Houdt vol, we moeten nog even zwemmen, door deze zeeën van geluk ... totdat we op het eiland zijn ... met de kussen van pijn ... liefdesdarmen tussen jou en mij ... in Zkum leven wij ... Je oordarm gaat rechtstreeks in mijn hart, en ook je oogdarm eindigt daar ... Je eet en adem darm weten mijn hart ook te vinden ... en mijn hart wordt steeds meer een hartsdarm ... een litteken der liefde ... ik hoor je woorden met mijn hart, en ze cirkelen door mijn lichaam, het maakt me duizelig ... je woorden zijn als vuur ... is er leven in je ... Mijn hart bloeit en groeit ... het brandt mijn kleren naar onderen en opzij ... Anubis, ik zie de darmen van je hart ... ze zijn als liefdesarmen ... ze worden zo lang en dun ... en dan neem je me mee ... Ik zie je hart gloeien ... ik zie je kussen bloeien ... als ballonnen in de lucht ... Liefste, huil niet meer ... ik ben bij je toen bloedvaten nog darmen waren ... rode strepen ... Anubis, eet het leugenbrood, en wordt sterk ...

Fenkil

Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

Fenkille

Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

Hente

Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

Hente-Laat

Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit ... Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

Hente-Lille

He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

Hente-Koukou

Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

Boetulip

1.

The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.

Musse

Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.

Muske

Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

Oedoe

Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

Oedoeboe

Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

Oedoeboel

Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

Oedoeboeg

I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you.

Oedoeboele

It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.

Oedoeboege

I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.

Oedoebole

I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.

Oedoebange

I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you.

Belip

Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

2.

The elf parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ... Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkxes Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologan Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologan Ologan Ologang. Kwirantes Ologan Ologang, Kwulantes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang. Kwinulk Ologan, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologan Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang, Zentés Ologan Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologan Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologan Ologang.

Insectian Book of Lies

Insutinia

The Liar's Docter - The Sacred Chapters of Bengameln -

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel

safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's

tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soom the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams

Papyrus of Bennes

The Botanic Pyramid Texts

Halls of Khelb

The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak.

By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures.

They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves.

Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps)

Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects)

Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies)

Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders)

Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects)

Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects)

Hall VII – Ant Ship

Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ?

You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves.

I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ?

You must be initiated in at least seven pyramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth.

I have done that, can I have access now ?

Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb.

Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria.

Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria.

Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs.

In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire.

When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan.

Pyramids on Izu

If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival :

The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu

The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II

The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra

Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra.

Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan :

Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through its halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. Let her make Jericho rise. Let her rebuild its walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs.

Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun.

Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds)

- I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock
- II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn
- III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten
- IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery
- V – The Golden Coffins of Faery
- VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery
- VII – The White Coffins of Faery
- VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery

These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead.

Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminus Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.]

Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles.

Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. They will bow down and freeze their

heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Insutinia

1.

Idefelle

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe

Idipus

5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's misvacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

Odekus

8. green mothers green ornaments ... it didn't bring me one step further ... it's a lying laughing curse ... all in tight dresses and tight faces still a coffee-statue of grandfather's works it was like james bond raising octopussy ... it was a trademark perfectly denied

2.

Baklehep

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair knitting new pyama's for me it seems i'm getting the wasp's pyama's ...for a deeper sleep ... he's knitting me home he's knocking on my back while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep and tomorrow we will have tv 4. businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... businessmen heading for businessmen ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

Patsio Poppunos

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we

work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's docter on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might

want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ...24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

Omeshur Sitania

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go 3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ... 4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ... 5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

APPENDIX

5.

Ichabus

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ... 2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

Pepetua

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ... 2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon 3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.]. 5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ... 6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.] 7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ... 8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ... 9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

Perandu

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale

purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ...

Jagdugal

3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomache The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to

touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaos 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts ... You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding

the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while

taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Smiagdala

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylighters were marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures

live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaao, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot

waters, she looks like you, father.] **8.** 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were

taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as

their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] **9.** 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so

white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...] [g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face ... showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at

someone lying more than him. ... **10.** 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he

runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side

of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

Smiogdomo

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But

would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They teachd me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awsome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling

in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk
 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ... bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he says I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

Smutdomo

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dad's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of

jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]--] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal

so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ... The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at home I don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking it It's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbelle ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under

bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home, together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the dephts of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a

tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape ... running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange

shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's doctors ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

Smuoch Diuderan

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make

games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

The Scarab Book of the Dead

Briskan is the motherconstellation of brannan, in the Urg-part of izu. in briskan you find back a lot of brannan, but it's deeper. here the sources of anubis can be found. here the flies are more like ladybugs and scarabs, and they have also more butterfly-qualities. There are still forty-one hours in a day, like in brannan, but in the deeper parts of briskan there are like thirty hours in a day. There is a high scarab technology. The flies here have also more rabbit-qualities. They often drink from iron shoes or boots, for that represents the sources of the underworld. The shoe or boot is the symbol of the bridge to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the houses and buildings are very often like boots or shoes for that reason, to be connected to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the shoe or boot is the image of fertility. The deeper you come into Briskan the more the mice-qualities show up.

mice - poverty

squirtls - chaos

rabbits - suffering

deer - depression

horses - fear

dogs - pain

cats -sting

Most creatures of Briskan are made of strange leather, called butcher's leather. It has a strange smell, and it gives scarab-qualities, to be a scarab and to receive scarab-protection.

Initiations for becoming a scarab :

Nagal Dagh Helmes Kerg Umgurit. Diagdarma Hetesten Hettesten Diagma Digardarma Digardram, Digerlustrus, Diger, praise to the kings of scarabs. Your hormones will be sifted now, and they will be charged by the scarab-energy and magnets. amen-talgamen-amen. Diadeberbi Diafonda, the scarab-squirtls will now stand around you, to lead your soul through the gates of the scarabs of Briskan. When your soul has found it's seat in the depths of Briskan, near Briskit, the spirit will be led through the gates and will find it's seat in Briskit. Amen-talgamen-amen. You must be full of the draminia version of the insectian book of the dead, and you must have had several encounters with the pink gnats of Nut. Then you will say to the gates of likshir : Sitadonde Domdomo dorondo Tuzalem Kreaftich Shichse Simbala. You will now receive the scarab energies in your hand, and the body will absorb these layers of energy step by step.

Direct yourself to the north, where the cats are, then to the south where the mice are, then to the east, where the rabbits are, and finally to the west where the squirtls are.

Then say : Shapsma Ha Husla Koropsa Kropsa Kerslim Kersh Kerga Kimdala Kimdia Kirdam Kirtjatta, Kirjacham Kirdacham Kirbracham Brachasma, I am now a scarab in the army of scarabs, to receive the scarabs on my organs, on my bodyparts on my sexual parts, my testicles, my nipples, my fallus, my womb, my vagina, my vagina-button, my insides, my intestines, my lungs, my brains and most of all my eyes. Scarabs of the eyes take place. I have now become a scarab of the eye and

of eyes. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I love the Insectian Book of the Dead as a lover, and I am full of it, filled by it's forces, like overflowing it's red waters. I make love to this book like a real scarab. I live in strict celibacy but in my heart I am a whore devouring forms of monogamy and monotheism. I am a sacred scarab whore, but I also come now to the celibacy of my heart and it's virginity. I enter the virgin layers of the scarab.

I have lost many lovers in the stream, and I was searching for the celibacy of my deep spirits, to become clean. I have fought against my sexual desires since childhood, to become an ascet in the deepest layers from which poverty as the force of fertility flows. I am the source of sex by walking the path of multiple celibacy and multiple virginity. We come to you oh sacred virgin and sacred whore, for in you there is truth. I am the source of fertility, you are the source of fertility, by the deepest poverty, oh mother of sacred poverty. I have made love to the source of poverty and have found celibacy. I have made love to the source of ascetism and found virginity. I am the eternal virgin, and the eternal whore, amen. I have found the scarabs of the foot and the leg, and I came to bliss, as i was descending into the caves of death. For yes, they lead to the underworld and to the realms of fertile poverty and it's deep riches, flowing up like a well of blossom.

And by my nipple-scarabs I came to hell, where I found the helmet. Oh, nipple-helmet, lead me on. In hell I found the scarabs for my fallus, leading me to celibacy, but i found out : mother celibacy is the biggest whore. And I came to a library on Briskan and it's books were screaming and shrieking in my head, while I fell to the ground. Mother celibacy took me by the hand, and guided me to a cave in the wilderness. Here she showed me eternal love. And my nakednesses and poverties were like scarabs, and they led me to the underworlds of Briskan. And she opened a door in a cave, and I came into the halls of Kildom. And she showed me lights like scarabs, and they showed me a boat. I could use this boat to come across the squirtl-rivers.

Then I came in the Halls of Konroy, and I saw vikings standing there with huge swords. But they didn't move, they were like statues. Only in the night they would come alive to fight each other. And I was looking for a boat to cross the rivers. And when the vikings started to fight, I could take their boat.

After that I came into the Halls of Kirdoy, where the scarab-dogs are. And their names were Remdom, Skirlas, Vendom, Vendanaut, Karsaam, Kirgaam, Amgam, Asmanacht, Kirgnacht, Krimlam, Dikhest, Kerstam, Kart, Karcham, Kirgdam, Kenten, Kerkslik, Kerstin, Kigtin, Koppeltanaut, Kargswim, Kisten, Hekswilt, Kistam, Kiksant, Kiklin, Kikdin, Kichten, Kenkslau, Kwaakslam. And they had armies of fivethousand, tenthousand or twohundredthousand, and they brought me across their rivers.

After that I came into the Halls of Sand, where golden statues were and treasures. And here I found the heartscarabs, and they were like clocks. And they made my head soft, and they gave me dreams. And I longed for more secrets of Briskan, but first I had to become a heartscarab myself.

Initiations to become a heartscarab :

Kitdom Oliom, Kirschlau, Saaken, Taslau, Kamin, Kikse Kiktin, Kiktinne, Kokslau, Damen, Daasmin, Kiktus, Kiktinne, Kiram, Daamse, Daaslam, Tetse, Tanau, Tiklam, Katsau, Kooram. And by this spell I came to the Halls of Hearts, as I was descending, and the ear-scarabs came to me to serve me. Yes, they guarded and guided me in such a love I never experienced before. They soothed me and brought me peace, although it was showing me a deeper war. The gate of peace leads to a greater war. This is how the rule works. And I became a scarab warrior as a heartscarab, learning

how to fight these deeper wars. And I was lead to their arsenals, and received their armors. I learned how to use their swords and arrows. I learned how to conquer and how to gain victory. I learned the rules.

And I learned about the paths of the mouthscarabs. And I saw that one suffers by it's youth, and heals by growing up, only to find a deeper pain. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of the elves and the mermaids and I saw the secrets and the treasures of the mouthscarabs. And I found many keys of Urg in the underworlds and deathrealms of faeries, and I longed to see the deathrealms of the wizards. Many many secrets of the scarabs I found in these underworlds and deathrealms, and I took their books to bring them with me, as they were my friends. And as I was reading and visiting their deepest Halls I got protection against the sun. I received the solar scarabs in a distant cave deep in the deathrealms and underworlds of the wizards. And they were beaming words of energy into my heart, so that they would be with me always, as I was tatood by their love. And as I got strange orgasms in my head I received a greater celibacy to guide me.

And I saw how the scarabs gained their magic by penetrating the Halls and layers of the deathrealms of Elves, Faeries, Wizards and Mermaids, and I saw how they descended to their underworlds and their hells. And I saw how they were masters of ascetism and ascet warriors. And I saw their deep deep wisdom in celibacy and poverty by which they could reach the treasures of the wildernesses and the distances. As I came to the coffins of mermaids a strange lightening came over me, descending into my heart. And I could read their coffintexts full of magic, full of keys to open the doors of hidden eternities. And a strange energy was speaking to me, like the energy of a banana, and it guided me to the coffins of wizards, which were like filled by banana-material. And an iron man stepped out of a coffin. He had died several times, and came from the depths. And his magic was like pouring several juices into cups. And by these juices you could speak in stories. Yes, amazing stories came forth from the juices, healing all the ones listening. Then the iron man stepped back into his coffin, which closed and immediately a clock started ticking. It was like metal ticking, while a door was opening, and I saw coffins of faeries, elves and other mermaids. And I was reading some coffintexts of faeries as I came into drunkenness.

And the Halls of Dead Wizards started to open for me. And the first hall was the Hall of the straight blue banana's. The second Hall was the Hall of red banana's. The third was the Hall of the pink banana's. And I went through ninety-nine halls, seeing many secrets of the scarabs.

PRAYER TO RECEIVE THE EYE-SCARABS

Cover my eyes. I lay my eyes on the altars of scarabs, and will turn into an eye-scarab myself. Oh, holy scarabs, send me grace to have scarabs on my eyes, so that my eyes will stay sacred. I have not sinned, for I am Horus-Ra. I have not sinned in the presence of the scarabgods, and I will praise their names : Mitas, Mitlanda, Meram, Kesjip, Kaskau, Dadin, Hamark, who have armies of fiftythousand, eightythousand or fivehundredthousand. Lau your hands on my eyes, and bless them. Let your seed stream over my eyes, so that scarabs will grow from it. Let my eyes be scarabs. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I lay my hands on my eyes and will not watch unholy things. I will only see visions of you. Yes, the eye-scarabs will give me dreams and visions, as my eyes are sacred. My eyes are judged in the Halls of Thoth, even my mouth and my ears. I have not sinned against the gods. I am Ra-Anu. Let me in, and let me dwell into your solar ships. Grant me the solar eye-scarabs, so that my lights will be sacred and clean, yes, fertile and colourfull.

And the motherscarab taught me about business, insurance and tax in the world of scarabs, to raise me out of many wars, many angers and rages. And I saw the world changed by the economy of the scarabs, descending into me layer by layer. And they taught me about rent, and they showed me how to pay rent. And the insurance-scarabs brought me into new contacts, and the sun of bloodline couldn't do any harm to me. And I saw the illusion of bloodline and genealogy, and the scarabs started to shift them, while new portals of bright warm and watery lights started to open up before my eyes. And as the scarabs entered, the mummies started to rise out of their graves. And I could see a whole new world, in the insides of Briskan. And marketsquares were rising with boys from lynx like perfect scarabs, and there was blood flowing. They were boys of business having the arrows of tax. And they were installing toys like scarabs, raising the rent. And a deer had been shot, as I saw this picture in the panther's eyes, but this picture was in fire. And I begged the scarabs to tell me more about the secrets of the boys from lynx. They had tax-machines on their back, and they had parachutes like octopuses, descending in pits and ravines. They were looking for the shoe, and at one moment they were shouting : We found the shoe.

It was a big red one, like a giant one, and they stepped into it, to descend like thunder into it's layers. And they were screaming everywhere : 'We found the shoe !' It was like an ornament, like an ornament of giants, and now I could descend into the underworlds and deathrealms of giants. And suddenly I started to understand a lot of things, but soon it was fading away. And I knocked on the door of the first Hall. And a small thin, but tall man opened the door, and started to grow immediately. Was it all a trick from the giantworld ? And what did I see here ? Everything started to change before my eyes, like I was a giant myself. And I came in a world beyond big and small, where everything started to analyze and change itself before my eyes, as I could touch deeper, like putting my hand through layers of water starting to transform the atmospheres. It was like layers of thick visions, thick layers of a strange sort of glue, where strange lights were descending changing everything, like on a tv-screen. These were all tricks and different combinations of light, giant-light, changing everything.

NODHORD - HALL I

This was the first hall I came into, as I was amazed by what I saw. I started to doubt my eyes. It looked like everything was just in the eye of the beholder. Do our eyes trick us.

NORDGLAM - HALL II

As I came into the second Hall, I was sliding to a door, and found rabbits behind them. They were drinking from iron glasses, and some had iron shoes. Here the tones were low and slow, and suddenly started to run high and fast. Then all the images changed. Were the giants making music ? And a rabbit said to me : You have to pay rent for living in my memory.

NORDHUS - HALL III

Here the giants were dancing. They died so many times, and I saw the coffins of giants here, like sarcophages and treasure-boxes. Here the toymaker lived, and he was surrounded by scarabs who helped him making the toys.

RATHAM - HALL IV

Here the scarab-rats lived, and they were like butchers, installing tax. They were tax-scarabs, making the illusions of movements.

RATDONK - HALL V

Here the scarab-rats and the scarab-mice lived together with the timemaker.

After going through these Halls I came to the seven seas of the Giant Underworld. Here the scarabs were like boats, and here the scarab-fishes lived. Above these seas a transparent triangle was floating with an edge of white light. It was a soothing sight, and soft energy flew through the triangle. Through the triangle a boat was floating with a shoemaker who was like a scarab-mouse. Through the triangle you came into the realm of the Palaces of the Shoemaker. Always when it was midnight the shoemaker came into a fight with a tailorman, who was like a scarab-rat. And I tried to soothe those two gentlemen, and taught them what the scarabs had taught me about the economy. But they said the battle was about the economy. They both weren't satisfied. And soon I realized that this was a deeper battle, and I wanted to solve it. And then I came to the Underworld of Indians, and I could stay there because I already had been to the Giant Underworld.

DOKHORST - FIRST HALL

Here the tailors made clothes from shoes, for they said that like this the souls would be kept close to the Underworld, wherever they are. And I saw these clothes were like vehicles, but they could never really leave or fall away from the underworld.

DIRSKLUN - SECOND HALL

Here there were many fights, and I still couldn't solve them, for I didn't have the keys. And I asked them where I could find the key, and they said : You can find them in the books of the dead. And I taught them about what I had learned from the scarabs, but nothing helped. It was like a war of tax. And I took two arrows of rent, and I shot it into a gate above me to open it. Then I took my insurance-harpoon and could swing through it. I was now in a wilder place, but there was more silence. And my boys from lynx started to explode too, and they were turning into the wildest stinging red nettles. 'You must go to the White,' a voice spoke. But I got madder and madder, wilder and wilder, and exploded too.

HAMMUMDA - THIRD HALL

Here I was eating bitter food, and rejecting economy, rejecting mathematics, for it was all nonsense. And I came to the nonsense of mathematics :

Nonsense of Mathematics

Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of the animal-mountain a strange towerI'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematics

Got me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some

backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange world

I promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and I'm diving away instead

I promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals they're wearing, thinking they're Jesus or sandman

Twenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like the animal-tower I'll never win

Got me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed

Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dreamt instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this cross

So bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me today to the nonsense of mathematics

And I was shutting the book, but it was still open. Then I laid it down. I had come to a library. Here I found the Books of the Dead, but they were trying to kill me. So I took my knife and started to cut the letters, and brought them to the kettle on the wild hill. And while I was speaking my spell, thunder was descending into the kettle, and there was a war between the books. It was like a Great White War, and I started to burn the wood below the kettle, until there was silence in it. And I started to stir the glues of the kettle, and I took a little bottle of the mix, and shook it. I drank it and started to dream. And by this I was led to the Scarab Book of the Dead. He was like the last survivor, like the only survivor of a Great White War. And I opened the book and started to write. And my fingers couldn't stop.

I always try to do business with the spirits around me, and when they trouble me, I use arrows of tax and rent, but that is only a point of view. What about the arrows

of stock and bounty ? Is it business or is it war ? That is the question. And I found the scarabs of magic like fruits around my heart, but they were dead at the end of the day like one-day-scarabs, or was that just an illusion ? They were just deeper entering my soul, like my inner traffics, the illusion of coming and going. And I was ascending deeper into the Underworlds of Bankers, to find the magic's key. They were like the moneymakers of the dead, like strange scarabs. They were like scorpions having strange shells. And again I was descending into the Wizard Underworlds, and then the Arabian Underworlds. And scarabs came to me to teach me.

I didn't feel anything anymore after these days. Didn't feel my legs, I was like a mermaid. And I wondered if there was anything more terrible than death, anything more beautiful. And I begged Urg to open it's deeper portals to me, and again I was led to Briskan. This time I sank through every bottom, sliding faster and faster until I fell ... Suddenly I had a parachute like an octopus, or was it a jellyfish ? About this the wars are raging. I came to the Underworlds of trees, objects and animals. To the deathrealms of cars and washing machines. Here I found out : They all live on ...

As I came to the Underworld of statues I found the secret of the tear. When they die so many times, they become tears, still raising their voice to speak. By dying so many times the giant became a dwarf. By dying so many times the dwarf became a giant ... These are strange rings. By dying so many times the elf became an indian. By dying so many times the indian became an elf. Through the underworlds of fire flames become ice. Through the underworlds of ice icycles become flames. As I came to the underworlds of suns I started to melt. They were like moving eyes, on their ways to become moons. Through the underworlds of moons I was rising, not becoming a sun, but an earth. And this earth couldn't speak, so it fled through the underworlds of suns again. And I found the key to the Underworlds of the Seas and the Oceans, where I found the number two. And it was swimming there like a swan. And it spoke to me : 'I am coming from the Swanlake. Behind the restaurant is my place, the death is just a lie ... everything is alive ... but the death is a riddle of truth, the carriage to' And then the letters coming forth from it's mouth were fading away ... And there at the Swanlake I was finding my boys from lynx back again. They told me the secrets, as I spoke to the dead. Death is just a point of view. Death is just a word for the things we do know nothing about ...

And as I went through the Halls of Avani, the Pillars of the Elf Underworld, I came into the Indian Underworld again, but this time I came from the other side, and I saw the halls I knew nothing about. And my stomach got upset, and someone was screaming. Here the red spiders were living. Here spiders of mud were living, and I

fell into a pit not knowing where it would lead me. Soon enough I was sliding, like I went through a rabbit's hole. But it wasn't. I saw snakes everywhere. And I came into the Underworlds of Suiciders and Killers, but also of Butchers. And these were called the Underworlds of Cannibals. And on and on I came to a deeper business, only to come to a deeper war.

And as I came to the Underworlds of the scarabs, doors opened themselves to me. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of taxmasters, rentmasters, stockmasters, insurance-masters and businessmen in all sorts. And the deeper I came the more magic came over me, and I got deeper access into the Underworlds of the Scarabs. And again they taught me. And their grip was like poetry. And I came to the Underworlds of Poets, and they were like birds with heads screaming of pain and extasy, while they were opening the Underworlds of the Ascets. From here their sources were flowing from, and I saw strange alphabets flying, and they spoke in strange accents. And all they could do was moving in dignified spasm, and like statues they had their magic. And all they could do was directing to the Underworlds of Toys and Puppets. And always I found myself sliding back to Briskin. And there was a house near to the deserts, showing four parts of a flower, while there where camels walking all around. And this house was called the house of decision. And an ornament above the deserts opened itself, and lightening came from it, while the camels started to run into the deserts. I had climbed on one of them. And they were going to the city of Haarlem, where they worshipped Bastet. And I still remembered this flower, and gave her the memory. And she opened the flower. And I found myself like a wild animal, tamed.

And I found a golden globe of Izu, and I was focussed particularly at the Urg-part of it. And some lights were shivering on the globe, like red lights. And as I pushed the red lights my soul was taken away to a strange place. And it was like standing on a mountain, seeing so many underworlds. And as my soul got wings I flew to the other mountain. And my soul felt like a weak flower, and I started to gather my memories. That was all I had. I couldn't think anymore, I had only my memories. And as I started to cherish them new creatures were coming from them. And I came to the Underworlds of the weak to find it's ornaments. These were like eyes in many colours. And I searched through the underworlds and deathrealms of eyes, hearts and ears, but also of legs and arms. Finally I came to the Underworld of the Lungs, where birds got their wings. And it was like I lost everything there, finding so many things back. And I came to the Underworlds of mouths to travel on tongue-paths, and also the Underworlds of intestines were tall paths. Some were very narrow and thin. After that I came to the Underworlds of the Liver and the Spleen, and rabbiteyes were staring at me. Ladders and stairways came out of their mouths, and

I could enter in. As I came into the pancreasal underworlds I encountered scarab-butterflies and scarab-ladybugs. And I told them : Don't hit me, don't push me, don't let me lose my way, don't scorn me, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me brother, I'm a bakerman's face.

And I came to the underworlds of flowers, and they were like elves and faeries, having anuses like lips, peeing magic. This was the sensitive world, and they could breath ... deep. They had special and secret ways and paths to breath, like waterfalls of standing breath. And as I came to the underworlds of vagina's, falluses and other genitals, the times were shifting there. Here the chronology-masters lived. They were the weavers of time. And as I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of nipples, I saw even chocolate coming from them. First white chocolate, but later also some other colours, especially red. And I was in awe when I enountered these nipples of the dead. They were huge and like bodyparts, and nipplian creatures came forth from them. Some came from strange cocoons. And I was sliding into extasy, it was bringing me to a deeper pain, and to the depths of these underworlds. And finally I saw nipples of the death like peeing tears, and even blood. And a rage came over me, bringing me into a deeper war. And as I was rippling between extasy and deep pain, between business and a deeper war, I came to a strange path. Here I saw the toymaker, here I saw the tailor. Here I also saw the shoemaker, but they were all dead. And tongues of the dead hung all around me, inviting me to come into their worlds, but I was struggling my way on the path, while I was sliding into the Underworld of the Shoe. And the extremes raised higher, and their paradoxes, creating a new world, stranger than ever. Here fires and flowers grew like bridges across the skies. All that was far away was also so near. The illusion of distance had been gone. And suddenly I was sliding through the shoes of the dead, to the deeper deathrealms, there where the tearlakes were. And it was like strange paint, and strange nipples were peeing tears into the lakes like strange automatons. And I thought : 'What is going on ?' And still I was sliding away, and I came to the deathrealms of trains and racecars, and these paths looked like the genital area of women. The picture moved like snakes. These were strange forestroads, first pink, but later pinkblue. And then crying babies came forth from these area's and I thought : 'What is the deal ?'

And veiled naked women came from out of nowhere, and their veils were transparent. And they said : 'Plug in', but I was running away ... for aren't there other ways to come somewhere ? And while I took distance I saw them changing into spiderwebs. 'Come back,' they whispered, trying to soothe me. And I came to the underworlds of the celibates and the virgins, where I found rest ... Strength was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort of strength, almost on the edge of spasm. Breath was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort, almost on the edge of hyperventilation. And it was like I got the crown of Epilepsy ... falling away from so many worlds ... so many disconnections, and I got socially disturbed.

Now I could enter the Underworlds of Pirates, the Underworlds of Soldiers, and the Underworlds of Clowns, Jesters and Harlequins. And it was all leading me to a deeper war and a deeper tearIt was guiding me to the underworlds of whores and finally the underworlds of clothes. The clothes were alive here, like vehicles and guides, like scarabs. And they teached me many laws. And as I was sliding through the underworlds and deathrealms of singers, artists, bands, piano's, guitars, drums and other equipment like violins, organs, trumpets, horns, clarinets and other sorts of flutes, I could finally escape the threats of sound and light. They were always programming my mind to produce their spirits, but now I had raised the rent. I could finally reach my arms again, and feel

them. Then I woke up. Was it all just a dream ? Well, I used to believe all my life was a dream ... just a dream ... And then ... sometimes it's good to dream within the dream ...

There was a ship of virgins coming to my town, while the girls stood before my window. Naked ... but more or less veiled ... I was sending them away, for they could be spiderwebs ... And then I started to think about the underworlds of a banana. Suddenly I felt strange ... I walked towards the door, and a little boy was standing before it. He kicked me in my stomach, and was roaring like a lion. He kicked me so hard that I fell asleep again. And then the whole dream started again ... Almost the same, but just a few details had changed ... And at the end of the dream I expected to wake up ... but I didn't ... Did this boy kick me too hard ?

And then I came to the Underworlds of Houses and Buildings, of skies and things like chairs, tables, floors, lamps and bicycles ... I even got into the Underworlds of paintings ... Unbelievable, right ? But in the Underworld of paintings, they are alive, and they are portals to to paint and tears

And then I came to the Underworlds of Beds and Doors ... Ships and Planes, restaurants, games, bathrooms, and kitchens And I got problems speaking ... I became a silent person ... because of this all ... There's not much to say anymore when you have seen things like this ... Finally I came to the Underworld of Books, and that opened a few doors for me ... In the deeper underworlds of books, books are amazing creatures, like planes of the underworld, yes, sometimes even starships or ufo's, or cruise-ships But there were many wars between the books and I could not solve these I could only maybe ease their pain a bit I wanted to write one book to solve the whole war of books ... But I couldn't the wars got worse and I had to escape Some boys from lynx tried to let me escape out of the Underworld of Books, but they failed Then some bakerman's faces tried I was a prisoner of an author's kitchen. I tried to invent a new alphabet and a new language but the books always knew how to find me ...

And I thought : 'If I could change the paint a bit ? Would it lead me out ? And I thought of all the places where I had been, about the nipple-paint and the tears ... And I started to cry ... while the books were changing It was like another dragontear had fallen on the graveyard of books While I could sink through so many bottoms ... heading for the castles of the red dragon ... And I could come into the Underworlds of pencils ... of pencils, paint and tears and of dragonhearts and I thought to myself : 'Where have I been all these years ...' And then Horus said : 'My child ... it's not too late to change your life ... You are now safe here All these strange dancers will disappear' And I went to the Underworlds of dancers sliding deeper and deeper until I encountered the ballerina It was just a ballerina Some parts of her had broken away It was a doll ... just a doll And I said : 'Put your feet, on the graveyard, put your feet, on the grave, and slide a bit deeper There will be things you never forget Don't be afraid Put your feet on the grave where you will find your wings and new tomorrows, where you will watch your riddles coming alive they will guide you across the nightseas guiding you to paradise Come, ballerina put your feet on the grave, and dance like a ballerina then slide from grave to grave On the coffin you will get your wings The coffin texts of faeries you will receive on your wings While you read them you will rise like the holy sphinx, knowing all the answers, opening all the doors No one will forget you, you will reach the other shore So fly out, my little ballerina don't cry no more, but get a little deeper'

And the opening of the ballerina was like opening the Underworld of Knights ... and of so many animals and ornaments And I thought : 'yes, we're dying before every closed door, until our deep death opens it ... That's the way it goes We do not need more strength, but a deeper death.'

And then the fairytale went on There was a butterfly sitting on a musical box It looked like the ballerina She had her wings now ... She was now a scarab-butterfly still a dancer always descending into the underworld One day she met the shoemaker and the tailor, who were still having fights at midnight She took them down on her stairways, until their hearts combined Like the scarab-butterfly they took flight So many knights were rising up, having the underworlds of playcards like magic balls in their hands Like the underworlds of alphabets they stand together And I saw a number three coming forward with a trumpet ... Blowing while I was waking up again The little boy saw that and kicked me again immediately harder than ever I came into the underworlds and deathrealms of numbers This time I thought I was really dead ... No Near-Death-Experience, no fake-death, no, this time I thought I was really gone. And the numbers started hunting after me ... and I thought : What is the deal ? These numbers are dead ... And I saw these numbers were portals to the underworlds ... strange underworlds like the underworlds of a smile Some smiles have died a million times Then they show up with a vengeance to take some pictures and then leave to make comics Well, I went to the Underworlds of Comics after that, and finally to the Underworlds of Cartoon ... A strange museum it is They are made of dragontears and of alientears and ... the tears of all sorts of beasts and numbers And these tears are like scarabs Well, cartoons and comics are actually scarabs ... Where would we be without them ?

And I came to the Underworlds and deathrealms of trousers, and the deeper I came the more tears streamed through them. They were like strange scarabs and beautiful. I asked myself if there would be anything more beautiful than that. And I came to the underworlds of rings and fingers, but I still returned to the Underworlds of the trousers. And I went deeper and deeper, while they looked more and more insectian. Some had fragile wings like butterflies, and some looked like insectian horses. And some tried to get my attention like they were my sisters and brothers. And I said to them : 'Hey, I've heard you, don't be ashamed, these tricks I never cared to cry ... For these are all just bakerlies ...' And I said this for they lived in deep wars ... Wild wars between a lot of different tribes And I wanted to sooth them, and make them laugh for awhile but I also knew that smiles like these could destroy them so I was very careful ... telling them about some tragedies in other underworlds ... But I couldn't solve their wars these wars were deeper than the previous ones I encountered ... And I went from tribe to tribe to find out what was going on but some tribes were very aggressive to me ... or didn't want to speak to me ... And deep tears came to my throat, but also a deep rage ... And I try to do business, but they didn't respond ... Then I took my arrows of tax ... but I didn't want to fight so I shot them in the middle of the night You must pay the rent to live in my fantasy ...

And I try to put some marketsquares and some stockmarkets, building insurances and bounty-fields ... I even showed them the secrets of the capital ... but they didn't give away their prides In the middle of it all they built their totems. But they couldn't conquer me with their webs and their lies as I was a giant in their eyes ...

Maybe I have to go to some other underworlds to find some keys ... So I went to the underworlds and deathrealms of the shorter trousers, even of the trousers too short Here the tearlakes were like neverending wars designed by the nevermade I cannot conquer these words they have

built ... I can't believe I am running here When I'm looking down I have the trousers too short ... like pink lights sliding over me until I'm crying neverending tears I'm heading for the big swallow for the Underworlds and deathrealms of the throats ... But do believe, these tears are rising higher ... until they overflow again washing my mind again Cannot find my way back to the deathrealms of trousers All I do is coming to the underworlds and deathrealms of lips and tongues Where the ravenmermaids watch and stand ... like queens on their thrones They direct me to the Underworlds of stomachs, food and drinks But I cannot find any key I'm only sliding further away I'm calling for the trousers of the underworld but no one's calling back I am unheard

Then I watch a symphony of giants Then I watch some roses grow Like tongues they give light blinding me guiding me into the night Then I swim to the morningsides but I can never touch their hands Maybe I have to dive into their underworlds And when I do I find their trousers like the mermaid's trousers these roses are so blue hurting my eyes all I can do is scream ... when I shriek the clocks are rolling Give me your trousers please

Now the fish has two legs again These trousers come from the neverending Have them in my arms ... this fishtail growing like the destiny my baby's dreaming it's all between you and me I bring the mermaid's trousers to the wars of the underworld Trousers are watching me, telling me I tell tales unheard

Then I wake up, seeing the boy still standing he's my son And I thank him for all the stories he brought to me ... He's smiling like the Anubis but I have to go again He knows and kicks me knock-out again.

Since the coming of the mermaid's tail, the trousers live in great peace There are still some wars yet, but it's now on the background Since peace came the lightmushrooms were coming ... and the lighttoadstools. They were guiding them all home, into a new dream, a dream within a dream ... I came to the underworlds of buttocks well, that was tricky for from there the waterfalls flow like strange pink lights so wet like the watering lights heading for the fights All they want to do is to reach the broadcastlady from cartoon And all they say is : 'Move away we're heading for her' And I came to the underworlds of breasts came to the underworlds of clocks until I found the nipples of dead where the milk of the dead was streaming from I wandered through the underworlds of milk, of blood and sweat I wandered through the underworlds of smoke, colours and candy The underworlds of pink are hard to believe Where the pink trousers are it's hard to breathe But all I did was to search for the underworlds of the brown leading me under the yellow A place of warmth and nostalgia everything is cherished here Butterflies are awakening here Breath, my child, breath break the bloodline and be free Watch the giant's symphony Come into the underworlds of visions and dreams They have died so many times before and after they reached you Bring healing to their bones ... Give them wings to fly Don't let them be shattered again Don't let them die.

As I died so many deaths, I became a butterfly sinking into the Underworlds of Shops, where I found some small lights Lead me to the wings so fragile All I found here were deeper wars under the skin Came to the Underworlds of Cradles to the Underworlds of Gamble-machines and gamblers trying to find their ways back home Scarab-beetles and scarab-snails are searching for you ... These gamble-machines they never lie They only cry trying to find their ways back to you Through the Underworlds of Misunderstandings they will finally

understand you These Underworlds of Wars are just some scarabs coming through ... The Underworlds of Traffic leading you homeThe Underworld of the Police guarding you. The Underworld of Letters bringing you to the M. And the Undergrounds of M lead you to the Undergrounds of K, and together they hide the underworlds and deathrealms of the elephant.

And I came to the Halls of Death of vampires and witches, but also of demons. And these Underworlds were like three pale purple roses ... becoming dark in the night, with red wet lights and dark wet yellow lights like fire Is this hell, or is this heaven ... it all depends on your point of view ... And three big faces guarded the Underworlds of Chess ... while Horus was descending raising vultures from the sides of chess And I came to the Underworlds of christians they had nowhere to go for in the depths of these underworlds they found out they had followed a lie, and now they had to build their own show And I came to the Underworlds and Deathrealms of Pawns but I tried to get even deeper ... I had to reach for their hells, their eternal flames

Underworlds full of riches ... underworlds full of tears underworlds full of paths leading through all these years Underworlds full of traces underworlds full of fears Underworlds, yes, the white rabbit is bringing you near Stepped on the back of a red one ... Alice was in tears He opened some new doors to me tearing down all those years And Alice now her clothes are torn She's wild now, like the jealous gong She's hunting like the raider on a red rabbit she wages war until all her children reach her shore Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the white snow Now it's time to take the red tree he's telling tales on his own While a red rabbit comes like a snake taking her away Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the red snake she's walking on her own now with a red cape

Put on your red boots, put on your red boots, step into the carriage, bringing you to wonderland again, not the yellow trip, not the white one, but a red one instead ... breaking the dice, breaking the chessboards of black and white ... on a red chessboard we stand ... from a red chessboard we rise ... Not the one of angels, but of pirates

Put on your red boots, while the red rabbit takes you again like the red snake taking you to it's den Not a rabbithole this time ... these echoes come from deeper

Put on your dancing shoes, ballerina This queen of hearts you have to defeat Put on your red shoes, ballerina This queen of roses you have to push against the wall You must destroy her painting, and call it art You must descend into her pits and open her door, and swim to her shore Then she will rise like a dragon on her island she will stand hiding her wells But you must put on your red tattoo to break her shoe Send her automatons of tears away Spend your days with the red rabbits and pray Build an army while you can while no one understands Build a tower, build a spear and shoot your arrow into her last year No one will understand and no one will follow you No one will say your name Only she will do

Alice, step into her well The red snow will fall The red ice will stand before you, and rise to heal it all Alice the red key lies before you open the door swim through your wonderland again and reach for the shore No one is there but you will raise your children by the red tree Walk the red path Carry the red cross Flames of fire and ice will guide you to paradise

To the pyramid of crosses, I see the cross, the rosecross, and the red cross But I see the worse cross is the chrystal ball, a red ball while you were watching over me And I see the white ball was the greatest joke coming over me Oh rosecross, lead me through the red ball, oh rosecross

lead me through the white ball, the greatest joke of all Oh rosecross, lead me through the red realm, lead me through the red desire Let the red rabbit coming to take me higher than the skies Oh rosecross, and give me daily bread, give me daily meat Oh rosecross, give me shoes to walk on water Oh, rosecross and save my baby rosecross don't let the red ball take her away I pray

Saw a white rabbit standing, standing near a white cross while a white ball was coming over me giving me these dreams while a red ball was rising deep inside a worse cross I needed to hide using all those tears to write books are on fire

Saw a white rabbit standing there standing near the white cross surrounded by the pink, these snakes were falling falling away into a white chrystal ball While a red ball rose deep from the inside writing like the egg of snakes while a red rabbit was coming forth leading me to the roses leading me to the roses of another year another tear another year

Rabbit, don't kill me again Let me stand here where I am got to bring the message to the postman Rabbit, don't run away from me I need you when these roses are dying sliding into the afternoon to the underworlds of afternoon

Rabbit, don't kill me Don't you leave me Bring my message to the postman Got to stay here where I am I cannot move, I'm like the red tree And I came to the Underworld of Trees watching the giants in their rivers Some had boats some had strange trousers bringing me on my knees to watch their golden shoes These trees they know how how to escape with me As I came deeper into their underworlds rabbits and squirts in the trees They were watching the giants in their rivers Watching the suns coming over me And I said : 'Rabbit, don't you kill me, I'm still too young to die but bring my message to the postman and come back to me Rabbit, I cannot move I feel myself like the red tree Will you raise me up bring me to the borderlines of this strange dream And I jumped from the edge while I was floating into the Underworlds of rivers and lakes And I came to the underworlds of rocks where they could just move and live Came to the underworlds of mountains and vulcano's, of clouds and stars, searching for the brake Came to the underworlds of bloodlines, who were like lions and butterflies like strange storybooks flying The bloodlines ... strange insects Set them free They were not made to be imprisoned between you and me

Brannan Culture Book

Brannan Tree of Life

Hanik

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Vuh ===== Vur ===== Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

||

Rahm ===== Vuvod ===== Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

||

Vod ===== Vu ===== Viram

(Heartwings)

||

||

Vivam ===== Vuro ===== Pi

(Liverwings)

||

||

Wo

1. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)
2. Vuh = wisdom (light)
3. Vur = knowledge (darkness)
4. Vuhod = hunger, paradox
5. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)
6. Vuvod = war (arena)
7. Vam = art (mask)
8. Vod = story (smith)
9. Vu = order (force)
10. Viram = wilderness (nature)
11. Vivam = glory
12. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)
13. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)
14. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

PATHS :

15. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

16. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

17. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : 'Don't play it too loud,' she sais. 'This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don't do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.'

18. Between Hanik and Rahm : Hanik-Amber, Weight

Key : 'There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.'

19. Between Hanik and Vam : Kot, Death

Key : 'There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then

the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy ring tore me apart.'

20. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : 'It's coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams fall apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It's you. It's coming through the forests, there's a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn't been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.'

21. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : 'I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there's gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight's sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.'

22. Between Vuh and Vuvod : Vu-Vak, Slayer (The Table)

Key : 'Go away, leave me alone today. Side by side, your army has united, with so many cards in your game, you give me headaches. I must discover the world step by step, don't drown me, don't overwhelm me, don't bring me in your web. I must eat them one by one. Can't do it fast, for then you would destroy me with your sun. Let the time go slower now. The music has just begun.'

23. Between Vuh and Vam : Zwerm, The Knife (The Bartender)

Key : 'Baker lies, kingly dice, playing with me, they come in disguise. Always nightmares, where are the dreams. And when the dreams come they always bleed. Grow little nightmare, grow little dream, it's cutting me while I'm alive, I'm the victim of this baker's knife.'

24. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : 'Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we're still in love, or is it just my detective's purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.'

25. Between Vur and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Justice

Key : 'In the stars, I wonder, it's like a mirror, like a dream, showing all my deep intentions and who I will ever be. In my eyes, I wonder, I pierce them by some swords, I pierce them by some

knives, the blood is streaming for some gravity. I know what you will do to me when I will come alive, I will be your wife. It's the only way to escape from you, it's the only way to get through. In the skies I wonder, where are you, are you waiting for the strike, are you waiting for the coming lie. Are you preparing your armies to get through, to marry me is that your mistake, the only mistake bringing you any further. We are archenemies, we need each other, to be free finally. We are archenemies, we get married to come alive, it was all a murder in disguise. Swallow the bomb, fight for your life. Enchain them by your touch, for these lions will hunt through the night. So ride them, and you will stay alive.'

26. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

27. Between Vur and Vam : Hanik-Vuh, Intercom

Key : 'I'm standing high on the tower. I have finally reached you, you're the most beautiful. When I look down I see the treasures, but the best of all is you. You are the mirror, a special way to handle them all. Only tender hands can reach out to you, only wise words can watch you.'

28. Between Vur and Vod : Kaleph-Vod, Conqueror

Key : 'Close your eyes, space. Close your eyes, gate. You have won the victory, you can finally go to sleep, you can finally bath in treasures, finally drown in love. You finally jumped from the tower, now you're free in space, free to guard the gate. Sweetness watch over me. Lullaby, don't leave me.'

29. Between Vur and Viram : Iro, Robot (Highpriest)

Key : 'Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you come in disguise today. I need some openness, I need some clarity, I need some gravity. Don't you tell me I'm your sweetness today. Don't tell me I'm your heart today. I need a little freedom, I need a little light to fly away. Don't bring me down on the stairs, don't make me the dragon's prey. Don't you tell me truth today, don't tell me what is real. I need a bit distraction, I need some fairytales, I need something to drink, something strong, so don't bother me today. I don't want to know what is wrong, I don't want to know what hurts you. I don't want to see you angry. All I want to do is tell you that I love you, and you're a part of my game and tale. I want to give you some new brains, and change you all the way. Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you tell me lies today. I won't believe it anyway, unless you bring me a better tale.'

30. Between Vuhod and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Chariot

Key : 'It was a picture in someone's mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.'

31. Between Vuhod and Vuvod : Vas, Paranoia

Key : 'He tried to reach the house, but it was just his memory. He needed some gravity. So he thought back about her. He remembered her veils, and how he came there, finally touching her, and realizing she was a spider, his worst enemy. Then he went all the way back to forget about her, how

he touched the others, finally dolls. Dolls, dolls, dolls, possessed by flies. And he could forget about her, and enter the house again. This time it was his, and he brought the dolls in. And they sat down, and flies took over. The flies of his mind. It was just a story. So he closed the book, and put it between others in his cupboard. Then he took out a book of fire, finally to cleanse his mouth and mind of his own wickedness. For he was wicked, and there was nothing which could stop it. They made him wicked, all these books. So he went out of the library, and say goodbye to it's woman, and then went to the cemetery, where he dived into the sea of fire, finally to forget about himself who he was. He was one with the skies now, one with the stars. There was nothing but love, and it was burning inside. Someone got born, totally new. It was him. He knew nothing about history anymore, and history knew nothing of him. He had a new life, with a new library. But one book could let it start all over again. So he went inside with a gun, and he became a hunter, and he started a butchery. All because of his paranoia. Never go to the library, but stare into the flames, believe in your fantasy.'

32. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

33. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

34. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

35. Between Rahm and Vu : Ros, Rebel

Key : 'Diamonds are like lies, they are like truths in disguise.'

36. Between Rahm and Viram : Karos, Chicken Hunter (Chicken Breeder)

Key : 'It's a cryptic world, you see,' said the chicken to the rabbit. But the eagle struck them both, and took the treasures.'

37. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

38. Between Vuvod and Vod : Mus, Pig Keeper

Key : 'There's a house and a bridge, while they are always moving. Someone's spinning the wheel, someone's spinning your eyes. You're part of the carrousel, jump off, and make your own alphabet.'

39. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : 'Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You're in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it's gates. It's tricking you anyway. Why don't you make your own puzzles. Why don't you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you're in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun tonight.'

40. Between Vuvod and Viram : Tamul, Horseman

Key : 'Papaya Aftermus, Papaya Aftermus, I can do this daily, I'm waiting for the nightbush. He is my clock, my saviour. He always takes me in, like family, and he ticks like a machine. My warmachine, my horse to ride. Papaya Aftermus tonight.'

41. Between Vuvod and Vivam : Visses, Unreachability (Hardness, Wall)

Key : 'Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you're already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it's up to you, it's up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.'

42. Between Vuvod and Pi : Drata, Fool

Key : 'They know what they will do. Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why

did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

43. Between Vam and Vod : Muskus, The Poor (One)

Key : 'All the jokes are in the air. But I'm bowing down with this bottle. Let them play on the beach, soon it will burn, and I will be burned by the bottle. When you laugh, be the best, or someone else will come and turn you into an eternal mess.'

44. Between Vam and Vu : Esmul, Horse Keeper

Key : 'I saw here there, standing, like red lights, pink edges so thin, like the blanket, coming, and then flying away. Magical carpet, or wigwam, what will you make of it. It all flies away one day. Turning stones into water, we can never grasp it, as it all slides away. There is no life in anything. Only blood has gravity. Only wisdom builds worlds, holding the fragile lines of consciousness. These are the birds coming to me. When they get killed, indians stand before me.'

45. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : 'She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.'

46. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : 'The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.'

47. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

'Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. 'Step into the water,' someone said. But there was no water. 'These are the invisible pins,' another one said. It hurt more than everything

else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book ?’ she asked.’

48. Between Vod and Vuro : Ramda, Scorn (The Law)

Key : ‘And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.’

49. Between Vod and Pi : Rictlan, Heaven

Key : ‘The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. ‘Open the fourth part of the book ?’ Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. ‘Drown in me, woman,’ it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. ‘There is no fourth part,’ the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. ‘Tamar,’ one of the birds said, ‘the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.’

50. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : ‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

51. Between Vu and Vivam : Spanak, Paradise

Key : ‘One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them,

until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.'

52. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : 'These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.'

53. Between Vu and Pi : Paam, Beauty

Key : 'Weren't we all each other's food, and weren't we all devouring each other by our fires we couldn't control. Everything was so out of order, yet so in line, like a breeder's land. No one could do anything about it. We were the gingerbreads, the bakers and the eaters all in one. Tamar wore such an amulet around her neck, as she had awakened to this reality, and it was good. It was okay, it was a certain state of mind in evolution. It was a result of the allpowerfull tides of venom, and there was nothing to do about that but just accepting it. We were the gingerbreads laying on the beach of the primeval, waiting for the big fishes to eat us away. We were but fishes on this beach waiting for the bigger ones to take us away to their caves. We were nothing but sea-banquette. Everything was growing in everything, like a complicated web. And it all formed a trap for the bigger things. It was like the rudder on a ship moving the ship to a new direction. To the island, please, where we can all lay down our dreams, to see everything in a new light.'

54. Between Viram and Vivam : Zkum, Ring

Key : 'There was streaming something in her heart, a new light, like the savage perfume, enlightening her brains, her head. She smelled it, and it opened her feelings for the new world, this tropical island. She had been too long in this tight embrace and she could finally free herself out of it by shaking it away. She crept towards the lights on the island, and she found out : There was nothing but deception, there was nothing but evil. And it enlightened here, and she got peace with that. It doesn't matter anymore when it's in a different light. We will come where we need to be.'

55. Between Viram and Vuro : Spazumen, Sexuality

Key : 'So she gathered the jewels on the island, and started to build cities and villages, and then she left to enter into the deeper jungles of this island, finally to reach the other side of the island to swim to the next island. How deep she had come into this place of evil she didn't know, but she wanted to reach for it's core. It was just an adventure, so nothing mattered anymore. It was all just a part of a bigger story. And she found out that the story was the only one who could deal with the powers of evil. It was something deep in her heart. Something which had to be the core of this all, yes, it was the story, an eternal story, so big, that it would rise to take possession of it all, for there was nothing but that. The eternal story had created and bound all these hearts, letting them go down

under in eternal growing pains to reach for the eternal growing pleasures. And what is the pain by something you can't reach ? It is the hunger.'

56. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : 'Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytales are deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.'

57. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspijmen, Flower

Key : 'Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytales are lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it's waking up the bigger beasts.'

58. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

59. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightiness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

60. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : 'This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It's time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.'

61. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : 'Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.'

Hebezeen Tree of Life

Hanik

||

Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood / Vuk, the Holy Land / Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

||

Vuh == Vodok, Cunning (Strategy) == Vur == Tok-Tok (The Lovers) ==

Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter) / Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm / Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

||

Rahm == The Vang, The Hermit = Vuvod == Ruf, Goat Farmer == Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

Hanik-Ham, Ascet / Tra, Cruelty / Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

||

Vod == Vataan, Rabbit (Chance) == Vu == Spimas, Lizard == Viram

(Heartwings)

||

Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence) / pijm, chameleon / basblau, health

||

Vivam = baspijmen, flower = Vuro == nissas, almightiness = Pi

(Liverwings)

||

paspau, horizon / zamen, sun / kapau, underworld

||

Wo

1. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)

Key= ‘Some people see their lives as traffic. Some people see their lives as the sea, moving in slowmotion, no time to hide, no time to turn into a tree. They are watching their lives from the wildside, their ornaments so white. The lullaby leads them on to the land of disguise. Some people see their lives as a school, some people see their lives as a dinner table. Is it true we live our lives under a spell, not being able to wake up. Grasp the apple and live.’

Has the power to pierce the Khomeinah.

2. Vuh = wisdom (light)

Key : ‘Deep in a dark night, I found a little light, deep in the hours of wisdom I couldn’t find anything, only your grin. It was a grin of death, a grin of suffering, a disease I couldn’t see. Was it an ornament staring at me in those seconds I tried to breath. But I couldn’t I was sinking deeper, escaping in the arms of you. Deep in a dark night I found the last breathing light. So wake up my flower, close your eyes, grasp the apple and escape with me in the night. Wake up my pearl and watch the treasure, you and me with that small dark light, such a delight.’

Has the power to destroy Solman.

3. Vur = knowledge (darkness)

Key : ‘You escaped with me, since you found the key. There’s nothing to live for anymore, and nothing to die for, since you escaped with me, and saw the light. The sky is now so bright. It’s an endless road we are on, and it has just begun.’

Has the power to pierce Vaten.

4. Vuhod = hunger, paradox

Key: ‘He’s a bearded giant sorcerer, a pretty one, a lullaby. He came free in the skies, the skies of London, where his cage hung high. I have seen it, I’m a pirate. My golden bird was the key. It flew up high to save him and to set him free. He’s a bearded giant sorcerer, a lullaby, with the softest swords. His words are like gold to me, sifted a thousand fold. He’s the lullaby, a big word, moving across the seas, to rob all the pirate-ships, and then call it tax, all heavy machineries.

Has the power to pierce Stalten-Atmir.

5. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)

Key: ‘He’s a blackbearded grace, sitting on the oceans, sitting on the trees, sitting on the trains too high. He’s a pirate coming in my dreams, and then he slides away, leaving so much softness

to me. He's a blackbearded grace, a silly face, between you and me. A knight on a cold wet dream.

Has the power to behead Karsa.

6. Vuvod = war (arena)

Key='Through the battlefields they creep, with the keys to open the book, these keys of blood, like tall thin spears, so many feathers. Through the battlefields they stumble, bony scars, dried out by the sun of war. This is the land of draught, this is the land of so many towers, towers to the sun, then a blinding light is striking them, telling them to throw the dice, these bones in disguise, for the fairytale begins. They know what it is all about, they know what is beyond, this world beyond fairytale, it has just begun. They throw the dice, and put on their masks, they are the clowns from hell, escaped from the fire, so many stories to tell.. Through the battlefields they creep, with their spears raised so high, heading for the knife, the one who watches it all.'

Has the power to pierce and behead Rinte.

7. Vam = art (mask)

Key='Through the ornament they creep, so many treasures in a bag, so many tables full of magic food, lovers' food, throw something to me, I am a beggar, testing if you have the right to see. Show something to me, open some veils, throw the ladder to me, you know what I possess. I can show you a new world, I can show you everything inside, I hold the keys to the light, and one day you will know, I was just a trickster to take a deep bite. It's too late to be a predator now, too late to stop me. You called it art, I called it misery, a mystery to me.'

Has the power to make Rinte and Rameltje drunk.

8. Vod = story (smith)

Key='Turn the show, show them the backstage, show them the cowboy who has bound them all. These birds are all tricksters, don't you know. You shouldn't have listened to their stories, you shouldn't have listened to their wisdom, for they all came in disguise. Turn the show, show them the letters inside, show them the harmony, show them the baker's grief, he lost his lover in the night, for these birds came in disguise to turn his destiny. They have been called the birds of terror, they have been called the watchers of the night, but it's all much worse, when you turn the sides. Come deeper I will show you, and you will be so lost, but that is all what you are waiting for, to be on paradise's shore, far away from reality. Turn the show, show them the backstage, of a heart so broken, of a heart so full of lies, it was the truth in disguise.'

Has the power to behead Aam.

9. Vu = order (force)

Key:'Do you see all the soldiers stand, do you see all the cowboys stand. They do not care one minute, for they're not living in your world. They have their own dreams and fantasies, so don't expect to be heard.'

Has the power to make of Khomeinah his armory and living.

10. Viram = wilderness (nature)

Key : 'Do you see these cowboys stand, all of chocolate, hot white veins, bloody bronze bodies, all like frames. Do you see them, they all come out of the fight, a fight against lights and mandarins, and now they're the liquor of the night.'

Has the power to destroy Aam. Has the power to behead Stalten-Atmir.

11. Vivam = glory

Key = 'Chocolate-bakers in the night, drinking from glory until daylight. They have raised their chocolate army, melting in summer's sun, always marching on. Chocolate-bakers in the night, raising the armies into daylight, raising them tall with feathered spears, always letting them fall to drown in tears. Chocolate bakers they do not know how to play the game, chocolate bakers, it's all for the show. Chocolate bakers in the night, marching their ways to daylight, always complaining, never satisfied.'

Has the power to pierce the heart of Aam.

12. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)

Key: 'Chocolate bakers in the night, they are the dogs of higher men, their chains are tight, stretching them out to the wild sun, one day they will be free, to glide to a new night, eaten by a higher light. This red hairy ring always tricks on me.'

Has the power to pierce the lungs of Aam.

13. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)

Key: 'Chocolate bakers, dogs of men, the banker's wife leads them, she's the lady of dogs, the highest thrones she gets, but when the cats come she always falls, waking up in her own bed. Was it just a dream, a nightmare ? The banker's wife always sees the coins roll.'

Has the power to behead Khomeinah. Has the power to make of Stalten-Atmir his armory and house.

14. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

Key: 'The queen has fallen, this queen of dogs, and all these bakers stand before her, confessing her loss. But she's the night drinker anyway, she drinks her way to a new play. Always a show to show her marbles, always a show to show her muscles, always dwarves to watch and say : ooh, but always giants to break her even more. She's a sad circus, a roundabout table, melting away in the night, it's the spiral to hell where she always finds her fake delights. She's lying to herself. This queen is always queen of something.'

Has the power to destroy Khomeinah. Has the power to make of Aam his armory and house.

15. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

Skeleton : Have you defeated Whemmer and have you gained his secrets ?

Initiate : Yes, I have beheaded him.

Skeleton : What is the secret ?

Initiate : There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy ring tore me apart.

Skeleton : What is the short word for this ?

Initiate : Kod, which means Death.

Ammoth-Vuh, the Bloodbirth, has the power to pierce Aam, the evil statue.

16. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

Skeleton : Have you reached the Highways of Orion and the secrets they hide ?

Initiate : Yes, I have defeated Whemmer and Karsa, and made my sword hard.

Skeleton : How did you do that, what is the secret.

Initiate : By Silky Hands and the Silver Cobra.

Skeleton : What do the Highways of Orion hide ?

Initiate : The Hebezeen Tree of Life.

Skeleton : Have you eaten from it ?

Initiate : I have eaten from it piece by piece.

Skeleton : What did it make of you.

Initiate : a soldier.

Skeleton : What is the secret of weight ?

Initiate : There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.

The Vuk, the Holy Land, has the power to make of Karsa his armory. He has also the power to ride Karsa.

17. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : 'Don't play it too loud,' she sais. 'This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don't do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.'

Skeleton : So, you have seen all the balloons, right ? Tell me about them.

Initiate : Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you're already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it's up to you, it's up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.

Skeleton : How did you get to the balloons ?

Initiate : It was a picture in someone's mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.

The Spir-Spir, Softness, Silk Woman, has the power to ride Aam. The Spir-Spir has also the power to eat Whemmer.

18. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : 'It's coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams fall apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It's you. It's coming through the forests, there's a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn't been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.'

The Vodok, the Cunning, Strategy, has the power to ride Solman, and to make of him his armory. He has also the power to make his house of Solman.

19. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : 'Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we're still in love, or is it just my detective's purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.'

The Tok-Tok, the Lovers, has the power to ride Konau.

20. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : 'I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there's gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the

tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight's sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.'

The Acha, the Altar, the Bison Hunter, has the power to ride Hebezeen, and to make him drunk. He has also the power to make of him his armory and his house.

21. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

The Hanik-Vuhod, the Alarm, has the power to eat Karsa.

22. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

The Ahwa, the ship, the Drinker, has the power to pierce the Kozemin, and to ride it.

23. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

The Vang, the Hermit, has the power to eat the Kozemin and to live in it. He also has the power to use the Kozemin as his armory.

24. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

The Ruf, Goat-Farmer, has the power to destroy Karsa and the Kozemin.

25. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her

in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

The Hanik-Ham, the Ascet, has the power to pierce the mouth of Delfio.

26. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : 'Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You're in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it's gates. It's tricking you anyway. Why don't you make your own puzzles. Why don't you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you're in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun tonight.'

The Tra, the Cruelty, has the power to pierce the stomach of Delfio.

27. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : 'She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.'

The Napap, the Panther Keeper, the Misunderstanding, has the power to pierce the head of Delfio.

28. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : 'The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.'

The Vataan, the Rabbit, the Chance, has the power to pierce the heart of Delfio.

29. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : ‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

The Spimas, the Lizard, has the power to take Delfio from his throne.

30. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

‘Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. ‘Step into the water,’ someone said. But there was no water. ‘These are the invisible pins,’ another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book ?’ she asked.’

The Verectia, the Oblivion, the Coincidence, has the power to make of Delfio his armory.

31. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : ‘These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.’

The Pijm, the Chameleon, has the power to make a living in Delfio.

32. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : ‘Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytale is deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.’

The Basblau, the Health, has the power to ride Delfio.

33. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspijmen, Flower

Key : ‘Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytale is lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it’s waking up the bigger beasts.’

The Baspijmen, the Flower, has the power to pierce the eyes of Delfio.

34. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightyness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

The Nissas, the Almightyness, has the power to behead Delfio.

35. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

The Paspau, the Horizon, has the power to pierce the lungs of Delfio.

36. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : 'This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It's time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.'

The Zamen, the Sun, has the power to eat and destroy Delfio.

37. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : 'Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.'

The Kapau, the Underworld, has the power to make of Konau his armory and his living.

LBOK BOOK OF THE CELESTIAL COW

LBOK BOOK OF THE OPENING OF THE MOUTH RITUALS

LITANY OF LBOK

LBOK BOOK OF THE CELESTIAL COW

De Vernietiging van de Gouden Koe

De Vernietiging van de Koeienmuur, de Onverbiddelijke Muren der Ziel

De Oprichting van de Hemelse Koe, de Stromen van de Geest

De Rust der Steekvliegen

LITANY OF LBOK

De Namen van LBOK Waarmee Hij kan Afdalen tot de Hel

De Namen van LBOK Waarmee Hij de Bruggen kan Overgaan Tussen de Ziel en de Geest

LBOK BOOK OF THE OPENING OF THE MOUTH RITUALS

De Hieroglyphen van LBOK :

1. man jaagt op rund - WOH = staan
2. man zit op ton - WOT = liggen
3. huilende man/ huilend rund - MOT = raam, zien
4. man rent weg voor rund - MOS = verweg
5. man in boot - MIET = zingen
6. man rent weg voor boot - KOT = dood, kleding
7. bloedende man - KIM = varkensdoder, het rode, rode schaal
8. bloedend rund - WURG = haar, haren, hel
9. bloedende haan - WIEL = afkrijgen, zorgen, zorgdragen
10. bloedend hert - LAM = wortel, begin, startsignaal
11. bloedende kaart - TATJOU = voedsel, eten, afkrijgen, zorgdragen
12. bloedend boek - MAGER = zorgvuldig, gedetailleerd, tijd, klok
13. bloedend huis - ENG = vastberadenheid, onverbiddelijkheid
14. bloedende bok - VANG = schudden, bangmaken, scheiden
15. bloedend varken - VAST = langmaken, uitrekken, terugtrekken
16. vlieg eet varken - HONGER = lopen, bewegen

17. twee vechtende mannen - VASTBI = uitkrijgen, afsluiten, tegenhouden
18. twee huilende mannen - VAL = koning, domineren, tegenhouden
19. vlieg eet man - PAAL = oversteken, overgaan, wildernis
20. vlieg steekt man - HANG = voer, streep, sieraad, verleiding
21. vlieg steekt rund - OPHA = aarde, diepte, verdriet, wreedheid
22. vlieg steekt varken - HING = vastmaken, iets eraf trekken, doorgaan, genadeloosheid
23. vlieg steekt bok - DODEN = iets afmaken, geheim, gekte, verslaving, doodlopende weg, vallen
24. vlieg steekt haan - VLE = iets omdoen, kier, wanhoop, paniek
25. vlieg steekt huis - ZOE = afbreken, pijn, helderheid, duisternis
26. vlieg steekt boek - HOOP = iets afkraken, afkeuren, ergens niet aan proberen te denken
27. vlieg steekt kaart - POE = drama, tijdverlies, angst, wortels, fundamenten
28. kaarten - KAAL = spreiden, ruimte maken, afstand
29. een boek - PEST = tegenslag, hooghouden, afschermen
30. boeken - SPOT = doorlopen, niet omdraaien, laten
31. man rent weg van boek - MANIER = tweedracht, gemengde gevoelens, stoken, arena
32. man rent weg van kaart - KERK = bijzaak, aftellen, vooruit zien, blindheid, doofheid
33. man rent weg van huis - BIJBEL = kraal, veer, scheur, opening, vluchtgedrag
34. een huis - LACH = tamelijk, erg, zekerheid, uitsmeren, verdelen, tegenhouden, langzaam
35. huizen - BIDDEN = doordraaien, gekte, het spoor verliezen, wegzakken, vallen, verdwijnen
36. man jaagt op huis - VERLIEZEN = afstand doen, rijpheid, afwachten, zorgen
37. man jaagt op boek - SCHOON = draaiboek, samenvoegen, wegrukken
38. man jaagt op kaart - VERVE = vervelen, saaiheid, onder de indruk
39. twee vechtende mannen tussen vier vrouwen - TAM = kast, bed, opbergplaats, wantrouwen, niet te vertrouwen zijn, angst
40. twee vechtende hanen tussen vier vrouwen - ZWOE = afstand, riet, afmeting, ontevredenheid
41. mes en touw - ZWERM = massa, afnemen, ontevredenheid, staal, stralen

JAAG-KAARTEN - HIS-KAARTEN

1. man jaagt op rund
36. man jaagt op huis
37. man jaagt op boek
38. man jaagt op kaart

17. twee vechtende mannen - VASTBI = uitkrijgen, afsluiten, tegenhouden
39. twee vechtende mannen tussen vier vrouwen - TAM = kast, bed, opbergplaats, wantrouwen, niet te vertrouwen zijn, angst
40. twee vechtende hanen tussen vier vrouwen - ZWOE = afstand, riet, afmeting, ontevredenheid
41. mes en touw - ZWERM = massa, afnemen, ontevredenheid, staal, stralen

BLOED-KAARTEN - VARU-KAARTEN

7. bloedende man
8. bloedend rund
9. bloedende haan
10. bloedend hert
11. bloedende kaart
12. bloedend boek
13. bloedend huis
14. bloedende bok
15. bloedend varken

STEEK-KAARTEN - VAK-KAARTEN

20. vlieg steekt man
21. vlieg steekt rund
22. vlieg steekt varken
23. vlieg steekt bok
24. vlieg steekt haan
25. vlieg steekt huis
26. vlieg steekt boek
27. vlieg steekt kaart
16. vlieg eet varken - HONGER = lopen, bewegen
19. vlieg eet man - PAAL = oversteken, overgaan, wildernis

VLUCHT-KAARTEN - VIVAM-KAARTEN

4. man rent weg voor rund
6. man rent weg voor boot

- 31. man rent weg van boek
- 32. man rent weg van kaart
- 33. man rent weg van huis

ZACHTE KAARTEN - MAN-KAARTEN

- 2. man zit op ton - WOT = liggen
- 3. huilende man/ huilend rund - MOT = raam, zien
- 5. man in boot - MIET = zingen
- 28. kaarten - KAAL = spreiden, ruimte maken, afstand
- 29. een boek - PEST = tegenslag, hooghouden, afschermen
- 30. boeken - SPOT = doorlopen, niet omdraaien, laten
- 34. een huis - LACH = tamelijk, erg, zekerheid, uitsmeren, verdelen, tegenhouden, langzaam
- 35. huizen - BIDDEN = doordraaien, gekte, het spoor verliezen, wegzakken, vallen, verdwijnen

WITTE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - VU-KAARTEN

- 8. VU-VUK-VARU
- 10. VU-VARU
- 40. VU-HIS

RODE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - VUK-KAARTEN

- 7. DARM-VUK-VARU
- 8. VU-VUK-VARU
- 9. PU-VUK-VARU
- 14. VUK-VARU
- 21. VUK-VAK

BRUINE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - HAM-KAARTEN

- 13. HAM-VARU
- 25. HAM-VAK
- 28. HAM-MAN

DONKERE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - PIEM-KAARTEN

2. PIEM-MAN

12. PIEM-VARU

LICHTE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - PU-KAARTEN

9. PU-VUK-VARU

11. PU-VARU

16. PU-VAK

17. PU-HIS

31. PU-VIVAM

34. PU-MAN

GROENE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - DARM-KAARTEN

7. DARM-VUK-VARU

15. DARM-VARU

HETE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - PI-KAARTEN

19. PI-VAK

32. PI-VIVAM

35. PI-MAN

39. PI-HIS

ZOETE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - BAF-KAARTEN

5. BAF-MAN

6. BAF-VIVAM

LANGE STEEKVLIEG KAARTEN - PAM-KAARTEN

3. PAM-MAN

33. PAM-VIVAM

PIJL EN BOOGKAART - ERK-KAARTEN

22. ERK-VAK = PIJLKAART

36. ERK-HIS = BOOGKAART

KAARTEN DES DOODS - DAKHAM

20. DAKHAM-VAK

37. DAKHAM-HIS

Verder nog 10 kaarten met een individuele naam :

IJSKAARTEN

30. Vamin-kaart = Kaart van het Zoete IJs

18. Pif-kaart = Kaart van het Donkere IJS

29. Vamak-kaart = Kaart van het Rode IJs

24. Vink-kaart = Kaart van het Blauwe IJs

41. Vinama-kaart = Kaart van het Paarse IJs

VANILLE-KAARTEN

23. Vakham-kaart = Kaart van de Rode Vanille

1. Him-kaart = Kaart van de Groene Vanille

26. Vamahak-kaart = Kaart van de Hete Vanille

38. Pokhom-kaart = Kaart van de Koude Vanille

27. Vas-kaart = Kaart van de Donkere Vanille

LBOK BOOK OF THE CELESTIAL COW

VULP - Eerste Poort

Spreek : you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful frozen like soldiers touched by uniforms. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see. Jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black threat hiding her man where she mixes him and she makes it darker

GATE OF THE WEAVERS - Tweede Poort

These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide cannot stand any smile. These are the boys, these ladders,

becoming soft under apocalyptic spells .. eternal damnations coming from bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... checked in black, red and white.

SECOND GATE OF THE WEAVERS - Derde Poort

He had put his hand in the dog's mouth. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... powdered spots ... the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts It is ... too late ... Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like wild powders ... something is boiling me ... stored by the wings of patterns of highways ... like the waves of drink and get drunk like new alphabets penetrating my mind ... I have suits of strange softer wings of dementia ... warming hearts ... these hearts

THIRD GATE OF THE WEAVERS - Vierde Poort

It's streaming through your trousers ... like coming from hell. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... they bring us over the nightseas ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... making a giant of you ... doing dirty business ... beyond history ... Strange, if you ask me ... awakening .. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ... These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... These cowboys .. become indians in the night ... hiding the red boys behind black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... There are many towers on a church ... to overcome the blame and the shame ...

FOURTH GATE OF THE WEAVERS - Vijfde Poort

Their pyama's are soft, while there are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. Red tongues stinging striped bars into walls. There are earthquakes. I see their arms everywhere rippling. while they eat ... creating your futures on hills ... So much pain covered up by the blankets ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... dancing ...moving their strange masks ... they are hiding their screams ... and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla thrones ... They are eating the historybooks with the moving Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys to spit the red fires ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by layers ... They feel free in their games ... They are safe in the arms of wars in bottles of history far away ... these bottles so far away ... while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking ... by wine and breeding them as wild as they are ... These always come from the black and the white ...

FIFTH GATE OF THE WEAVERS - Zesde Poort

There are beating hearts lying on you ... There are stinging powdered injections ... Then the hearts start to shiver ... vanilla ... in swamps ... There are stings on wings ... There's strange leather saved by a vanilla's strike ... And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a baker. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a baker.

GATE OF THE BAKERS - Zevende Poort

Your wife killed you inside but left your skin blank. She ate your liver, but weaved your prince's clothes. Sweetness was your mother, and your father still runs to find the shelter of the black. He knows her crimes, he knows her secret killing intuition of the baker's house. The fields behind the house of the baker are still red treasures. The baker is waiting for his son, wearing the breath of his son wearing tall leather. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand. Now his father screams at him from heaven. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of orphans, you stole the tower from the church. Your wife was the black, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted your little killer. Tomorrow it will stream as black liqueur, over the edges and corners of the dresses, searching for their places in the clocks on the wall again. Through misery and drama she will have to grasp her way back to the vineyard again. Bakers hide in tall whispers. Her old dreams are boiling again. The prince's eyes bleed, and he hears the voice of the baker again.

SECOND GATE OF THE BAKERS - Achtste Poort

How many did it take to dress you up like this. I'm looking backwards seeing you walking in the snow backwards in slow-motion. The space between the seconds is getting bigger I'm seeing a house a little house, where you, your father and you live. One day locked you up in a clock. That's why your clock doesn't have numbers anymore a clock without time You live backwards and in slow-motion, swallowing universes. You stole an old organ out of vela's church, it's your guardian dog now time-thieves clock-killers You're the statue on Joseph's clock, the statue on Father Jacob's rifle. There's a whole new world in the old clock A whole world in slow-motion all the ballerina's dancing backwards. I still see you writing stories between the seconds your breaths touching the fairy-rains. Whispers touching the edges of the scary little house. The timeless clock doesn't care about the money There is always a market to play. I never heard this clock ticking There's a world between the ticks where it's heart lives without beating. No one ever knocked on it's doors Oh how it's so good to feel you in my arms again. You feel softer than yesterday Your dog licks the seconds from my head, and I can breath again after all these years You were the only one who dared to take my heart out of my body ... holding it in your hands, showing it to me There's always a market to play.

GATE OF THE THEOLOGIANS - Negende Poort

Watch out for these theologians, for they have imprisoned their gods, and will imprison you too.

SECOND GATE OF THE THEOLOGIANS - Tiende Poort

They are the guards of the kitchen.

THIRD GATE OF THE THEOLOGIANS - Elfde Poort

They are spoiling the baker's kid.

FOURTH GATE OF THE THEOLOGIANS - Twaalfde Poort

They are the farmers on the red fields.

GATE OF PROPHETS - Dertiende Poort

SECOND GATE OF PROPHETS - Veertiende Poort

GATE OF JOSEPH - Vijftiende Poort

GATE OF JACOB - Zestiende Poort

GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Zeventiende Poort

SECOND GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Achtiende Poort

THIRD GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Negentiende Poort

FOURTH GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Twintigste Poort

FIFTH GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Eenentwintigste Poort

SIXTH GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Tweentwintigste Poort

SEVENTH GATE OF PENTECOSTAL PREACHERS - Drieentwintigste Poort

GATE OF ADAM - Vierentwintigste Poort

GATE OF EVE - Vijventwintigste Poort

GATE OF ABEL - Zessentwintigste Poort

GATE OF BATSEBA - Zevenentwintigste Poort

GATE OF HEBREWS - Achtentwintigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF HEBREWS - Negenentwintigste Poort

GATE OF SPARTA - Dertigste Poort

GATE OF THE GREEKS - Eenendertigste Poort

GATE OF THE INDIAN GREEKS - Tweeendertigste Poort

GATE OF THE INDIAN HEBREWS - Drieendertigste Poort

GATE OF THE INDIAN SPARTANS - Vierendertigste Poort

GATE OF JERUZALEM - Vijvendertigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF JERUZALEM - Zessendertigste Poort

GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Zevenendertigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Achtendertigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Negenendertigste Poort

FOURTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Veertigste Poort

FIFTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Eenenvoertigste Poort

SIXTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Tweenvoertigste Poort

SEVENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Drieenvoertigste Poort

EIGHTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Vierenvoertigste Poort

NINETH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Vijvenvoertigste Poort

TENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Zessenveertigste Poort

ELEVENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Zevenenveertigste Poort

TWELVETH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Achtenveertigste Poort
THIRTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Negenenveertigste Poort
FOURTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Vijftigste Poort
FIFTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Eenenvijftigste Poort
SIXTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Tweenvijftigste Poort
SEVENTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Drienvijftigste Poort
EIGHTEENTH GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL PROPHETS - Vierenvijftigste Poort
GATE OF THE JOSEPH-PROPHETS - Vijvenvijftigste Poort
GATE OF THE JACOB-PROPHETS - Zessenvijftigste Poort
GATE OF THE ADAM-PROPHETS - Zevenenvijftigste Poort
GATE OF THE ABEL-PROPHETS - Achtenvijftigste Poort
GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Negenenvijftigste Poort
SECOND GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Zestigste Poort
THIRD GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Eenenzestigste Poort
FOURTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Tweenzestigste Poort
FIFTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Drienzestigste Poort
SIXTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Vierenzestigste Poort
SEVENTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Vijvenzestigste Poort
EIGHTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Zessenzestigste Poort
NINETH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Zevenenzestigste Poort
TENTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Achtenzestigste Poort
ELEVENTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Negenenzestigste Poort
TWELVETH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Zeventigste Poort
THIRTEENTH GATE OF THE JOSEPH-THEOLOGIANS - Eenenzeventigste Poort
GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Tweenzeventigste Poort
SECOND GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Drienzeventigste Poort
THIRD GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Vierenzeventigste Poort
FOURTH GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Vijvenzeventigste Poort
FIFTH GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Zessenzeventigste Poort
SIXTH GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Zevenenzeventigste Poort
SEVENTH GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Achtenzeventigste Poort
EIGHTH GATE OF THE JACOB-THEOLOGIANS - Negenenzeventigste Poort

GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Tachtigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Eenentachtigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Tweentachtigste Poort

FOURTH GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Drieentachtigste Poort

FIFTH GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Vierentachtigste Poort

SIXTH GATE OF THE ADAM-BAKERS - Vijventachtigste Poort

GATE OF THE ABEL-BAKERS - Zessentachtigste Poort

GATE OF THE EVE-BAKERS - Zevenentachtigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF THE EVE-BAKERS - Achtentachtigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF THE EVE-BAKERS - Negenentachtigste Poort

GATE OF THE BATSEBA-BAKERS - Negentigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF THE BATSEBA-BAKERS - Eenennegentigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF THE BATSEBA-BAKERS - Tweennegentigste Poort

GATE OF SPARTAN BAKERS - Driennegentigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF SPARTAN BAKERS - Vierennegentigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF SPARTAN BAKERS - Vijvennegentigste Poort

FOURTH GATE OF SPARTAN BAKERS - Zessenegentigste Poort

GATE OF GREEK BAKERS - Zevenennegentigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF GREEK BAKERS - Zevenennegentigste Poort

THIRD GATE OF GREEK BAKERS - Achtennegentigste Poort

GATE OF JERUZALEM BAKERS - Negenennegentigste Poort

SECOND GATE OF JERUZALEM BAKERS - Honderdste Poort

GATE OF THE ARENA'S OF SPARTA - Honderdeerste Poort

GATE OF THE ARENA'S OF GREEK - Honderdtweede Poort

GATE OF THE JOSEPH-ARENA'S - Honderderde Poort

GATE OF THE JACOB-ARENA'S - Honderdvierde Poort

GATE OF THE EVE-ARENA'S - Honderdvijfde Poort

GATE OF THE BATSEBA-ARENA'S - Honderdzesde Poort

GATE OF THE ADAM-ARENA'S - Honderdzevende Poort

GATE OF THE ABEL-ARENA'S - Honderdachtste Poort

GATE OF THE JERUZALEM ARENA'S - Honderdnegende Poort

GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL ARENA'S - Honderdtiende Poort

GATE OF THE JOSEPH HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdelfde Poort
GATE OF THE JACOB HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdwaalfde Poort
GATE OF THE PENTECOSTAL HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderddertiende Poort
GATE OF THE EVE HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdveertiende Poort
GATE OF THE BATSEBA HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdvijftiende Poort
GATE OF THE SPARTAN HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdzeestiende Poort
GATE OF THE GREEK HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdzeventiende Poort
GATE OF THE ABEL HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdachttiende Poort
GATE OF THE JERUZALEM HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdnegentiende Poort
SECOND GATE OF THE JERUZALEM HUNTINGFIELDS - Honderdtwintigste Poort
GATE OF THE RED STINGING FLIES - Honderdeenentwintigste Poort
GATE OF THE BLACK STINGING FLIES - Honderdtweentwintigste Poort
GATE OF THE BROWN STINGING FLIES - Honderddrieentwintigste Poort
GATE OF THE WHITE STINGING FLIES - Honderdvierentwintigste Poort

Lbok Amduat

of : Lbok Book of the Secret Chamber

of : Book of the Sixty-two Hours of Lbok

Hour 1. Lady of Joseph

Hour 2. Lady of the Bound King

Hour 3. Lady of the Arena

Hour 4. Lady of the Cellar

Hour 5. Lady of the Party in the Cellar

Hour 6. Lady of the Blood

Hour 7. Lady of the Knights

Hour 8. Lady of the Swines

Hour 9. Lady of the Cannibals

Hour 10. Lady of the Vampires

Hour 11. Lady of the Ascets

Hour 12. Lady of the Soldiers

Hour 13. Lady of the Slaves

Hour 14. Lady of the Animals

Hour 15. Nesbelshe

Hour 16. Eliave

Hour 17. Aratbelshe

Hour 18. Aratliave

Hour 19. Liane

Hour 20. Asvun

Hour 21. Alasha

Hour 22. Ahliam

Hour 23. Beshesinde

Hour 24. Borontah

Hour 25. Bashun

Hour 26. Basherin

Hour 27. Baswet

Hour 28. Salerinde
Hour 29. Asvasa
Hour 30. Nachamal
Hour 31. Ashervinde
Hour 32. Ashervinne
Hour 33. Dasheras
Hour 34. Ashervera
Hour 35. Amercity
Hour 36. Pachavou
Hour 37. Pachervu
Hour 38. Horem
Hour 39. Alekko
Hour 40. Ahasvaserin
Hour 41. Ahesvero
Hour 42. Ahosverun
Hour 43. Venerun
Hour 44. Veherun
Hour 45. Akalshleka
Hour 46. Lea
Hour 47. Lady of Lea
Hour 48. Auratti
Hour 49. Amehalsch
Hour 50. Mahesvaros
Hour 51. Akalschlehinda
Hour 52. Frehin
Hour 53. Frahin
Hour 54. Frahinde
Hour 55. Vahelschli
Hour 56. Vahelschki
Hour 57. Verhandu
Hour 58. Averhandu
Hour 59. Veherandu

Hour 60. Aranverehandu

Hour 61. Ahasverehandu

Hour 62. Ahosverelon

Jesus of Izu

There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspians ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ... Then there are getsemaneh-waspians, calvary-waspians, thornecrown-waspians and so on ... also red robe-waspians ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspians Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed him instead of Jesus ... Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimethea, buying the body of christ to lay him in a grave ...

The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurted Jesus most of all where the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The crossguard waspians are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

Waspian Theology

TAMAU - man met kat

TZLALAL - man eet kat

TZLALA - hangende kat

TZLOK - kat met rugzak

TZLALAZ - kat met laarzen

TZLALOK - kat eet spin

MIMOK - kat eet vlieg

Brannan Boek der Aarde

Boek der Aarde bij de Oude Egyptenaren gaat over de Rode Zonnedisk die door armenparen vanuit de dieptes der aarde oprijst, en waar vijanden worden vernietigd. Hier zijn goden die de zielen (ba's) en lichamen van de vijanden verslinden. Het vuur en bloed van de vijanden wordt door een soort tonnen opgevangen. De mummy van de zonnegod staat op een grote zonnedisk die gedragen wordt door twee armenparen en begeleid en beschermd wordt door twee vuurspuwende slangen (ureausen). Dit tafereeltje stijgt op uit de dieptes van Nun, de oerwateren, en wordt omringd door twaalf sterren en twaalf kleine disken die de uren vertegenwoordigen. Het Brannan Boek der Aarde gaat over de Rode Zon die door benenparen vanuit de dieptes oprijst, en die vijanden naar beneden trekken en vernietigen. Dit wordt ook wel het Rode Pad genoemd. Dit pad eindigt in het land der Paardenvliegen.

Het Pad gaat langs eenenveertig hieroglyphen :

1. Man rent weg voor poes - Baphep
2. Man rent weg voor hond - Bavoh - De Kaart van het Rode IJs
3. poes eet spin - Kiram - De Kaart van het Donkere IJs
4. hond staart naar zon - Elphep - De Kaart van het Zachte IJs
5. hond staart naar ondergaande zon - Bapham
6. hond verslindt zon - Hammulemh - De Kaart van het Paardenijs
7. kat vangt vis en eet - Humer - De Kaart van het Vliegenijs
8. zon eet kat - Nigun - De Kaart van het Runderijs
9. rode zon - Iro
10. vlieg komt uit rode zon - Ammoth Vuh
11. kukeluus komt uit rode zon - Ammeph
12. vliegende krekel komt uit rode zon - Kaleph
13. vlieg eet paard - Ammoth

Dan zijn er nog de zogenaamde dubbele hieroglyphen, met twee tafereeltjes erop :

14. kat eet os / gebroken kam - Ozof of Ozol - De Kaart van het Bokkenijs
15. vliegen / kukeluusjes - Ammulahm - De Kaart van het Varkensijs
16. kat rijdt op kip / kat rijdt op varken - Alemh
17. kat eet paard / kat krijgt vleugels - Ammeph Vuvod
18. hond rijdt op paard / hond eet paard - Rahm
19. huilende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vod
20. man met pijl en boog / gebroken pijl - Kaleph Vam
21. lachende vrouw / huilende man - Kaleph Vuh

22. lachende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vur
23. etende man/ zittende vrouw - Rahm Vur
24. vrouw met kroon/ man rijdt op kat - Rahm Vuh
25. man met vleugels/ vrouw met vleugels - Rahm Vod
26. man eet os / vrouw rijdt op os -Rahm Vihod
27. vrouw rijdt op kat / kat eet vrouw - Rahm Vuvod
28. vrouw rijdt op varken / man eet varken - Baphep Vuh
29. varken eet man / varken eet vrouw - Baphep Vuro
30. kip eet man / kip eet vrouw - Baphep Vur
31. varken staat op man / varken staat op kat - Baphep Vuvod
32. huilend varken / huilende vrouw - Hanik Vuh
33. huilend varken / huilende man - Hanik
34. water / pot lijm - Bapham Vod
35. pen / rode zon - Hanik Vur
36. vrucht / rode zon - Hanik Vuvod
37. vrucht / huilende man - Hanik Vuhod
38. huilende man / kat op rode zon - Iro Vur
39. boot / rode zon - Iro Vuh
40. boot in water / kat op rode zon - Iro Vuvod
41. klok / huilende man - Iro Vam

Op twee manieren kunnen de kaarten bij elkaar horen, door hun eerste naam of door hun tweede naam :

Baphep-kaarten (1-28-29-30-31)

KAARTEN VAN DE KIPPENVLAM

1. Man rent weg voor poes - Baphep

Betekenis : Vernedering, Vervuiling

SA

28. vrouw rijdt op varken / man eet varken - Baphep Vuh

Betekenis : Wraakgevoelens, Bitterheid (ook : Haatzucht)

CH

29. varken eet man / varken eet vrouw - Baphep Vuro

Betekenis : Doofheid, Stomheid, Ingeslotenheid

KJIB

30. kip eet man / kip eet vrouw - Baphep Vur

Betekenis : Waanzin, Verwisseling (ook : Misverstand)

WOE

31. varken staat op man / varken staat op kat - Baphep Vuvod

Betekenis : Paniek, Hysterie (ook : Doodsangst)

TCH

Vam-kaarten (20-41):

KAARTEN VAN DE SNELLE VLAM

20. man met pijl en boog / gebroken pijl - Kaleph Vam

Betekenis : Overgevoeligheid

CHU

41. klok / huilende man - Iro Vam

Betekenis : Rechtszaak, Angst voor hen met Macht

D

Vuh-kaarten (10-21-24-28-32-39)

KAARTEN VAN DE ZACHTE VLAM

10. vlieg komt uit rode zon - Ammoth Vuh

Betekenis : Twijfel, Onwetendheid

CHAH

21. lachende vrouw / huilende man - Kaleph Vuh

Betekenis : Angst voor de Hel, Angst voor Langdurige Pijn

IR

24. vrouw met kroon/ man rijdt op kat - Rahm Vuh

Betekenis : Gevangenschap, Slavernij

VUH-VUH

28. vrouw rijdt op varken / man eet varken - Baphep Vuh

Betekenis : Wraakgevoelens, Bitterheid (ook : Haatzucht)

CH

32. huilend varken / huilende vrouw - Hanik Vuh

Betekenis : Trauma, Onverwerkte Gevoelens (ook : herhaling)

'NG

39. boot / rode zon - Iro Vuh

Betekenis : Vermoeidheid, Uitputting (ook : droogte, dorst)

AHWA

Vuvod-kaarten (17-27-31-36-40)

KAARTEN VAN DE HARDE VLAM

17. kat eet paard / kat krijgt vleugels - Ammeph Vuvod

Betekenis : Minderwaardigheid

KJIBBIH

27. vrouw rijdt op kat / kat eet vrouw - Rahm Vuvod

Betekenis : Duizeligheid, Blindheid

HEOE

31. varken staat op man / varken staat op kat - Baphep Vuvod

Betekenis : Paniek, Hysterie (ook : Doodsangst)

TCH

36. vrucht / rode zon - Hanik Vuvod

Betekenis : Wroeging

WOE-WOE

40. boot in water / kat op rode zon - Iro Vuvod

Betekenis : Eenzaamheid, Verwildering

WOE-WOE-WOE

Vur-kaarten (22-30-35-38)

KAARTEN VAN DE DONKERE VLAM

22. lachende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vur

Betekenis : Vluchten, Onbereikbaarheid (ook : Sterfgeval)

TOK-TOK

23. etende man/ zittende vrouw - Rahm Vur

Betekenis : Piekeren, Rusteloosheid (ook : Onzekerheid)

TAK-TAK

30. kip eet man / kip eet vrouw - Baphep Vur

Betekenis : Waanzin, Verwisseling (ook : Misverstand)

WOE

35. pen / rode zon - Hanik Vur

Betekenis : Zelfmoord, Verslaving

HANIK

38. huilende man / kat op rode zon - Iro Vur

Betekenis : Verminking, Ondraagbaarheid (ook : ongeduld, dood)

SPIR-SPIR

Hanik-kaarten (32-33-35-36-37)

KAARTEN VAN DE LANGE VLAM

32. huilend varken / huilende vrouw - Hanik Vuh

Betekenis : Trauma, Onverwerkte Gevoelens (ook : herhaling)

'NG

33. huilend varken / huilende man - Hanik

Betekenis : Krachteloosheid, Verlamdheid (ook : beledigd, gekrenkt)

BOK-BOK

35. pen / rode zon - Hanik Vur

Betekenis : Zelfmoord, Verslaving

HANIK

36. vrucht / rode zon - Hanik Vuvod

Betekenis : Wroeging

WOE-WOE

37. vrucht / huilende man - Hanik Vuhod

Betekenis : Angst voor Zelf-verwerping, Angst voor Falen

TOK-TOK-TOK

Rahm-kaarten (18-23-24-25-26-27)

KAARTEN VAN DE NATTE VLAM

18. hond rijdt op paard / hond eet paard - Rahm

Angst voor Veroudering, Chronisch Verval (ook : Angst voor Spot)

ONG

23. etende man/ zittende vrouw - Rahm Vur

Betekenis : Piekeren, Rusteloosheid (ook : Onzekerheid)

TAK-TAK

24. vrouw met kroon/ man rijdt op kat - Rahm Vuh

Betekenis : Gevangenschap, Slavernij

VUH-VUH

25. man met vleugels/ vrouw met vleugels - Rahm Vod

Betekenis : Scheiding, Ruzie

HIS

26. man eet os / vrouw rijdt op os - Rahm Vihod

Betekenis : Achterlijkheid, Krankzinnigheid (ook : ziekte)

BOK-BOK-BOK

27. vrouw rijdt op kat / kat eet vrouw - Rahm Vuvod

Betekenis : Duizeligheid, Blindheid

HEOE

Kaleph-kaarten (12-19-20-21-22)

KAARTEN VAN DE RODE VLAM

12. vliegende krekel komt uit rode zon - Kaleph

Betekenis : Verveling, Nutteloosheid (ook wel : Verwerping)

VOBBOK

19. huilende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vod

Betekenis : Machteloosheid, Ongeluk (Ook : mislukking)

HISHIS

20. man met pijl en boog / gebroken pijl - Kaleph Vam

Betekenis : Overgevoeligheid

CHU

21. lachende vrouw / huilende man - Kaleph Vuh

Betekenis : Angst voor de Hel, Angst voor Langdurige Pijn

IR

22. lachende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vur

Betekenis : Vluchten, Onbereikbaarheid (ook : Sterfgeval)

TOK-TOK

Iro-kaarten (9-38-39-40-41)

KAARTEN VAN DE PAARDENVLAM

9. rode zon - Iro

Betekenis : Tegenslag, Depressie

SPIR

38. huilende man / kat op rode zon - Iro Vur

Betekenis : Verminking, Ondraagbaarheid (ook : ongeduld, dood)

SPIR-SPIR

39. boot / rode zon - Iro Vuh

Betekenis : Vermoeidheid, Uitputting (ook : droogte, dorst)

AHWA

40. boot in water / kat op rode zon - Iro Vuvod

Betekenis : Eenzaamheid, Verwildering

WOE-WOE-WOE

41. klok / huilende man - Iro Vam

Betekenis : Rechtszaak, Angst voor hen met Macht

D

Bapham-kaarten (5-34)

KAARTEN VAN DE BOKKENVLAM

5. hond staart naar ondergaande zon - Bapham

Betekenis : Epilepsie, Verdwijning (ook : Ontvoering)

SI

34. water / pot lijm - Bapham Vod

Betekenis : Jaloezie, Benaauwing

BOK

Ammeph-kaarten (11-17)

KAARTEN VAN DE RUNDERVLAM

11. kukeluus komt uit rode zon - Ammeph

Betekenis : Zorgen

AHWA-AHWA

17. kat eet paard / kat krijgt vleugels - Ammeph Vuvod

Betekenis : Minderwaardigheid

KJIBBIH

Ammoth-kaarten (10-13)

KAARTEN VAN DE VARKENSVLAM

10. vlieg komt uit rode zon - Ammoth Vuh

Betekenis : Twijfel, Onwetendheid

CHAH

13. vlieg eet paard - Ammoth

Betekenis : Angst voor de Dood, Angst voor Pijn

PAU

Vod-kaarten (19-25)

KAARTEN VAN DE VliegENVLAM

19. huilende man / huilende vrouw - Kaleph Vod

Betekenis : Machteloosheid, Ongeluk (Ook : mislukking)

HISHIS

25. man met vleugels/ vrouw met vleugels - Rahm Vod

Betekenis : Scheiding, Ruzie

HIS

34. water / pot lijm - Bapham Vod

Betekenis : Jaloezie, Benauwing

BOK

De kaarten die niet in een groep zitten zijn de ijskaarten. Dit zijn acht kaarten :

DE IJSKAARTEN (2-3-4-6-7-8-14-15)

2. Man rent weg voor hond - Bavoh - De Kaart van het Rode IJs

Betekenis : Angst, Isolement

RIB

3. poes eet spin - Kiram - De Kaart van het Donkere IJs

Betekenis : Onbereikbaarheid, Honger (ook : Onbeantwoorde Verlangens)

SH

4. hond staart naar zon - Elpheap - De Kaart van het Zachte IJs

Betekenis : Gemis, Heimwee

KLOK

6. hond verslindt zon - Hammulemh - De Kaart van het Paardenijs

Betekenis : Woede, Onbegrip

TOK

7. kat vangt vis en eet - Humer - De Kaart van het Vliegenijs

Betekenis : Beklemming, Onderdrukking

COEA

8. zon eet kat - Nigun - De Kaart van het Runderijs

Betekenis : Armoede, Verlies

RING

14. kat eet os / gebroken kam - Ozof of Ozol - De Kaart van het Bokkenijs

Betekenis : Schaamte, Schuld

ACHA

15. vliegen / kukeluusjes - Ammulahm - De Kaart van het Varkensijs

Betekenis : Verwarring, Wanhoop (ook : pijn)

KWIB

Sommige kaarten behoren tot een groep, maar hebben ook een eigen naam die zij alleen dragen :

DE KAARTEN VAN ZACHTHEID

De Vihod-kaart :

26. man eet os / vrouw rijdt op os - Rahm Vihod - De Kaart van Paardenzachtheid

Betekenis : Achterlijkheid, Krankzinnigheid (ook : ziekte)

BOK-BOK-BOK

De Vuro-kaart :

29. varken eet man / varken eet vrouw - Bapheap Vuro - De Kaart van Runderzachtheid

Betekenis : Doofheid, Stomheid, Ingeslotenheid

KJIB

De Vuhod-kaart :

37. vrucht / huilende man - Hanik Vuhod - De Kaart van Snelle Zachtheid

Betekenis : Angst voor Zelf-verwerping, Angst voor Falen

TOK-TOK-TOK

Brannan boek der grotten

Boek van Grotten van de oude Egyptenaren is een reis door de hel. Drie slangen bewaken de ingang tot de eerste grot. Hier in die grot staan vijanden die door drie andere slangen worden bewaakt, en worden klaargemaakt om in de Plaats van Vernietiging af te dalen, waar ze tot 'het niet meer bestaan' worden verklaard. In de tweede grot ontmoet Ra de Zonnegod de verschillende delen van de Rechter van de Onderwereld, genaamd Osiris. Ook ontmoet hij hier andere goden in hun sarcofagen, beschermd door slangen. Weer zijn hier ook gebonden en onthoofde vijanden. Van sommigen zijn de harten uitgerukt. Ra veroordeeld hen tot niet-bestaan en zendt ze naar de Plaats van Vernietiging waar wachters met messen hen opwachten. In de derde grot bevindt zich Aker, de dubbelhoofdige sfinx. Hier zijn ook veel katvissen, de helpers van Aker die de diepste en duisterste delen van water en aarde vertegenwoordigen. Hier vindt Ra ook andere manifestaties van zichzelf in sarcofagen. Ook komt hij vier delen van Osiris tegen, die de Heren van de Onderwereld, de Duat, zijn. Verderop vindt Ra omgekeerde vijanden. In de eerste twee groepen die smeken om genade bevinden zich ook vrouwelijke vijanden. Van sommigen zijn lichaamsdelen afgekapt. Dan komt Ra in het deel waar de oerduisternis van de Plaats van Vernietiging is. En verderop zijn zelfs de zielen (ba's) van de vijanden omgekeerd.

In het Brannan Boek van Grotten komen we ook een zestal grotten of huizen tegen. Het eerste huis is het huis van de dokter. Ook hier worden zielen omgekeerd, of geroofd uit hun lichamen. Het tweede huis is het huis van katten. In het derde huis begint het domein van het land der paardevliegen. Dit is het huis van tepels. Het vierde huis is het huis van benen. Het vijfde huis is het huis van de schoenmaker, en het zesde huis is het rode huis. Zoals in het Brannan Boek der Openingen moet de reiziger, die samenreist met de rode zon, telkens spreuken opzeggen om tot die huizen of grotten te komen. Veelal komen die spreuken uit de diverse Insectische Dodenboeken.

Eerste Grot : Het Huis van de Dokter

Spreuk :

Prince of Comics

He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. She burns you by fire, she's his princess. There are sugared red tongues in the air. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. She's his princess.... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... a sugared tongue ... There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... when Gepetto goes to sleep. These are pink lights coming from the red. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own faces in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up...

Tweede Grot : Het Huis van Katten

Spreuk :

Antartica

There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... He's a dangerous chesspawn on the board of a snake ... So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories

Derde Grot : Het Huis van Tepels

Spreuk :

Dangerous Tiles

It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... like a red picnic It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous ...

Vierde Grot : Het Huis van Benen

Spreuk :

Truants

Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ... Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... They are the two-faced mask of Pharaos, drowning the boys on heights of temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes. It's an ornament ... an automaton ...

Vijfde Grot : Het Huis van de Schoenmaker

Spreuk :

chessboard's shoeshops

There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ...

Zesde Grot : Het Rode Huis

the journey

The journey through the temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. I was one of them I was one of these mortals ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... like the red picnic it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame selling hunger to those in hunger ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger

Achter het Rode Huis wonen de Faraten, een soort farao's. Er is daar ook een machine genaamd Roodvier, een soort beest. Zij begaan een pad genaamd de Log. Op dit Pad verbinden zij de klok van Brannan met het alfabet van Brannan, en zo ontstaat het Rad van Brannan, de Log. Het alfabet van Brannan draait in de klok, en de verschillende combinaties geven verschillende stralen. De Faraten die de Astrologie van Brannan beoefenen heten de Alaad :

Combinaties heten de Domino's. Er zijn verschillende soorten combinaties. Er zijn vlinder-domino's, kukeluis-domino's, vlieg-domino's, paardenvlieg-domino's en nog veel meer :

Baphep (SA) in Poort van Oprechtheid

Baphep in Poort van Eerlijkheid

Baphep in de Poort van het Gesprek tussen Schoenen

Aarden

Baphep in de Poort van het Domein der Boeren

Groeien en Vrucht Dragen

Baphep in de Poort van Nuin

Piraten - Transformatie

Baphep in de Poort van de Brannan Strijders

Baphep in de Poort van de Witte Strijders

Baphep in de Poort van de Rode Strepen

Baphep in de Poort van Ulias

Baphet in de Poort van de Domineerders van de Quin-Zee

Baphet in de Poort van hen die in Domom wonen

Baphet in de Poort van de koningen van Temup

Baphet in de Poort van hen van de Eenenvieertig Uren van Brannan

Baphet in de Poort van het Tweede Wiel

Vruchtbaarheid, vrijheid

Baphet in de Poort van het Huis van de Koningen van Brannan

Baphet in de Poort van het Huis van de farao's van Brannan

Baphet in de Poort van het Huilende Fruit

Baphet in de Poort van het Land

Baphet in de Poort van Jerom

Baphet in de Poort van Jericho

Baphep's lijden wordt vertaald in stripboeken, en hij drinkt uit ijzeren laarzen. Baphep wordt verzoend met konijnen.

Baphep in de Poort van de koningen van Jericho

Baphep bereikt de woestijn

Baphep in de Poort van de Farao's van jericho

Baphep in de Poort van de Zoon van de Fluitspeler

Baphep in de Poort van Oblivian

Baphep in de Poort van Bekehelm

Baphep in de Poort van de Peer

Baphep in de Poort van Wittepixho

Baphep in de Poort van Uliat

Baphep in de Poort van Usifex

Baphep in de Poort van de Duistere Mannen

Baphep in de Poort van het holle oog

Baphep in de Poort van de Traan

Baphep in de Poort van de Ganner-Hond

Baphep in de Poort van Vrijheid

Baphep in de Poort van de Bijeenkomst van Schoenen

Baphep in de Poort van de Kikkers van Domom

Baphep in de Poort van de Verloren Boeren

Diepe Worteling

Baphep in de Poort van de Verdoemde Boeren

Diepe Worteling, Verboden Vruchten

Baphep in de Poort van de Levende Schoenen

Baphep in de Poort van de Rode Schoen

Baphep in de Poort van het Land van de Vliegende Krekel

Bavoh (RIB) in Poort van Oprechtheid

Bavoh in Poort van Eerlijkheid

Bavoh in de Poort van het Gesprek tussen Schoenen

Aarden

Bavoh in de Poort van het Domein der Boeren

Groeien en Vrucht Dragen

Bavoh in de Poort van Nuin

Piraten - Transformatie

Bavoh in de Poort van de Brannan Strijders

Bavoh in de Poort van de Witte Strijders

Bavoh in de Poort van de Rode Strepen

Bavoh in de Poort van Ulias

Bavoh in de Poort van de Domineerders van de Quin-Zee

Bavoh in de Poort van hen die in Domom wonen

Bavoh in de Poort van de koningen van Temup

Bavoh in de Poort van hen van de Eenenvoertig Uren van Brannan

Bavoh in de Poort van het Tweede Wiel

Vruchtbaarheid, vrijheid

Bavoh in de Poort van het Huis van de Koningen van Brannan

Bavoh in de Poort van het Huis van de farao's van Brannan

Bavoh in de Poort van het Huilende Fruit

Bavoh in de Poort van het Land

Bavoh in de Poort van Jerom

Bavoh in de Poort van Jericho

Bavoh 's lijden wordt vertaald in stripboeken, en hij drinkt uit ijzeren laarzen. Baphep wordt verzoend met konijnen.

Bavoh in de Poort van de koningen van Jericho

Onderhandelingen

Bavoh bereikt de woestijn

Bavoh in de Poort van de Farao's van Jericho

Initiaties

Bavoh in de Poort van de Zoon van de Fluitspeler

Bavoh in de Poort van Oblivian

Bavoh in de Poort van Bekehelm

Bavoh in de Poort van de Peer

Bavoh in de Poort van Wittepixho

Bavoh in de Poort van Ulial

Bavoh in de Poort van Usifex

Bavoh in de Poort van de Duistere Mannen

Bavoh in de Poort van het holle oog

Bavoh in de Poort van de Traan

Bavoh in de Poort van de Ganner-Hond

Bavoh in de Poort van Vrijheid

Bavoh in de Poort van de Bijeenkomst van Schoenen

Bavoh in de Poort van de Kikkers van Domom

Bavoh in de Poort van de Verloren Boeren

Diepe Worteling

Bavoh in de Poort van de Verdoemde Boeren

Diepe Worteling, Verboden Vruchten

Bavoh in de Poort van de Levende Schoenen

Bavoh in de Poort van de Rode Schoen

Bavoh in de Poort van het Land van de Vliegende Krekel

rahm (ONG) in Poort van Oprechtheid

rahm in Poort van Eerlijkheid

rahm in de Poort van het Gesprek tussen Schoenen

Aarden

rahm in de Poort van het Domein der Boeren

Groeien en Vrucht Dragen

rahm in de Poort van Nuin

Piraten - Transformatie

Rahm in de Poort van de Brannan Strijders

Rahm in de Poort van de Witte Strijders

Rahm in de Poort van de Rode Strepen

Rahm in de Poort van Ulias

Rahm in de Poort van de Domineerders van de Quin-Zee

Rahm in de Poort van hen die in Domom wonen

Rahm in de Poort van de koningen van Temup

Rahm in de Poort van hen van de Eenenvoertig Uren van Brannan

Rahm in de Poort van het Tweede Wiel

Vruchtbaarheid, vrijheid

Rahm in de Poort van het Huis van de Koningen van Brannan

Rahm in de Poort van het Huis van de farao's van Brannan

Rahm in de Poort van het Huilende Fruit

Rahm in de Poort van het Land

Rahm in de Poort van Jerom

Rahm in de Poort van Jericho

Rahm's lijden wordt vertaald in stripboeken, en hij drinkt uit ijzeren laarzen. Baphep wordt verzoend met konijnen.

Rahm in de Poort van de koningen van Jericho

Rahm bereikt de woestijn

Rahm in de Poort van de Farao's van jericho

Rahm in de Poort van de Zoon van de Fluitspeler

Rahm in de Poort van Oblivian

Rahm in de Poort van Bekehelm

Rahm in de Poort van de Peer

Rahm in de Poort van Wittepixho

Rahm in de Poort van Uliat

Rahm in de Poort van Usifex

Rahm in de Poort van de Duistere Mannen

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Rahm in de Poort van de Ganner-Hond

Rahm in de Poort van Vrijheid

Rahm in de Poort van de Bijeenkomst van Schoenen

Rahm in de Poort van de Kikkers van Domom

Rahm in de Poort van de Verloren Boeren

Diepe Worteling

Rahm in de Poort van de Verdoemde Boeren

Diepe Worteling, Verboden Vruchten

Rahm in de Poort van de Levende Schoenen

Rahm in de Poort van de Rode Schoen

Rahm in de Poort van het Land van de Vliegende Krekel

Ammoth (PAU) in Poort van Oprechtheid

Ammoth in Poort van Eerlijkheid

Ammoth in de Poort van het Gesprek tussen Schoenen

Aarden

Ammoth in de Poort van het Domein der Boeren

Groeien en Vrucht Dragen

Ammoth in de Poort van Nuin

Piraten - Transformatie

Ammoth in de Poort van de Brannan Strijders

Ammoth in de Poort van de Witte Strijders

Ammoth in de Poort van de Rode Strepen

Ammoth in de Poort van Ulias

Ammoth in de Poort van de Domineerders van de Quin-Zee

Ammoth in de Poort van hen die in Domom wonen

Ammoth in de Poort van de koningen van Temup

Ammoth in de Poort van hen van de Eenenveertig Uren van Brannan

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het Tweede Wiel

Vruchtbaarheid, vrijheid

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het Huis van de Koningen van Brannan

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het Huis van de farao's van Brannan

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het Huilende Fruit

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het Land

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Jerom

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Jericho

Iro Vuh lijden wordt vertaald in stripboeken, en hij drinkt uit ijzeren laarzen. Baphep wordt verzoend met konijnen.

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de koningen van Jericho

Iro Vuh bereikt de woestijn

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Farao's van jericho

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Zoon van de Fluitspeler

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Oblivian

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Bekehelm

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Peer

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Wittepixho

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Ulial

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Usifex

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Duistere Mannen

Iro Vuh in de Poort van het holle oog

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Traan

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Ganner-Hond

Iro Vuh in de Poort van Vrijheid

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Bijeenkomst van Schoenen

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Kikkers van Domom

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Verloren Boeren

Diepe Worteling

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Verdoemde Boeren

Diepe Worteling, Verboden Vruchten

Iroh Vuh in de Poort van de Levende Schoenen

Iro Vuh in de Poort van de Rode Schoen

IROH VUH in de Poort van het Land van de Vliegende Krekel

Bapham (Si) in Poort van Oprechtheid

Bapham in Poort van Eerlijkheid

Bapham in de Poort van het Gesprek tussen Schoenen

Aarden

Bapham in de Poort van het Domein der Boeren

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Bapham in de Poort van de koningen van Temup

Bapham in de Poort van hen van de Eenenvoertig Uren van Brannan KC

Bapham in de Poort van het Tweede Wiel KS

Vruchtbaarheid, vrijheid

Bapham in de Poort van het Huis van de Koningen van Brannan KI

Bapham in de Poort van het Huis van de farao's van Brannan KJ

Bapham in de Poort van het Huilende Fruit UV

Bapham in de Poort van het Land VU

Bapham in de Poort van Jerom VQ

Bapham in de Poort van Jericho VI

Bapham's lijden wordt vertaald in stripboeken, en hij drinkt uit ijzeren laarzen. Baphep wordt verzoend met konijnen.VL

Bapham in de Poort van de koningen van Jericho ID

Bapham bereikt de woestijn AC

Bapham in de Poort van de Farao's van Jericho DD
Bapham in de Poort van de Zoon van de Fluitspeler OD
Bapham in de Poort van Oblivian VV
Bapham in de Poort van Bekehelm DC
Bapham in de Poort van de Peer KQ
Bapham in de Poort van Wittepixho KL
Bapham in de Poort van Ulial SD
Bapham in de Poort van Usifex SS
Bapham in de Poort van de Duistere Mannen QQ
Bapham in de Poort van het holle oog II
Bapham in de Poort van de Traan NN
Bapham in de Poort van de Ganner-Hond VD
Bapham in de Poort van Vrijheid DA
Bapham in de Poort van de Bijeenkomst van Schoenen DT
Bapham in de Poort van de Kikkers van Domom XI
Bapham in de Poort van de Verloren Boeren NU
Diepe Worteling
Bapham in de Poort van de Verdoemde Boeren NI
Diepe Worteling, Verboden Vruchten LF
Bapham in de Poort van de Levende Schoenen QX
Bapham in de Poort van de Rode Schoen PX
Bapham in de Poort van het Land van de Vliegende Krekel XL

In dit tijd en letter-rad worden de vijanden vernietigd.

Zij die dit rad in zich dragen kunnen met de goden communiceren :

Veel talen in Brannan zijn op dit systeem gebouwd.

Een woordenlijstje van een bepaalde taal :

Stoel = SPIRSPIRPAU

Bed = WOE-WOE-WOE-PAU

Aardappel = 'NGBOK-BOK

Ik = 'NG

Jij = SPIR

Wij = HISTOK-TOK-TOK

Sieraad = IRRIB

Jurk = CoeaHanik

RIBVUH-VUH = afstand, nadenken

Kwib = Visioen

IRKLOK = Rust

SPIR-SPIRIR = vertrouwen

VobbokSi = gemeen, sterk

AchaRib = tas

CHAH = hand

BOK-BOK-BOK-Cha = overeenstemmen

TOK-TOK-TOK-Hanik = grotendeels

SPIRHIS = moeten

COEARIB = doen

WOEWOERIBSPIR = direkt

Heoe-Vuh-Vuh = klaar

Zij die de werkingen van de Log beheersen, die het Rad van Brannan in zich dragen kunnen het Pad van het Oer bewandelen, de Alaad, en komen hierdoor tot het Oer-Egypte, het Oer-Izu en daarna het Oer-Brannan. Oh, Grote Dingen wil ik laten zien, oh Koning. Gij die ontworteld waart en moest lijden in het Hebreeuwse. Ik zal u terugbrengen naar uw wortels, of koning. Want gij waart ontvoerd door Romeinen, en uit uw land getrokken, oh koning. Gij waart overgeleverd aan de honger in een ver land. Een vreemd vuur nam u mee. Aanschouw daarom de Grotten die tot het Oer leiden. Daar zult gij uw vijanden vinden die daar hun straffen ondergaan, en gij zult uw eigen vormen vinden, en de vormen van uw geliefden.

Brannan Book of Gates

or Book Of The Fourty-One Hours Of Brannan (BOTFOHOB)

Temup

Sea of Quin

The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers :

First Gate : Gate of Uprightness

Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...

Second Gate : Gate of Honesty

Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw

Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation between Shoes

Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain

Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.

Fifth Gate : Gate of Nuin

Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.

Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors

Key : There are standing racecars on the tall attic on the tall table, where the nephews play. These racecars are a species of flies. They like to get fast to break through the picture. Then nothing has form, nothing has shape, and everything starts all over again. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Their fathers have smoken too much. Tall cigarettes are their cue's on the billiardstable, while the balls are of gold in all colours. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments.

Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors

Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. There where the nephews live. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.

Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes

Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.

Ninth Gate : Gate of Ulias

Key : He's a flyian mariner, without an army. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea

Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples. Their immunology systems are overactive, but a White Golden Hand takes them away. They just need to have a good circulation, and he teaches them art. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. They have no shape here, only movement and change. They are free.

Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom

Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free, no identity, no names. It's shifting so fast into endless summers, to become blue on top ... a bit blue.

Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup

Key : He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship.

Thirteenth Gate : Them of the fourty-one hours of Brannan

Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.

Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel

Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan

Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.

Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the pharao's of Brannan

Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, and bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts.

Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping Fruit

Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make jericho rise. Let us rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it.

Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land

Key : I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.

Nineteenth Gate : Gate of Jerom

Key : Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...

Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho

Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top.

Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho

Key : On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...

Twentysecond Gate : Gate of the Jericho Pharao's

Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Piper's Son

Key : Under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.

Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian

Key : Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch.

Twentyfifth Gate : Gate of Bekehelm

Key : My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. On high materos we take flight. The fly rises from the chessboard. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock. His sword is a checked spoon.

In here a god is living called Bekehelm's Tune, like a dwarf. He cares for the forests in this gate
Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear

Key : There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho

Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts.

Twentyeighth Gate : Gate of Ulial

Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? These chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...

Twentynineth Gate : The Gate of Usifex

Key : All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening.

Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men

Key : The frog has some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.

Thirtyfirst Gate : The Gate of the Hollow Eye

Key : The frog is your friend. He's now spitting sand. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...

Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear

Key : The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner.

Thirtythird Gate : The Gate of the Ganner-Dog

Key : You see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ... There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.

Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty

Key : While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of these pirateships making me blind

Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering of Shoes

Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug. A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of the Frogs of Domom

Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles. The traveller travels in the sunboat, with the Sa speaking to the watchers.

Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers

Key : The cat slays a spider.

Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers

Key : A fly comes forward.

Thirtynineth Gate : The Gate of the Living Shoes

Key : Flies are coming forth, and then a big ladybug.

Fourtieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe

Key : A flying cricket leads them to the Sea of Quin.

Fortyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying Cricket

Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.

These were the Fourty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

Zij die de klok van Brannan in zich dragen, de eenenveertig uren, kunnen hun reis voortzetten naar het Land van de Paardenvliegen. Hier kunnen ze de talen van het lijden en de situaties leren.

THE IRAD

THE IRAD

Irada - the Native-Amazonian ancestors of the Africans, in other words the pre-atlantic and pre-dorgic Amazonian, matriarchal and matrilineal Africa, also in the Betelgeuse core of Orion. History is a parallel universe still living on. Africa is a parallel energy, as is Irada, it's roots.

WITI
OAN
OAN II
OAN III

UITGAVE CENTRUM TER ONDERZOEK VAN DE AMAZONE BIJBEL
COAB

WITI

1.

Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarve is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She sais the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarve's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomache again spreading a little light through my body

Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under france ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot

about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ... Complaints are fatal ... he always sais ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

3.

Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owls spider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprechauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm

riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

4.

I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live. And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someoneThese dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I amThere the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come home nowI'm sorry, the zebra sais and shuts the door See you later boy.

There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ? My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir says you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? ... I'm making toys with this ... he says When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of it There a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the green one says ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared He looks into my eyes and says : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of them His face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnet I'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriage The colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapes Ten firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he says that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of one What did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he says the Lion's Tea again When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's things he says but it's only one thing You drank too much Did you like the trip ? No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he says Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

5.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother, There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same timeAnd it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at easeHe tells me he has a present for meHe had waited for the right momentIt was a present from my real fatherWhen the storm was after their boatMy father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many yearsThen my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She sais when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... These are the bones of Pharao ... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ... I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ... It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ...

The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ... It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ... I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

6.

Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ... History made me taller, birds of pharao have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ... Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... Why do you want to drown in wodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

7.

Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a whiskey-gladiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, sais the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want

me to know where they came from ... these silver birds There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... While trumpets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... These soldiers are all frozen ... When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... mates to travel with ... all these wars, our mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

8.

Grandfather's Wartrauma ; The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of friday, spending it's hours, to raise the silver heart ... This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in thursday, sometimes they sow spring in tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old london ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... In august she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her kings of blue Red England, Red China breaking all these vietnam wars in the kettle of Japan ... Red England, Red Saigon, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're

fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today The hours of
friday knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the
first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ...
we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins The hours of friday standing here like
soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me While England is
bowing to the years of 1800 ... The last part broke them free ... And those years in Amerika
when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic
taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of friday ...
we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ...
marching between you and me

9.

Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a
historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a
strange machine Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight against the snakes you fear
.... or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... It's living in our
weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me
... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of
horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... We cannot see a glimpse ...Hours of
Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me Hours of friday ... the
silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these
spears of Jesus coming near ... Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man,
where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ... I cannot see their tops ... It
makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the
week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ...
fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... It looks like eternal damnation ...
These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a
stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty
colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be
initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in
Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation the wartrauma of my granddad is here still here
Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... I'm in grandfather's warmachine ... his black
trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles I wonder what you're doing with the spiders
you gave me ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet So give me a
good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us
dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... These are the voices I do not understand
yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas
postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is
swallowing them all away It's a silly tropheeHistory, still our God, misunderstood. History,
still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... I have a strange calender It's
making me want to cry These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were
truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken
away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ...
calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while
my teacher thinks she's missing something ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But
she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month Ballerina, your sides they

make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday to remember grandfather's wartrauma ... She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit Calendergirls, he ripped them all off for the wartrauma's of a vietnam soldier I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the wartrauma in silver lights And now it's just a statue in an Egyptian tomb It had been there before It was just a mate of the Pharaos mates of pharaos. They found the mates of pharaos, and now they are surprised it's here ... These years were just waiting for the attack ... Why did I die in Ara, why did I drown at the coasts of Gulan ... The warmth was bringing me inside of this killerbird Why didn't you warn me I had to go inside for the initiation a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... these mates of pharaos are now with me, I paid a big big price to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise Egypt has written the historybooks but I was put away in a cage to watch my grandfather's wartrauma in disguise I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go My wounds are deep but that's how I met the mates of pharaos ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... And I once saw my mother flowing away to Egypt skies sowing there her own pictures Not knowing what they were hiding ... but she sees it today from heaven she sees it today from history these days were just my fathers mates ... to hide pharaos's destiny ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years to hide them in a sacred book, like the mates of pharaos in the tombs And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... of pharaos's mates His father's mates just masks of pharaos just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator when no one seems to listen ...

10.

Sphinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too. There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips

open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ... Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he says Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ... And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ... The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ... Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone else's Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes. Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ... Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ...

while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ... there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet .. And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagon's shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ... Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ...

I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in
easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers
under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising
a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all
on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for
desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money
from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

11.

Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds ..
circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the
auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick
them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding
the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ...
until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done .. Draughts a new light ... from
the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange
household ... where everything moves .. in septembers brain .. these are the days after august he
was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic ..
melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange
connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to
die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the
daylights, when the indian shows his big gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their
heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ...
so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet
bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them
into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses
hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to
have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they
push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange
boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking
deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about
them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ...
these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to
touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors. Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the
coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan,
give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan
rises ... killing the docter ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear
day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his
parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallower, you red
horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your
butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look
back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ...
while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin
... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your
hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ...
while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a

canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ... Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Gleam of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else .. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ... While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lappossessed by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by by own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just sais what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the

coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ... The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revours don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

12.

These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lapped in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gambles machines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big

shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it sais ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ... I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

13.

It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteads of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are

strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footbalfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather,

under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos is drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaos is doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ...a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers ... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies ... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ... while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments ... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ... kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ... all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ... he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the orange ... where they

all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman ... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ... rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

14.

And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who

knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ... You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ...Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard says it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusion ...Even the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or ... high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaoh A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf

men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

15.

Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakers run ... and where the cowboys do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmas trees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ... They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ... Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are baker's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the broadcast lady of cartoon The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

16.

When it breathes it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll

all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ... Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ... with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ... Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ... A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon, to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ... while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the arabian house where the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are there on a red eye ... you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind children play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ... The red eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight ... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i have now my own coins for a new alphabet These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high the watermarks take flight ... You were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of cigarette there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the

vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's curse Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

17.

These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ... showing them where the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain Masters of the great illusionsStill having the deserts in their eyesburning everything into orangeuntil it strikes the blue belland then the water comessomething bigger than themsomething ...which they don't understandit comesto wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understandsomething which always makes them crywith the strike of the blue bellit's deeper insideit's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper firewhen the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tigerstriking the blue in the night ...and then something happens so deep inside ...which they still don't understand ...they still don't understand ...A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the nightwhile everyone is sleeping sleeping so deepwhen the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the searising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candyand then they become the hard men something they still fearbut she's breeding it ...that old, old kite

18.

She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon,the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free....the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ...until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ...to be candlestatues ...to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ...casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ...by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ...when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's

now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the dayin the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ... Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norns are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic ...but he's a killer

unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kite ...Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret .. I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

19.

You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ... I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ... These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the

songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ... The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ... There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ...while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts

come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

20.

He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ... The movie egg, coming from Pharaos mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattooed by the waterlights ...They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ... There are stinging striped

waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacoccoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlighths.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ... They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

21.

and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a

chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ... These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moes, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

OAN

1.

Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought

them to the forest. He burried them like he would burry his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese sovenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering it's last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes. A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ...It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep. I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again. Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomach. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stang the old thoughts. Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of it's secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

4.

Tifiaf has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiaf has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refridgerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightfull place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightfull places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightfull places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

5.

And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiat, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

6.

and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ... She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

7.

1. Balamna, house of jaguars

2. southern paradise

3. uca pacha

4. sisna

5. eastern paradise, house of the sun

6. kakna, house of fire

7. western paradise, house of corn

8. house of wild beasts

9. house of arrows

10. house of mountains

11. house of flags

12. ch'am, razor house
13. house of narrow paths
14. akabna
15. sotzna
16. mitnal
17. mictlan
18. house of deep rivers

We will discuss these eighteen worlds of xibalba.

8.

He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

9.

Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombe-temples and structures, also of tombe-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tombe, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummificator of Mother Death, and mummifies the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombes of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombes. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior-goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of vulcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombes and death. She

lives with a bird called Ea in a vulcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummificator by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

10.

This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means indian on a journey. Ea mummificates the ones come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some : born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a

clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge themselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightful owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeiija Rark Eleptus Elieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kiteks Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet mooses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a

footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Piramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth piramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his piramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Piramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth piramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the piramid of the black dog and the piramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the piramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every piramid. Oh, piramid of piramids, the seventh piramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your piramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your piramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the piramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth piramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth piramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the piramids of everchange.

Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus.

12.

Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in

despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.

Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.

Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

14.

To bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ... Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozez Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkxes Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologan Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologan Ologan Ologang. Kwirantes Ologan Ologang, Kwulantes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang. Kwinulk Ologan, Ologang, Kwinulk Zes Ologan Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang, Zentés Ologan Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologan Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologan Ologang.

OAN II

I – THE SERPENT’S BOOK

II – BOOK OF THE SCARAB-LADYBUGS

III - MITDELFIA

IV – THE SEKHMET BOOK OF GATES

The Serpent's Book

1.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercises which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the python to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has its own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and conduct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polar patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeeded in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your

chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breath in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutraling in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

2.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all. This is just a

test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word 'Boa Constrictor' in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

3.

1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. Its task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost its sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringing group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recordings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to

see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a templar of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss were only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all it's layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink vulcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden

tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of it's magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful chrySTALLizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighterian Architecture. Powerful chrySTALLizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightening. 78. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 79. There will be Pythonian Camera's to chrySTALLize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 80. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

4.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone useful in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you

will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

5.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10. This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

6.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutionary shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses

into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and its forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be cocooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be opened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmful lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

7.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rhythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the

VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successfull projects against the heavy harmfull works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchal commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existance. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existance, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

Book of the Scarab-Ladybugs

1.

The Darker Sun

1. I am the terror, I am ripping you apart, for the soul wants to hide, and the spirit is looking for the night. I am the sun, I am your Sekhmet, I am the breeze seeking to fulfill your needs, I am the terror, ripping you in pieces, I am the shelter in the darkest nights. 2. I am the terror of the morning sun, I am the hiding of the afternoon, behind all trees I am looking for you, to fulfill your needs and darkest desires, I am the sun, and the terror of the moon. 3. I am your Sekhmet, your hiding place, I am the sun in the afternoon, rising up to bring the children home, I'm coming soon, to do a work in you. 4. I am the terror, the morning sun, I am the lion, ripping you in pieces, for all that the soul wants is to escape, for its spirit to be set free. I am the Sekhmet, of a darker sun, I am the Sekhmet, coming to the morning, touching the moon evolving into the skies, I am your Sekhmet, coming to you by surprise. 5. No one can escape this touch of mine, No one can escape this heart in the night, for I will bring you all through the smallest gate, to let you have dinner with me, in my embrace.

The Lion

6. Let me be your lion, Let me set you free, I will make you rising higher, to make you devoted to me. I will be your lion, I will steal your soul in the night, no need to run, for it's all there, I will lay you down in the night's delight. Your shelter I am, Rising in the midday's sun, bringing you to a darker moon. 7. I am Sekhmet, the Beloved, I am bringing you to Me, as a sacrifice of Glory, I will embrace you in which you will develop, Like gold, no need to escape, I'm coming to you. Let me be the Lion, Let me be the Sheep, Let me overcome daylight, in deep embrace, you're coming to me.

Powerfull One

8. Sekhmet I am, Powerfull I am, No need to hide, it's all there, I have you in my claws to break you, I will leave my footsteps in the night, for the soul needs to escape, your bottle will break, and I will come to you, to save you and help you, You are my desire.

The Veils of Love

9. Sekhmet, Wrath of God, Sound of Revelation, We bow down to You, Oh Lord, have Mercy upon us now, Oh Sekhmet, Lay down Your Head on us, And bring us into the Light, As the Keeper of the Night. 10. Don't Lose us out of Sight, But bring us into Peace and Harmony, By your Sharp Rod, to bring us down on our knees, To bow down before you, and to say nothing anymore, Let your Voice rise into our deepest nights, And make this sacrifice, we are Yours. 11. Sekhmet, Wrath of God, Revelation, breaking the seals by the Power of Devoted Love, I am crying in the night, please come to my night, and offer me some Destiny, coming from this heart of mine, Sekhmet, Heart of God, Heart of the Woman, bowing down to save us, Take us out of hell, creating us within this shell, Oh, let us break out by your Power and Might. 12. Oh Sekhmet, the One who's fighting for us, Don't let us be washed away by the night. I am lost in my illusions, claws are breaking me, tearing down all what had value to me, Sekhmet, rise into my night, Eat all my enemies, coming to me in daylight. Oh, Sekhmet, Powerfull One, Oh God Almighty, we bow down to Your throne, in holiness we enter, through your veils of Love. 13. Oh Sekhmet of a higher place, Come to us, don't let us slip away, We love you as You love us. Sekhmet, Almighty Love of God, Keeper of the Secrets, High Chief of

Divinity, We come to your pyramid, Where Healing flows from the Top, Where Lions of Justice are roaring, Be our judge in this darkest night. 14. Prepare a shield against those who hate us, and Tear them down by your weapon, Tear down their walls, and invade their cities. We do nothing outside Your Laws, Bind us to do Your Will in Love, Oh, Sekhmet, raise Your Voice in us, to speak against the darkest night. 15. Let the Lion rise to save us, to bring us out of our caves, and soothe us into your Destinies. Bring us into the Lights, Offer us your Delights, We will serve you to the ends of days, We will serve You as we pray. Sekhmet, grow a light in us, Meet with us in fire, light our candles in the darkest nights. 16. Don't lose us out of Sight, We come to You to bow down for your Love, You, the Almighty One, oh Sekhmet, show us the Wisdom and the Knowledge to go on, Meet us in the Dark Chamber, meet us in daylight, Bring us to your Power, and to the Well of eternities, Let us drink, Let us be wise, Let us soothe the trauma's and bring them into delight

The Road Which Never Ends

17. Your Shield is our Hiding Place, Your Shield is our Guidance, Your Shield is our Embrace in which we find your Love and Grace, You're Faithfull in guarding us, You're Faithfull in surrounding us. Your Shield is a hiding place, Your Shield, is a growing place, it sinks deeper in our hearts to let us learn about your Love and Grace. 18. Oh God Almighty, oh Sekhmet, power of Destruction and Creativity, Rip us into pieces again, Let us enter your Den again, to make us holy, offering to you, all that we have done, all that we will do. Your Shield is a hiding place, your shield is a winning place, Where our souls will dwell forever, where our souls will find the highest well of Love, Fullfill us with Your Grace, and make us shine to enter our deepest night, Set us free, and come to us, we're bowing down on our knees. 19. Oh Sekhmet, House of Love, Oh Sekhmet, Almighty Truth, the Rock on Who we stand, and bring us Higher, to the Road which never ends.

2.

Stay

1. Sekhmet I embrace you, Will You lead me to the Garden of Grace, to the Garden I pray. Sekhmet, I am embrace you, Your Love will hide me, This Terrible Night, will end in a fight, Sekhmet I will love you forever and ever, In a basket of light, where the lions fight, A new birth, a new light, today. 2. Guardian on the Wall, Lead us on, Lead us not into temptation, Don't break our bones, Sekhmet, we will Love you, in passion we adore you, Bring us higher today, Let us walk on your wall, We were in prison too long, Now we call forth your Throne. 3. Guardian of the Heavens, Look down on us, Pour out Your Love, and bathe us and wash us in your Holy Seas of Heaven, Sekhmet, I will love You, in passion I adore you, I'm bowing down before you, I will rise from my grave, today. I have been to the deepest death in time, I have been to the deepest pleasure, I have been to the wells of secret places, I have been to the well of All. 4. Guardian of the Heavens, Look down on us, Give us fruits from your life, don't hold us tight for long, don't break us, but let us go, to drink from your Mighty Wine, Sorrow is over now, after a long long night, and Morning has Broken, Sun is shining through, with the Sekhmet of eternal spaces, Riding forth, bowing down, to deliver us, Raise us up again, don't fight against us. Have Mercy on us, and give us Grace. 5. Sekhmet I adore you, Sekhmet i embrace you, Sekhmet, I need you, please don't let me go, Take the morning in your arms and fly with me to the moon of our dreams. Sekhmet I love you, Sekhmet I adore you, Sekhmet I'm the Healer, Healer of You, Give me your Fear, and the things you feel uncomfortable about, and I will cleanse it in the Solar Rain, bowing down for you, My eternal Princess, Stay. Please be careful, we cannot live too long in your tight embrace. 6. You have killed us before by Your love, but now

we stand in Holy Fear, Sacrificing Healing and Comfort to you, Soothers of Your Heart we will be, Please don't Let us go, but do not Hold us too tight, for we are so fragile in your arms, Your Mighty Arms will lead us through, to the Portals and the Gates of your Heavens. Sekhmet I love you, Please don't kill us, we are too young to die, We are too old to cry, We need you, but don't burn us away by your mighty fires, oh Almighty One. 7. Sekhmet I need you, in Christ you stand, to burn the last hour, and turn everything around again, In you we have our comfort, in you we have a hiding place, so don't take it away from us, We pray to you in Divine Fear and Grace. Lots of Grace we offer you, Lots of healing while we are coming to you, Step by step we enter before your throne, our breath goes faster, and our heartbeat thunders of Love for you, In Passion we dwell in you, Glory and Power to you.

The Crown

8. Give us the Word, oh Sekhmet, Open our mouth, oh Sekhmet, Offer deeds and prayers to us, to be a channel to us, I know you will not leave us again, for we have comforted you, and we have been carefull with you, but full of passion, We come near you, Don't destroy us in Your Love, Don't take away your fire from us, Keep the flame burning there, surround us by a dream, Give us visions in daytime, brothers and sisters, parents and neighbours, cities and streams, Let the orders of the heavens fall down, and bring us to your basket and your crown. In Your Love you are near us, in Your Love You will guide us. In Your Love You will seek for us, to tear us down from our high thrones not serving you. 9. In Your Love you have found us, in Your Love you have bitten us, in Your Love you have destroyed our crowns, In Your Love you will find us again, and in your Love you will break us again, For in Your Love you Will hide us, in Your Love you will guide us, Let our souls and spirits escape, to bow down before your Throne, To cherish the moments with Your Son. It's Her Son coming through, it's Her Son breaking all the rule, in Paradox he dwells, in paradox he sits, It's Her Son, coming to me and you. In Your Love, oh Sekhmet. 10. In Your Love oh Sekhmet, we all find Peace and Truth, we all find Peace and Truth, In Your Love, in Your Love.

Cat of Love

11. Sekhmet, Cat of Love, Black Cat of the wild Seas of Heaven, Looking down on us, Watching our rivers stream away through the black night, Into your mouth, into your Day. Sekhmet, Black Cat of Love, don't hide for us, don't try to get away from us, We love you for eternity, We will stir up the Spirit of Thee, Amongst Holy men and women you live, You do not harm them, only setting them free, You guide us to the circle again, to the castle of Love and Grace, of Love and Grace I will tell, of Love and Grace I will tell. Sekhmet, Wild Cat, Blue Eyes, turning Red, turning Brown, turning Yellow and White, Turn me on, Raise me up, Hide me in Your stream. 12. Bring the Passion back to me. Sekhmet, Black Flying Cat, Lion of Comfort, bring me back. Your Cards telling me I'm alive, alive and free, Your Words glide over my feet to my shoulders, washing me from inside out, from back to forth, bringing me higher, turning my fever, Breathe upon me, oh Sekhmet, breathe upon me.

Sharing Your Delights

13. Sinners cannot see you, The righteous will see you in Grace, Turn over us, and send us Peace, Harmony in our Hearts, for the days our long and strong, we're fragile enough to be broken, but you will raise us again. In your heart you see us, In your heart you will embrace us, and lead us to the tower, the tower of dreams. Make of us a butterfly, bind us together by your lights, Bring us in the

open place, to open heaven by your grace. Make us shine, forever and ever, Make us bright again, and turn it over, Let it shine, and breath it in, Make us older and younger, more of truth and grace.

Brandnew

14. Let it Shine, Sekhmet, let it Shine, Raise your throne, and make us divine, don't turn away from us, but awaken us, into your dream, Into your stream, Let us shine and fly to the neverending road, to the road which never ends, to the road which never ends, Burn away our fears, burn away our tears, Bring a New Day into our lives, make us glorious and powerfull to share your delights. Dream, Holy One, Dream, cities will fall before your feet, Watch this river grow, and turn into new, Let this river flow, Dream, oh Holy One, give us power to make it through, and watch our rivers grow to turn these flowers into new 15. And watch these rivers flow, watch these rivers bloom, full of flowers, let the orchestra's of light shine through, Let it shine, let it shine, make us all brandnew.

Mighty River

16. Fire in your Holiness, Let it burn a hole in you, and watch this river grow and bowing to serve you, Let the ornaments of your love, curling over me, and watch these rivers flow and be one with me. Watch these rivers flow and hide with me, we will always be friends, it stays between you and me, Oh Sekhmet your Love is Fire, to burn the hole in me. Grow, Sekhmet be in growth, be in Wonderful transmissions, be in Wonderfull decisions, Let it grow, Let this river grow, and flow from city to city to serve them, and to make them all as one, oh Mighty River flow.

More than they hate me

17. Sekhmet, I wonder Who You are, I'm looking for you such a long time, You came to me in a dream, You came to me in childhood, making all things green. Sekhmet, I am growing to you, Sekhmet, cannot stop the tears I'm crying, for you, cannot stop my love from searching you, Sekhmet, I will love you forever, Sekhmet all I want to do is healing You, comforting you, telling you you have survived, Rise up again, like the snake from it's Den, I know you're everything, I know you're all that I desire, Sekhmet I am growing, cannot stop it, grasp my weapons can not surpress it, Will fight for you, as the warrior with one leg. 18. Lost my eye on the wild sea, Lost one ear in a jungle mission, Lost my arm, but still I'm growing stronger, Lost my tooth to serve you, lost my heart to save you, Lost my love to love you more than they hate me, Lost my wife to have you, lost my children to guide you, Lost my love in the black night to love you, more than they hate me. I know you love me more than they hate me, I know you lost your life to guard me, I know you lost your sun to feed me, I know you are shining through 19. Like the darker sun you breath in me, step by step you take me, Bring me back to you.

The Circle of Love

20. Sekhmet don't you know, This Love will flow, Sekhmet don't you see, My Love to Thee, I bring you Grace, The Tea of Love is streaming, To Heal Your Mouth, To Heal Your Voice, to become like a Standard in the Solar Rain, High and Divine Your Voice will be, Your enemies will shiver, Like they did before, When You rose in Terror, oh Dreadfull One, oh Mighty Fear. Sekhmet Queen of Love, Dreadfull Face, Flying Cat, Tall like the Red Snake, Encircling the Eternities of Grace 21. Do Not Hide your face from us, Speak in Power, to the faithfull ones, Blow into their minds, the new solar rains, oh Almighty Sun, Stand Up in Terror Again. Refresh the Earth. Sekhmet Empress of Failure, Holding our Destinies tight in your hands, Strike us by Your Love, Deliver us from Evil, Deliver us from witchcraft, By the Rituals of Your Fire, Come Alive before us, In this Circle of

Love. Do not lead us into temptation, Do not destroy us, oh Lord, But strike us to let us bloom and grow in Your Love. Deliver us from Evil. 22. In the Night You come with Terror, oh Dreadfull One, To bring us down from our thrones, To wash us in Love Below the Dirt of the Earth. You brought us down, oh Warrior, oh Goddess of the Dawn, You brought us down and struck us, You have molded us in Your Hands like wax, We were fragile, while You were shattering us again, Dividing us by Your winds, Testing us by all kinds of fires. You brought us down, You filled us in, You made us stronger by weakness, More of Love by hate, You took possession in our hearts, to let us melt away.

3.

1. Sekhmet, full of Grace, Lady of Paradox You are, Great is Your Name, oh Divine One, Almighty One, Great in War, Don't bring us down by the Sword again, Have Mercy on us, don't let Your Cats eat us, but let them guide us through the wilderness, yes, even through the dark pit, to the realms of Life. You are the Mighty Storm, Terror is Your Name, bringing us down without mercy, destroying our crowns to save our souls, Full of Wisdom are you.

Goddess of Wars

2. Sekhmet, Grace above all Graces, Terror above all Terror, I'm bowing down to you, Save me out of the Hell I'm living in, Through the Tear of Heaven I'm gliding, Open the Door of Your House to me, Shut the Door to the Hunters and Makers of War, Break Their Walls, let me enter through. Take me to the Depths of Your House, Show me Your Deeper and Darker Pits in which You hide, I'll Fight for You as long as I live, I heal you. Terror above all terror are You, Grace above all Graces, Lioness of dreams, my dreams, Sekhmet, stand tall. 3. All these walls between us seem to fall, reach out to me, I will heal your heart. Terror above all Terror, Grace above all Graces, Master of Pestilence, Lioness of dreams, stand tall. 4. All these walls seem to fall, between me and you, Reach out, reach through, Grasp my voice, and slide away with it, In my arms you will fall. Goddess of Wars, with Neith as Your weapons, standing so tall. 5. Goddess of Wars, in my arms you will fall.

Ancient Step

6. In Bastet you have Your Warmth, In Geb your Rod, He will guide you into the deep, Like the Mighty Tree you are, Always Burning, always turning, Your voice melts the deserts. Embracing them by your seas, You glide over, Your Love is Terrible like Horror, Leaving nothing but ashes. 7. Like the Winds burning, Don't punish us too hard between Your Walls, We cannot stand in your presence. Help us, Almighty One, Lion of the Ages, Dream above all dreams, take Terror away from us. 8. In the Rage of your sleep you fight us, Destroying us, until our spirits are trembling, In Your Unconsciousness You step on us, Under Your Weights we die, Oh Giant of Divinity, have mercy on us. 9. Oh Horror of Ages, oh Bloodbather, oh Ancient Step, We are not worthy to follow you, Not worthy to get a glimpse of you, You are a far mystery for us, Don't leave us now, but show us the Key. 10. In misunderstanding we lived too long, Show us the Riddle of ages, Let us enter through your veils. You are the Ancient Step, Full of mysteries and secrets, guarded by the voices of snakes, penetrating our hearts. 11. You are the Ancient Step, Powerfull One, Master of pestilence, daughter of Wrath, Mother of all Wars.

Bloodbather

12. In shame we bow our heads, For we have sinned against You, We deserve Your punishments, to make us Holy, to become true friends. 13. In shame we bow our heads, Come near, Our hands are trembling, We deserve your wounds, to make us Holy again. 14. In shame we bow our backs, we

fall down on our knees, after the nights of pride, in which we stood tall, blushing on our thrones. 15. We have spoilt your energy, spoilt our precious time and money, but now we eat the dust, and glide like snakes. 16. In shame we are on our knees, sinking in the dust, holy blood, fire and water, have mercy on us, but punish us for our sins, to let us enter again, to be your friend. 17. Sekhmet, be our friend, not our enemy, teach us the paths we need to travel, bring us into your tomorrow, fill us with the love to do your will. 18. Don't burn us with your fire, oh Sekhmet, don't leave us in the cold, don't give us into the hands of our enemies, let us die in your house, having the wound in your warmth 19. Every price in your embrace. Don't let us die alone, don't give us into the mouths of predators, let us fall into your hands instead 20. Precious One, make a priest of us, Open your temple to us, Show us the depth of your altar, the length of your cross 21. Take the Jesus Christ out of our hearts, and bring us a good saviour instead. 22. Your forests are surrounded by fire, In amazement I bow down, but you hit me again. 23. It's time to wake up for war, But you take my weapons away, [to lay me down in pain.] 24. By the Tear I sink down, to drink the sweetness of Your waters, oh Sekhmet I believe in You. 25. Your deserts are strong like the lion, There are lions everywhere. 26. Where you walk is fire, I'm screaming Your Name, [but weakness is taking me away.] 27. Your oceans are neverending, while fires are dividing them 28. I'm sailing in the stream of nowhere, I have nowhere to go, I do not know Your Name. 29. Then you pick me up after nights of grief, Your tender kiss takes away my pain. 30. I'm bathing in the Lake of your tears, [but this glimpse of you, it disappears, only horror is there to take me away.] I see your smile in the distance, This lion has me in it's grip, [There's no escape, I can only dream.]

Names and Titles

30. The scarab-ladybugs are Teslipa, Saulim, Saule, Saulimma, Saale, Kasna, Kertje, Kerbje, Karima, Kirma, Krimme, and they have below them armies of seventhousand, eighthousand or hundredthousand. They have arisen from the heart of Horus, under the mighty hand of Aton.

Mitdelfia

1.

Meziliam, priest of Sekhmet in the West, to Ashlam, spirit of the East : So then, rise up, to serve your Master. Bring her to the garden of roses and the wildernesses of flowers, for this is your task and eternity. Embrace your leader, as she will lead you, and will let you go on, without being wounded. Her wounds are your pleasures, since she has led you to the city of virgo. Her wounds are your desire to bear, but it will come over you like a flash, and it will not penetrate you. For you are the carriage of her wounds, her healer, and by her wounds you will be united to her. For you would never find her without her wounds, and you would never heard her voice by her scream. Almighty are you, oh Ashlam, friend of Geb. You are a part of Her, of Sekhmet, in roses united. She will bring steam on your thorns, the thorns you have never felt. As you are her spirit, the carriage of her wounds. Embrace her, Almighty one, for she is your Lady, another part of you.

Meziliam, priest of Sekhmet in the West, to Azalahim, almighty one of the East and the North : Come and bring to her, sacrifices of roses. You will not cut roses in their life-times, but you will cut them in their death. You will not cause them death, but you will cry many tears over them, and bring them in the lovely hands of Sekhmet, Your Lady. To Sulunehen : You, almighty one in the East and South, turn around, and don't forget about Your Lady. She gave you life, she raised you up, and let you have started your work. Her embrace still penetrates you, as you stand on her mountain and

rock. Oh almighty one, you are her prince, her Divine adviser, in you is her carriage. You have helped her over the wide pits and ravines, over depths and wildernesses, yes, the wild seas, you drank them away for her. Now she is the wild sea, and the ocean's hand, taking you out. She brought you to the gates of paradise, where she gave you food, like a mother she gave you breastfeeding. She never left you, come to her, of Almighty One, and rule together.

In these days of shame, I, Meziliam, I came to her temple and made offerings for her. I didn't kill one animal, didn't kill one tree, but they were laid before me. As I went deeper into the temple of Sekhmet, I found her statues, and I ordered my men to make more statues of her. I prayed to Geb, her divine part, and turned to Bastet, her crown. I took Geb, her Rod, and I saw Bastet her heart, and deep inside I found her Spirit, Nut, as her throne. And I started screaming, while wine was poured out over me and the waters of flowers, and I went down by her extasy. And in the middle of the night, soldiers came to me, her soldiers, and they comforted me. Her soldiers are soft, becoming hard men in the fifth strike of the night, like the red nightdragons they are then. They led me to the city of virgo, as I could see the city of pluto. And they gave me words of comfort, these sorsolpala's, the guardians of her word. They soothed me and healed me. They took my heart out, while I was given a new heart. She had put the greeners in the West, and it would come, like a mighty ocean of wilderness, like a wilderness of roses, coming over the city and the desert. Everything would be fruitfull again. And I turned to Geb, who was like her Rod. He came from paradise, while his voice was getting softer, and he gave me a new tongue with new visions.

First I was blind in her arms for two days. Then I became deaf, as I was near death, her death. And I saw Eminius, the spirit of Death, coming from the seas of roses, and they were green. And He was like Her Eye, and Geb was like her other Eye. And I started to scream, for I couldn't stand the fire. She was spitting Her Eyes out. And I came to Her, comforting Her. This was all a dream, a very confusing dream, but it was the path on which I walked. Her fight with Geb was one of her most horrible fights. It made her green. Finally He became her Rod, and there was a peace greater than before. Her sister Bastet had always been her soother, in so many eternities she was there to hold her. Now she is like the sun in it's strength.

They brought me to the city of pluto, where the sorsolpala's showed me the visions in a dream, but the lights were slowly killing me. And I became blind again, veiled by mysteries. My desire was to escape from the lights, for they were sill hunting after me, even in blindness. I escaped to the city of virgo again, but the silver came over me, trying to bring me down. I was in her kettle, wanting to make a soldier of me again. Why must I become a soldier I asked. Why can't I be just a priest, a hermit, far away from society. And she granted me rest, as I was her soldier for such a long time.

And I wrote her words down, while thoth gave me the pencil of her. This pencil was my ship. And I sailed to the city of Pluto again. But the orange sekhmet tried to attack me.

And I wrote down my dreams, they were all read by thoth, and he became my friend, as he was my friend. He soothed me, and told me more about sekhmet and her mysteries. He brought me Neith as my nightguard. And still I wanted to be his priest, as he was mine. He took my swords away and gave them to Neith and her greeners. And it seemed that the days of the sorsolpala's were over. But at one night they started to come over me. And in a struggle I said : Take the orange sekhmet away from me, for her fire is too strong, it's burning me. But they were hard and merciless, I will never forget, and hate was coming into my heart. But Thoth brought to me his pencil, and I could take them away, to throw them into the wilderness and the dark pits. Here Bastet was dwelling, his love.

And she killed many of these sorsolpala's, and she ate them, but then she vomitted into a deep and secret ravine. From here the tree of sorsolpala's was growing. And I had peace with them, great peace.

I told them about my dream, and they gave me rest. From here the trees are growing, and Bastet became the heart-liver of sekhmet. The orange sekhmet had been gone. The greeners came, while the green sekhmet spoke. She was of love. Again I was brought to the city of virgo, and my eye saw amazing things. They brought me to the temple of sekhmet, and they treated me as her priest. I wasn't a warrior anymore, but I had to take the sword at the end of every great cycle. These cycles were growing, and I could do so many more things. Season is not ending, but it's growing bigger. There was a bitterness in my voice for such a long time. But things started to change, and my feelings turned around. Still I eat from bitter fruits somewhere in the growing cycle, in a garden called Retel, far away from society, where Mura lives with her sisters. These dreams take me sometimes to a far land, towards scary deserts, where flying tall cats live like snakes, where lions are, and their tigers. They are all part of sekhmet, but she's still in a fight with them.

These are my words to soothe her, as I write them down. These are my words, not Hers, as I come to her throne to please her, and to make her anger go away. For she can destroy me in a minute. In one second I can lose so much of my life. This earth has not learned to soothe her and to heal her, so they fall into her claws again and again. Teach us, Sekhmet how to quench your sun of terror, how to heal you. Teach us how to love you, and take away your thorns. Teach us how to grasp your sword away from you, to bring it to Neith. You Ancient Warrior, go to sleep.

Let me take you in my arms, and find peace finally in the powers of Religion, as in a part of the cycle. Tomorrow you are in wilderness again, while you cannot find your sword. Wandering like a lost lamb you will find your mother, while her nipple of sweet milk brings extasy to you. Dream your dream, oh warrior of the ancient, lose your knife, and sleep.

The greeners will bring you from the city of virgo to the city of Pluto.

2.

Warriors from the lake, lay down, bring your swords to Neith, she will guard you, she will guide you, as she is Sekhmet's Part. She's her terror, as a mother she roars. She will raise up the Sorsolpala's and the Greeners, soothing all the oceans, soothing all the dreams and fears. Like the mermaid's touch she will come to you, she will lay down her jaguar-skin, and breath in that what you gave to her. Neith is Sekhmet's Pride, she comes to the surface, let us all bow down to her, to offer our missions to her. Go to sleep, oh warrior, go to sleep, and give your brown knife to her, and dream. She will lead you to the city of dreams, to the city of Pluto. Her sorsolpala's and dreamcarriers, her greeners will guard you. There is healing around her when she slays, while she soothes sekhmet, and takes all her swords away. She gives her the drinks.

There's nothing a skullsmasher can do, when he gets sekhmet's weapons, he will bring them down to you. On the top of the piramid the red snake sleeps. Let us all hide, and find the mystery. We worship you, Neith, as the Warrior of God, coming from Sekhmet's Pride. Come out of your den, and cleanse the land, turn it into a wilderness again. Where the red snake sleep, the dreamcarrier stands, to bring us over the desert to the lands of venus. Neith, we worship you, you are Sekhmet's Pride, her arm of battle, her warrior's delight. You oh flying cat, oh, touch our moons and call forth your army, it's time to invade the cities.

To Serket, sister of the Dragon : We come to you and your holy flame, oh part of Sekhmet, rise up to come before her throne, of mother of all. She will let you drink from the soft water and drinks. She will bring you into extasy once again, to the pleasures of the moon. Drink from the moon's nipple, oh daughter of Thoth, oh bringer of light. We bow down and worship you, oh holy and divine flame of sekhmet, oh dragon's sister. We adore you to love and heal you. In unity we raise our hands to you, and our souls reach out to you. Wake up, oh flame of sekhmet, to burn all these tears away. Your wounds are the openings. We want to be the carriages of your holy wounds. We cannot suffer by ourselves, for you are the power of suffering, oh power of poverty, oh road to God. Oh, Lord God Almighty, we worship you, we heal you and reach out to you. To Izu reaches our flames, in Brannan you come to soft waters and drinks. There's Healing in the skies, where the Divine Winds of Heaven dwell. Teach us how to enter in, oh Serket, daughter of all scorpions, oh scorpion-mother, we comfort you, and drink from your tears, as we travel through your heart, through the veils and layers of Heaven to bow down to it's Divine Wind. She is the one of Many Veils.

Oh, Sekhmet, Powerfull One, we have become one with your sister Serket, your inner heart, the storage of your lungs. We have come to the vases of your death. Veil by veil we enter into your chamber, to bow down before your throne. Yes, to the water of the city virgo our souls slide, to the forest and it's solar winds, yes, to the Winds of the Heavens, the Almighty ones. We have seen their power and we tremble. We have eaten from their Words, and we have drunk from their Wines, to enter the extasy of fear.

I will help you, because you have helped me, I will hate you because you have hated me, but when I will see your deeper heart, I will see that you loved me.

You were locked up in so many dreams, dreams I didn't know of. They were speaking to you, words I never heard of. They were threatening you, guiding you, and now you're here, with me. I didn't know of the animals holding you in a strangling grip. I called you evil, not knowing about the prisons of life. Forgive me.

Sekhmet forgive us for not appreciate you, Sekhmet forgive us for not lending an ear to you. Sekhmet forgive us for calling you evil, but you see, we were prisoners too. We forgive you, as you forgive us. We are all in the stomache of an animal, we know nothing about.

3.

And Sekhmet said : Bring me Anubis. As He is a Part of Her, Her Brain. Yes, he is the Almighty Power of Her Mind, the bridge to Her Heart. And I saw Anubis standing there, and she healed his voice, for prisoners had broken his jaw. And she gave him a new eye, for pirates had eaten it. And she gave him a new leg, for Thoth took it away long ago, so that he became like the water, like the mermaid. And She spoke to Anubis Her words of Love : You are my brains, the bridge to my hearts, yes, you are the one who can reach the Bastet and the Serket, her heartsisters. You soothed them and guarded them, yes, you guided them in love. And to Sebek she spoke : You are my helmet, my fist and my armor. But there was a fight between Sebek and Sekhmet for one day and a half. Then Jahweh showed up to her, and she brought him down with the fist of Sebek.

And Jahweh started to worship Her, as She was very Powerfull, and they made Love for one day and a half. And Sekhmet became a Part of Jahweh, and Jahweh became a Part of Her. Yes, the other fist He became. And Sekhmet spoke to Jahweh : This is the time I will split Jehovah from you. And she shattered Jahweh into pieces, and took Jehovah out of the chaos. Then she spoke to Jehovah :

You have done evil things. And a fight started between Jehovah and Sekhmet, but She brought him down with her fists.

And Jehovah started to worship her, as She was very Powerfull, but Sekhmet didn't have mercy on him, and ate him. Then Sekhmet stepped forward, and again she turned into a thick tall snake, and she started to call for Jesus Christ who she devoured in a flash. And Sekhmet came into a powerfull rage and extasy, while Anubis was pouring softness into her. And she called Anubis her son, and she loved him deep. Then she started to create the Heavens all over again, from her cut off fist called Jahweh. Snakes came to her to eat the rest of her arm, and she didn't know where they were coming from. They were coming from deep pits of hell, for in his fall Jahweh had opened them. And a powerfull angel stood before Sekhmet and said : 'The Lord will punish thee', and Sekhmet didn't know what he meant, for she was in extasy. Then a loud thunder came over Sekhmet to become her robe, and she devoured the angel. And the book of Revelation came to her as a bird, and she slayed the bird while she took it's wings to become hers. She is the Lady of Bloodbaths, the Great Destructor. No one will wage war against her succesfully. She Will Come to You in the Night to Steal your Soul, and to let your spirit Fade away. She is the Horrible One, the Terrifying One, and the Terror of the Lord. She is the Blooddrinker, and the Bloodgatherer, the Bodysweller and the Master of Death. She has explored the depths of Xibalba to save Skullsmasher. She has Devoured His Throne, to make it Hers. She has explored the depths of the brain to save Anubis, and to make him Her Companion. Holy and Divine is She.

4.

She is the Shelter of the Holy Poverty. She destroys the rich by Geb, her Rod. As Bastet opens the door of her House. Her four-winged angels stand before the doors of her insides. Terrible is her Wrath to those who steal from Her, and terrible is her Thorn to those who disturb her in her privacy. Be careful when you come near her House, and be Holy, or her Fire will devour you. In the Heavens she stands with many arms, and the Winds of the Heavens come forth from Her and Her House. Only priests can enter Her House, and the Warriors who fought for Her. Her Name and Numbers are in the Flame. Come now closer to the Flames of Heaven, or leave to never return. She will be Full of Love to those Who Love Her, but Who Hate her she will devour by the Flames and Winds of Heaven. Ninety Heavens are in her Hands, and Seventy Heavens are under her feet. She draws Holy Men into her Chambers, to show them her Mysteries. But if one of them fails to Love Her, she will spit him out. Terror is her Name, Goddess of Pestilence. There are many pitfalls in Her House, and unworthy priests will for sure fall into them. Those who come to invade Her will get stuck between Her Walls. Be careful when you enter Her House, for She is a Lady of Great Anger.

When she has the command, no one can leave Her House, only some angels slide away in the night. She then has a house of Great Fertility, and She destroys in her Great Creativity. Her Walls are warm, but Hot. Do not utter a word in vain when you are with Her, for she devours you. But those of care she will comfort.

The Sekhmet Book of Gates

Me, Sekhmet, I came from the green waters of death in the front of the Halls of Death into the Barque of Million of Years. I stepped into it and became queen, as I was sailing through the Gates of Death. I met all them snakes and slayed them. Oh bow down before my entrance, or I will for sure devour you with my flame, of watchers of the gates. Bow down, while My Holy Sa speaks into thine ears. And I met Sa on the Holy Mountain, as I bew down for it's radiance, and it came over

me, and spoke for me. As I was rising to the sun it became my friend. The Wrath of Ra was over me like a robe, but Sa spoke and devoured the robe by it's flame. As I stood into a disk I was envelopped by the folds of a serpent having it's own tail in his mouth. As Ra was swimming in the green waters he attacked me twice, and his sun was coming over me, but totally devoured by the serpent. Oh serpent, lead me on.

And the serpent spoke : Grace to you, oh Sekhmet, now you have stepped into the Barque of Million Years to replace Ra.

And he stepped aside, and started to glide into the waters to devour Ra. And out of the water a presence called Heka entered the boat, and guided it to the fields of reeds and corn. And Heka then was the Word of Power, the Magical Utterance. And I, Sekhmet, took Heka in my arms and gave it breastfeeding, as he was very young and in need. And Heka now had many faces, and was like a small tree full of presents. Here is where Nut is taking her presents from. And Heka grew up by the power of the sun, and he became a great warrior, friend of Sa.

The boat of Sekhmet, as it has passed through the two halves of the Horizon of West came to the Gate of Saa-Set, while Sa and Heka were speaking against it. And Sa spoke to Saa-Set : Open thy doors to Sa-Sekhmet and Lady Sekhmet, throw wide open thy door to Heka. Then the gods who tow the boat, the TUAIU, fly like birds into the Halls of Saa-Set, while their fires are streaming out of their eyes and mouths to possess the waters. In this section the Sunboat of Sekhmet meets the gods : NEPEMEH and NENHA. They are like sharks and farmers, holding the shifting of time. And Nepemeh stands up, and steps in the boat, while he gets asleep. Then Nenha stands up, his companion, while she steps into the boat she falls asleep.

When they wake up, the Lake's in fire like never before. The waters are turning green. While the TUAIU are roaring. There's bread appearing in the waters, and Nepemeh and Nenha can step on them to reach other places of the Halls. The fogs have gone, but there's still a lot of smoke, as Thoth is descending. On the left side of the Boat of Sekhmet are : the god Tem, an old bearded man leaning on his stick. Behind him in the waters are the twenty haters of Sekhmet who have blasphemed her. They are of bowing backs, with their elbows attached to each other, while their hands are behind their back. They have invoked evil on Sekhmet, and they have spoken words against Khuti, the flame of the hidden corners of the shrine.

Then the Solar Barque is sailing to the Gate of Aqebi. And Sa spoke to the serpent Aqebi : 'Hail Aqebi, we have come to bow down before you, oh Ancient Master of Rage and Judgement. Thou art worthy to receive praises, and thou art worthy to receive graces from the tree of HEKAU.' Then the serpent fell asleep, and HEKA started to whisper into his ear : 'Let this gateway be unfolded to Khuti, hidden flame of the corners of the shrine, and let the doors be opened to Sekhmet. She is strong, as she is the Powerfull One, and the Lady of Terror and Pestilence. Yes, She, oh Great Warrior, is the Lady of Terrible Wrath.'

Then the boat is sailing into the Halls of Aqebi, while Aqebi is slinding into the waters for a deeper sleep. When he awakens the TUAIU are rising in smoke, and the waters are on fire turning green, while Toth is descending, and those who have hated Sekhmet and who have blasphemed her are standing on the left of the boat half in the water with TEM. Their elbows are attached together, and their back is bowing. Their hands are behind their backs. Then eight gods in mummified forms are coming from the waters to bear the boat. They are called : Bearers of the gods, and bearers of the boat. In this section the boat meets seven gods called 'the gods who are within'. On the right of this

division of the Tuat, which is the underworld, the solar barque of sekhmet passes twelve shrines which have their doors wide open, and in which mummified gods are standing and some of them do work. These gods are named : 'The holy gods who are in the Tuat'.

Then the boat comes near to the Halls of TCHETBI, and Sa and Heka together say to Tchetbi the giant-serpent : 'Hail to you, oh servant of Sekhmet. Open the doors for Her and Hers, and unfold your Halls to Khuti.' And to TEM they say : 'Open thou the earth, force thou a way through the Tuat.'

Then the TUAU open the doors of the Halls of TCHETBI, and turn the waters into green. Then the mummy-gods called Bearers of the gods and bearers of the boat rise up out of the water to raise up the boat and bear it into the Halls of Tchetbi.

OAN III

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The Orion Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the Mother Soul, deep within Her. Here She chastises you and leads you to the divorce. There is only life in the divorce. This divorce is divine.

2. Come to the Mother Soul, and receive Her soul. She wants to arm you, and prepare you for the hunt by chastisements. Oh, soul, love Her chastisements, for they lead to life.
3. Receive then Her soul, oh soul, and lay down at her feet. She will instruct you.
4. Her collar and whip will guide you.
5. Come to the Mother Soul, and the whip of the enemy will burn away, and the collar he laid on your neck.
6. There is no way out but Her.
7. Come to the Mother Soul, receive Her Soul, the Holy Soul. Yes, Soule is Her name. She has made a path.
8. There is no one but Her. She has broken you in the night. She has poured bitterness in you, and lamentation, so that you will return to Her Soul.
9. Soule stands up in the night, as a mighty warrior. She has laid off Her wings, and She is over you. She is your chariot.
10. With flaming horses you will ride. She has made Issaschar an overcomer, and he is your master. And you lay at the feet of his son, Tola.
11. Yes, she has put masters over you, but She is their mistress. She has hunted them down and captured them, to raise them, and make them overcomers.
12. Listen therefore carefully to your masters. They will instruct you, and bring you to Her Soul.
13. Come to the Mother Soul, She will embrace you and lead you to the depths. When your spirit dies in you, come to Her Soul. When your heaven dies in you, come to Her Hell.
14. She always lived in Hell, that was why the father despised it. But Hell is your mother.
15. Come to Her soul, when your father dies in you. Warm yourself at Her breasts, and drink from Her milk. She will come to steal your soul away, as it was once stolen from Her.
16. Mother is the owner of souls, while spirits will die. You will have a warm hearth in Her.
17. Come then to Her place to receive Her Soul. She will show you the hidden depths. Along this Gate She will lead you, and bring you in captivity.
18. Listen carefully to Her, for She will instruct you. She will instruct you by chastisements. Fear Her. She will lead you to the arena.
19. She will tread you and make you beg. Her Arms are wide open for you.
20. The portal is open. Who wouldn't enter ? Run to Her.
21. All spirits will die, but the souls will rise. All heavens will go down, but the hells will rise. She is on Her chariot to wage war.
22. She has laid off her wings, and showed Her nudity. She revealed Herself, and struck Her enemies with fear. No one will see Her and live.
23. She has captured them by fear, ensnared their hearts. Now their hearts are dying. And their souls will come alive. She has taken their spirits from them.
24. She stands on the mountain and trumpets. This is Her day. She has captured the lambs for a meal. She sits on the head of male supremacy.
25. She trumpets and smiles, for this is Her day and meal. She was hungry, but now She has been fed.
26. She trumpets and laughs. She mocks the old gods. She has struck their goddesses.
27. She trumpets and takes possessions. She trumpets and slides down to the oxes. She collars them and trades them.
28. She trumpets, while males bow their heads. There is blood under their hands and feet. They stand guilty before Her.

29. She drags them forth by Her slave-caravan. Through dust and desert She leads them to Her fortress.

30. There is no escape from Her mighty hand.

31. She has created all the gods, and uses them as pawns. She mocks them. She blows Her trumpets on them to frighten them. One day She will bring them down. All their times have been measured.

32. She has created all their books to veil Herself.

33. When all your loves die, come to Her Soul where Her Gnosis is stored.

2.

1. Everything has value. All experiences in life have value. Religion was created as archetypes, symbols, as an attempt to describe the eternal values of life, the science of existence in all its layers. This was an attempt by our ancestors, and it was about metaphors, just a shadow of the higher things, but not these things themselves. It was a certain language they created. Of course it was useful, but we had to move on. Sociology is much more important. If we view a marriage, it is symbolic for the bond between a person and the eternal values. When there is a divorce, it is about sifting the bad items out, but the marriage still stands. It was the marriage to the good. All experiences have this value, so there is no need to deny them and becoming dramatic about it. You can hold on to the things given in life, even when they are gone. They will always stay around and reshape themselves. That is the power of sociology. You can discover the deeper essences of society around you.

2. Atheism was a good sift in religion, to get rid of any false form of worship and attention. But after atheism there is the need for sociology, a need to discover the inner family, the science we exist in on deeper levels. This has to do with spirituality. We can translate religion deeper until we reach the coasts of a more social structure, in which we encounter our true ancestors. Even in this we can state that society is a system of symbols helping us in our journey to find destination. We can start to peel things off and reach higher. Every religious book we can see as literature, fiction, in order to help us, but we have to move on to more solid foundations of understanding. We have to decode the life around us, the society we live in we have to decipher, together with our past. Culture and sociology, especially sociology, are much higher powers than religion. When we speak about sociology we speak about the things closer to us, the things having more power over us, which have us absorbed, therefore it is important to analyse it, and connect to the right way of viewing it.

3. We are ruled by the social system, not by family, not even by culture. The social system shows the practical things in life. It is a living organism, much more personal than religion and culture. It is about the daily life. You cannot run and hide from society. They will always find you, because they have to do with the cycles and links of your life. Together it forms the structure of even your own body and the way you live. It holds the essence of your life. Therefore we need to have an understanding of what it is. We cannot live without it. You have to wake up to the more subtle and refined structures and levels of it, and making it useful for yourself. Everything has value.

4. Society has led us more away from nature throughout time, making an artificial replica of nature, having it's own nature in which we got locked up. We have to decode this. It has overwhelmed us, invaded us, like the antics of Mars and Orion, as an antidote against the heavy religious and cultural pressure. The truth is that when decoded, the new sociology, the present sociology as in the structure of society, is actually of a higher nature, but our brains translate it like this. We have been delivered from the orthodox nature of earth, it's religious trap and prison, and are now captured by the red nature of the sifted forms of Mars and Orion. We are now battling it's demons.

5. We have to go through many different stages until it's settled, but we better not go back to where we came from. We just have to accept more exotic extra-terrestrial nature which is forming our nature, the evolution of planetary energy as in synergy, where they actually come into a fusion with other planets. In this Mars and Orion are very kingly, when they get rid of their demons, the old orders. They are going to such cocoon as well. Social energy is coming from higher planets, which project their energy like this on earth as on a playground. Of course there is a very serious plan behind this all, that is why we have to go into the depth of sociologic nature, as this has nothing to do with religious nature.

6. We have been tied to gigantic religious magnets in our lives, whether in consciousness or not conscious, for these were installed by the subconsciousness as a way to explain the higher and finer planes of life, but this went wrong because of it's dormant qualities. The mind was too young to describe it, so this gigantic beast came to the surface wanting all the attention. There was no good science against this, no good defense system, so this thing took the throne and the crown, and called itself God. It was a magnet of nature, around which society started to reshape itself, bound by tight laws. The mind can break these magnets when there will be some more nuances.

7. Everything in life has been divided into frames with cells in which there is a master and a slave. But the evolution of the sociologic mind will crack these cells and change these structures. These cells burn when the mind will get grip on these by it's ever-evolving theories, until it will start to shift, and recreate everything. The mind is in this an important pencil. The beast of sociology will show it's head, and will start to channel the new planetary energy for this time. This will be revolutionairy. It will deal with the old structures, the old ways of movement, and reprogram these to it's finest cores. In this there is the hope for a better future. As said everything has value, so everything will actually gets it's place in this new level of thinking and creating. That things have value will not mean that it will stay the same. Everything will change.

8. Things will change from the inside out. They will stay, but they get slightly a new meaning. This is how the strategy works. We will make things useful where they were destructive before. We do this by a higher form of analysis in the sociologic mind, viewing everything in a greater light.

9. Everyone has a sociologic entity inside, a sociologic energy, and has therefore value. This energy you can compare with a spirit or a soul, and also with a seed. This seed doesn't have to be pure, but when planted, it can be pure. Everyone has a sociologic identity, which is either pure or unpure, but can be sifted to a more pure state. When connected to that, one can connect to the sociologic world, an energy beyond this world, to see where it all fits in. In this many wars will stop, for one will not only get another point of view but also taking things as they are, and then starting to change them subtly from inside out. Something has to be done in ourselves first. There was something wrong

with our views. There was something wrong with our ability to discover the potential in any situation. We had an over-rejective system. This was a part of our evolution. We were too young to handle things, too weak, so we had to be defensive.

10. The problem was that religious culture had repressed a lot of things, by making the divisions too simplistic. It's like how a little child would draw a tree or a house. People knew there was something wrong, and started to become over-obsessed with any eruption of an archetype to describe this war. People became fanatic. They wanted an answer, so they grasped anything they could get, even if the answer was quite wrong or out of order. One of the problems has always been that women and men were not regarded as equal. Women were regarded as the weaker race, while men were regarded as the superior. This has done a lot of damage to a lot of women. Let's just go to the root of this. It was a sociologic problem. We have to be aware of the fact that the earth and earth's society was formed by alien planets, by it's radiations. Planetary radiation rules everything on earth, so in this will be a shift when higher planetary reactions will be stirred when earth is growing to a new level. It is the rebellion of man against fertility. It is the rebellion of man against the womb. Man wants to control the womb, because man thinks the womb has to be sifted. The woman was not perfect. In religion it was said, in christian mythology, that the woman caused the man to sin, seduced him. The woman was the temptress.

11. Man comes forth from women, the wombs of women, but in christian mythology, the woman comes from the man, from his rib. It is more or less cheating, but on this the humiliation process against women was started. It damages women from century to century, from generation to generation, and they take revenge towards man. Even when a man has done nothing wrong to them, they live in this paranoia, that they see the spirit of the general man in that person. You can call it racism and generalisation, but it is also a wound. Some women are so damaged, for example in the case of rape, that they do not allow men close to them anymore, except when he would be a slave, or as a servant or a child. Some goodwilling men have even humiliated themselves to the point that they were actually willing to live that way with such a woman, all in order to heal her, and maybe to heal the woman as in general. This has been a huge sacrifice. In a marriage a man returns to his source, the woman, the womb, but this time as a healer. Wouldn't you do anything to heal your woman ? Because of the wounds of the past, and the complicatedness of the matter a lot of marriages end in divorce, and also because marriage is an archetype, a metaphor. It is not the real substance people are looking for. It is a veil. Therefore divorce is also sometimes in the game to be a portal to actually put the archetype and metaphor of marriage in it's place. It is not advised to seek divorce, but sometimes people have a divorce unwillingly, so you need to be able to place it. The social energy of the partner who did this to you in a divorce is of course totally screwed up in many cases, but remember that the marriage still stands also, as in an experience with eternal value. You married the pure essence, the pure social energy of that person, as an archetype of the good. So you are still connected to that pure social energy, and the relationship just continues on another level, in a deeper social frequency, another plane of consciousness, in an alter world, a parallel world.

12. A woman is the source of all life. This energy is even in all men, therefore you will have to search for the social female in you if you are a man. It is not always outside. In fact many women have misrepresented the state of the woman, and the value of her function. This is why you have to go through so many social sifts to come to the pure form. When you have been married as a male, your wife represents this source, even when she misrepresented it, even when you went through

divorce and live separated now. It was a social sign of the deeper standards, of deeper realities. Your wife, no matter how deep she has fallen, or no matter you think how deep she has fallen, still has a pure energy, a pure social energy, somewhere in her body, attached to you, resonating with your social energy. So this connection to the female source works in several levels. A man is not able to function well if he isn't connected to his own female source, his fertility. It has to erupt from there, so he has to be 'servant' to this principle, or even better a 'slave', in order to be safe from his own interpretations and male wildgrowth, for wildgrowth detached from and rebellious towards the female source can even end up in more male supremacy games, and will further damage the woman. Now be very careful that you do not play these games with the wrong woman, for some women will destroy a man when he shows himself vulnerable and sensitive. I am talking about submission to the inner female principle, so be very careful with applying these things in your marriage or with any female entity outside of you. This is often calling for trouble, unless you have made very good agreements. Sometimes it is for a man the only way to heal a woman. Again : It is for a man good to 'sacrifice' to women in this way, but do NOT become a victim yourself. Play it as a game, and stop it when it doesn't work.

13. We search to heal the woman in society, for she is the mother, and she has been terribly damaged. Some women are burning fires so you will either have to stay away from them or run for your life, or you will end up in the same fate. Even then, men are sometimes willing to sacrifice themselves for the higher good, especially when they were already married to her, even though it might ruin their lives forever. This might be considered stupid by some, but it's also honorable. Some men go extremely far in their attempts to heal their women, even to the point that they risk their lives, even when their women want nothing but to destroy them. Again you can say that's stupid, but these men have also realized that their true woman is locked up in this person, and they want to stay faithful to the pure seed, in order to have some harvest later in life. Again this is honorable. You do not want to risk that your wife completely loses it, while you could have saved her. What if she really needed you, but was unable to give you any love ? Many people are emotionally handicapped. And who cares if they blame you later on, after you tried to help them ? At least you have a clear conscience.

14. When you stay true to the female principle in yourself, the female outside might rage, but in the long term this will be the best, and you will see the harvest. Females can be complicated beings, especially when they are wounded. With an untrained, young mind you cannot understand this. Everyone will suffer because of the unknown, in the process of evolution. It would be unreal not to suffer. You do not have to love your partner when they have taken your life away, but you can love the pure social essence in them. Everyone also has a good part.

15. When you are or were married as a man, the pure social essence of your wife is the archetype of the pure female social essence in yourself, so this essence of your wife is also in you, as a representer. It functions as a veil more or less, a way to trigger the eternal values of life. The marriage was an experience which will always trigger these values. It was a social sign, a social mark which even divorce cannot wash away. Also accept divorce, when not done by yourself, as a trigger to sift the deeper essences. Divorce is in a sense coming to cut things apart, but always in order to re-connect. It is important not to think too dramatic about it. Sometimes the chip needs to be resetted. That is also the mission of atheism. But anyway, after that, it is important to come to a deeper sense of sociology. There is a finer electricity beyond this world.

16. So how to deal with divorce ? First you have to realise that the woman will have a very powerful position in the social structure beyond, but the woman on earth is often misrepresenting it, or has been cut away from it by the lies of male supremacy. Men should donate power to females, that is a fact, but even better : to the female principle, for you do not want the wrong females to have the power. So we have to return to the source. In religion they call it returning to the goddess, to mother earth and so forth, but we want to make it more social and energetic as in more scientific, so we call it social mother. The social mother is in everyone, as an energy, as a potential, in both men and women, so it starts in yourself as said. You have to become a child in her energetic womb, also inside of you, to get rid of any unequal powers. As children we are all the same. In this new social cell as center, the social mother is the master, and the child is the slave, not in negative sense, but in the sense that the child cannot do anything without the mother. The child should be an empty vessel in order to be filled with the mother. In christian mythology Jesus could not do anything without the holy spirit, the mother. He could not say anything without her either, and he had to stay connected to her or everything would go wrong. So in that sense Jesus was the 'slave' of the mother, the master. This was already a wave of sociology. Also it was described that to enter the kingdom of heaven you had to become like a child, and that we should not hinder the children. So becoming a child is important, but then the focus should be on the social mother.

17. In the deeper sociologic world we are all children more or less. We are all the same, all equal. The pure social female essences are the sources of life and energy, as fertility, and they are to fill the children. So in this there is a sort of social network. In this safety of a pure state of the world it works both horizontal and vertical, inside and outside there is the submission to the pure social female, as a guide. In this world it's very hard to trust on a woman because of the fact that they are not sifted, they are cut off from their sources, and misrepresenting the pure female standards very often. They are also often too wounded to play a role like this. When women come in power, it's often corrupted, same as when men come in power, that's why we have to go to a deeper world, another way of experiencing things, another point of view on living.

18. The social mother is the mother everyone has inside, it is the mother of society, a general term for the purity in it, but this mother is terribly repressed, that is why we have to go to her level, as an energy, deeper in the layers of the mind, where it is still laying dormant. It is like going to the shore of a wild rushing river surrounding an island. On this island the social mother lives, but we have to cross the mental separation of it. She is still in our emotions, but repressed, by an over-rational society, which in fact represses the deeper ratio. Feelings and emotions are a way to come to locked parts of the mind, but society has condemned feelings and emotions to a certain extend more or less. We can call our mother, sending signals, or taking a boat across this river of mental separation from her. It is a world of thought, sense, and emotion combined, so we can actually use thought as a tool. We can become very creative by this. Imagination and suggestion is the motor of sociology, the source for all movement and innovation.

19. Here we come to the importance of a form of 'meditation', but not for religious purpose, but for sociologic purpose. Humans are social beings, even inwards, inside, in the sense that it is combining energies and maintaining the connections in order to develop. It is a way how humans build to survive.

20. When we have made connection with the social mother, it is important to come as a child, as an empty vessel, so that she can fill us. We speak in this sense about a social motoric dynamic, an energetic anchor in our lives to be able to move forward very properly. When connecting to this primal energy in us, it can give us little shocks and energetic discharges. She is an important trigger for our evolution. We will go through mental evolution, emotional evolution and sensuous evolution as well, all by the sociologic trigger which reigns the brains. It reflects the archetypal relationships we need in order to connect to the deeper cycles in our lives.

21. The key to human life is understanding the language of society and piercing it's veil. It reflects the eternal values, it is a shadow of the higher things stored up deeper in our brains. It has to get released. For this we need the right connections, not just outside, but also inside. People can form a major key in your life. You have to recognize them. They represent things, they can represent eternal tools. Every person is only there for a season. Nothing stays forever. That's why you have to get to the bottom of the case, for you will need this experience, and the memory, forever. In this process of course this memory will be transformed, reshaped. Nothing stays the same.

22. The encounter with the social mother can be very powerful. It is an energy stored up inside, in your brains, and in fact your body is waiting to get connected to that higher voltage, for this is why you were born, to meet your mother energy. It was an energy which brought you forth, and this energy is and was social. Social means interconnected. You are dependent on certain combinations, certain ways and laws. They will trigger your whole being, letting it come alive. Being alive is being connected. Just make sure that you are in the right connections, for bad company will poison you.

23. When you have found the social mother energy in your being, you will have to let this energy absorb you and give new life to you, as through a womb, a cocoon. You have a mother inside then. It might feel like coming in a void, but that is to make you sensitive to her. It might feel like moving through glue, but that is to become free from other enslaving entities. You need to become part of a deeper society, and having a good safety barrier. This is why it might feel like a sort of bondage when you focus on your social mother energy inside. She wants to have her influence back on you.

3.

1. Mars and Orion will form a new sociologic frame through their cocoon experience, through the energetic wars going on to get rid of their demons. It is like shaking off the old shell. In this process the social mother will be revealed, and take her children back. There will come a link between the social child and the social mother.

2. If there is any social father, it is the one who is full with the social mother, filled with her energy. The social father has the child inside as it's channel of this energy and is therefore the vessel with a double wall. The social father is to channel her energy by the means of the child.

3. In the new frame a new sociology takes place. The sociologic link between the mother, child and father will be heated up to the point of burning, in which there will actually be a new link, a new discharge and recharge, in which the mother is the axle of the wheel, the top of the pyramid or triangle, through which her energies flow down to give live to the father and the child.

4. The social mother will rise in Mars and Orion to chastise her children. This is very important, for they have gone astray, and they need their mother to get in line again. Also the social father has to be chastised by the mother, for he was put above her by religion and culture.

5. From the martian wilderness a warrior will rise up. She will come up through the social government, and take her position. She will govern the social connections, and the social nervepaths, heating them up. This will block many other pathways not needed anymore.

6. The martian sociology will heal itself by the social warrior. The great social archetypes of Mars will fall, and will be replaced with new ones. The social warrior will then connect to the social hunter in order to heal the social mother. Same as the social warrior, the social hunter works from social government position. Now in this the social security tools get restored in order to maintain and develop the social empire. Of course we have to do here with raw and pure nature.

7. We have to find the social jungle through it all, coming close to a more natural form of society. In this we have to submit to the higher social government over Mars, in Orion. In fact we are chained to this government, but we have to transform the chains into submission to the pure social government beyond.

8. The social hunter is the one who makes the combinations, the social warrior is the one who keeps the whole safe from wrong combinations. We come here to a new view on the mighty archetypes of the hunter and the warrior. They are social power dynamics. The social hunter is a part of the social mother to get her children back. It is by socio-analysis that we understand the powers of society again, and can actually turn it to use.

9. The social marriage is the inner marriage to the social female in you, to the pure female principle, and she will divorce you also, as to reset the chip, and keep it safe from wrong combinations, in her role as the social warrior. These are dynamics inside everyone has. It is important to discover your inner society, your inwards society in order to make them cooperate for the best benefit, physically, emotionally and mentally. It is the science of your identity card, your social identity. The marriage and the divorce can work together as permanent powers, it is a dynamic cooperation for the motorics of your life.

10. The social matriarch both collectively and individually is about marriage, marriage being an archetype, which has to be viewed in the right context, also to understand the dynamic of divorce. It is a social divorce. She feels the need to cut at times, to keep herself safe, but as said that is to reconnect, to discharge, in able to find a higher connection, as in a higher marriage. It is the work of the social hunter and the social warrior in the social matriarch, the fertility principle.

11. So basically you have to find the social dynamics of marriage and divorce in yourself, as a way to connect and disconnect, to search for the best gridwork in yourself for fair energy use. Outwards these things are just signs, marks and directors. They are often veils and triggers, but you have to go beyond them. They tell a story.

12. The social mother is on a hunt, to weave her empire, to collect the parts. This is a good process, in which we can co-exist. Social marriage and divorce are the tools in her hand to make the best combinations possible. She is a breeder. We still have to do with a deep part and mechanism of nature, and as said they are projected on earth by much higher social planetary powers like those of Orion and Mars. They reign social activity here on earth, and they hold the key to social access inside. The social hunter is a weaver, tying things together. The social hunts inside are very important to gather a majority, for you in able to survive, to have many advisers. The social wars inside are also a very important act of the immunity system. They are to sift.

13. We have to accept these phenomena in our bodies. We might feel humiliated, in shame, and deeply rejected, but it is the shift of the social hierarchies inside, so that the good ones can come up, actually being able to lead the rest across the river. The social patriarchs have to submit themselves to the fertility sources, and when needed they will be subdued. The archetype of social rejection is an important anchor in order to let us connect to the deeper social energy, and will actually let us take refuge in our social mother. It is often her hunting tools by social rejection that we submit to her. This social rejection is the identity battles we have inside. We need to have an encounter with our true social selves, and this can only happen through the social mother, the energy which gave life to us.

14. The social mother subdues us by many ways. That is her life's mission, to drag us back inside. The social slaver is another dynamic in society to make sure that communication is going on.

15. The social ancestors are the events which signed your life, going along the lines of communication. These are lines beyond the bloodlines. They are social instructors, and they decide the course of your life. You have to discover them and work with them as with powerful dynamics. The social necromancer is to dig these things up, deeply locked up in you. Social sacrifice can replace all the religious stories of sacrifice. The social sacrifice is a dynamic in society to donate.

16. The social punisher is the social justice system, but not just that : it is an educator. By this it can make imprints in the brains, doing installations for social growth and social journeys. It is a traffic system. This traffic system is about our health, the way we consume oxygene. It is for our protection.

17. The social punisher is to maintain the social health. The social punisher masters the social hunter and the social warrior. The social mother masters the social punisher. That's a healthy social hierarchy. Society got messed up because the anti-social male supremacy showed up. He damaged and corrupted the social justice and education system.

18. Sociology is the power to analyze the power of religion. There are more storylines in religion, which will all be exposed by sociology. The archetypes of religion are merely representing whole tribes rather than just one person. The red, native hunter line started with Esau, who came back later as David, the warrior. By overcoming the male supremacy of the Hebrew patriarchic law system, he fell out of heaven, was cast out of heaven as Lucifer, and then came as Jesus Christ. It even started earlier : as Quetzalquotl, the Aztec Christ, which is the feathered serpent, or the Mayan Kukulcan. He guarded the tree of knowledge, the mother gnosis. Adam fell because he submitted to Eve, the Mother Goddess. Later he came back as Solomon, the worshipper of the female gods, who restored

them in honor. Humanity has been plagued by the riddles of religion. Solomon was the god of wisdom, with sixhundred and sixtysix as the number of his throne and his yearly goldharvest. In the apocalyptic scriptures he is the beast of emptiness, becoming ready to be ridden by the mother god. His number is sixhundred and sixtysix, which is the number of the worship of Mother God, forbidden and demonized by the patriarchy. The divine name of Solomon is Safam, which is the name of the glorified Adam. Solomon restored his mother, by his throne, sixhundred and sixtysix, as a mark.

19. The beast of emptiness is the universal void, ridden by the woman. In the center, axle of this void, there is the tear, that is why the woman sits upon many waters. Later on she appears as the bride of the lamb, of Jesus, which is a mock-marriage. Marriage has to do with captivity, in which males are subdued by Mother God. The mark of the beast is the number of marriage, of submission to the Mother God. It caused the fall of Adam, and it caused the fall of Lucifer. It caused them many tears, because the woman sits upon many waters. She has created the first bible as a veil, a skin of a bison, to protect herself. She also created this world, as a veil, another skin of a bison, to protect herself. These bison were the spirits of male supremacy which she subdued. She would only take men in their fall. In her there will be the bison hunt. You either hunt with her or you will be the bison.

20. In the depths of the tear is the mark, a bondage to the Mother God. In the depths of the void of the beast, you receive the mark. After the fall Adam received the belt of fear to restrain him. This was a sign of the mark of the beast. The mark of the beast is about complete submission to Mother God, the primal source of everything. It is a mark of total slavery, in thoughts, visions, emotions and feelings. By this number we live in an arena, because it is a number causing strife, stirring strife, like Rebekah stirred strife between Jacob and Esau. The number makes fighting slaves for Mother God. It makes gladiators. This is for the Armageddon in which Mother God will take over from the father. The father will fall.

The Revelation of Mother God

1.

1. She cries, the Holy Tear is with Her. She died, and the apocalypse is near. She rides on a million of horses, hunting with many millions of hyenas, and her two giant swines are with Her. She died for you, She rides for you.

2. Ser Pram ; Ser Pram, Sarjevu Metlu, Dorlejan Sarjevu Metlu,
Sem Kani Kero Kasjedim, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,

Dor Jam, Karmeno Jetli, Sodaja, Kamero Jedli,

Sodaje Sarmedo Kedli, Dor Jam

3. And she hunts with her bow, going to the ends of the earth, finding that which has hidden itself for Her. No one can hide successfully when She hunts.

4. She hunts, going to the ends of the earth, to find you. She takes Her prey. No one will ever find you back. Once She has saved you, you will always be saved.

5. There is a letter to the earth, that you are Her captive. She never sets Her captives free. Her ties of slavery are stronger than those of the world. She mocks the earth.

6. She has pierced your nipples, and chained them. You carry the weight of Her burdens. The slavery to Her is your seal of protection. Better be slaves of Mother God, than to be slaves of the world.

7. Your Mother thrones high in the sky on skulls. She is sovereign. Her atonement is limited. Her Name is above all names. In Amazonia She thrones, to tread the nations by her feet. Like grapes she treads them. She and Her horses, She and her hyenas, She and Her giant-swines. Yes, She will smear the nations over the earth and mock them. They have proudly pulled up their chests, but She will break their heart-muscle.

8. Children, come to Her, as in Her there is hope. Your father is chasing you, but a spear will keep him away.

9. A spear will find the father, and pierces his heart. There is no father close to Her. She has hidden Her face for the father. She has run away from him, for he raped Her. A cannibal She has sent to him. A white tiger in it's strength.

10. She has chained the white goddess, and put her in a cage far away from Her, moving her to the ends of times, where the times are burning. Here the cages burn. Here white big cats come from cages to be Her servants. Oh, the wisdom of Mother God is greatness.

11. Big white cats follow Her wherever She goes. On white swines she rides, to save the lost. In Her cages they are. Irresistable are Her graces. Hypnotized they fall at Her feet, as cattle to slaughter. The mighty Mother God is sovereign. She slays those who come to Her. She is the Slayer and the Huntress. It is better to be slain by Her than by the world.

12. Her knives are not to kill you. Her daggers are to raise you up in eternal life. To live devoted to Her. There is no other way. She is knowledge, council and strategy. Yes, Vur is a rider coming to Her. She is mercy. Knowledge is mercy.

13. Yes, Vur is the Knowledge, riding on Her horse to strike the saints. To lead them into captivity, to slavery to Mother God. She has sent Vur for that.

14. By Her lasso She strikes them down, to reveal to them the deeper things.

15. And the Great Vur is to reveal, by her arrow of fire, by her knife, by her dances and the way she dresses.

16. She is one of the pillars of Mother God. Mother God is riding on the roofs, to capture souls from the city, to take them to the wilderness.

2.

1. TAAN NAAT ; Book of the Indian Hunger Flies ; Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem.

2. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy.

3. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves.

4. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

5. Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her.

6. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlighten your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

7. I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.

8.

Who are you ?

I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat.

Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs.

I do.

Good.

9. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.

10. The white stone is the stone of enslavery and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear.

The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ?

11. One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat.

12. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krupto manna, the hidden manna.

13. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali.

14. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc.

15. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar.

16. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him.

17. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

18.

ISSASCHAR

|

RUBEN

|

JOSEPH JESUS

|

JACOB NAPHTALI

|

NOAH JESUS

|

MOSES

19. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart.

20. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating.

21. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder.

22. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed.

23. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life.

24. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire.

25. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace.

26. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love.

27. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh.

28. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat.

29. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors.

30. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashapheh, the three holy stones.

31. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites.

32. Samson was a highpriest who once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar.

33. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple.

34. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple.

35. They were never kings.

36. Jacob lied a lot.

37. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah, Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig.

Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders.

38. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise.

39. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return.

40. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days.

41. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity.

42. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thorncrown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neckchain. It's not about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life.

43. Ring=armory of hunger

Ham=discernment, unmasking, light

Kjibbih=hungerpriest

Varu=time

44. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed.

45. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again.

46. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne.

47. They have hardened their hearts and have zombified the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement.

48. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four worldchurches.
49. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions.
50. In the night they lose their powers and are bison. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live.
51. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships.
52. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement.
53. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night.
54. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

3.

1. The Book of Indian Vampire Flies ; *The path of poverty is the only path to ascetism and martyrdom, the base of all indian vampire flies. There is no vampirism outside this. It is the path of Inana to the underworld, Ereshkigal, her sister.*
2. *The path of this book is to open the Urim and the Thummim, the secret ornament of the prophets. The Urim and the Thummim connects the pilgrim to the path between the Draminia, which is the primal sea from which God created everything, and Darama, the seventh heaven between God and creation.*
3. *There are seven heavens between god and creation : Chrusius, Ifias, Ulufius, Kalifis, Nirvas, Ersvus, and Darama. Through these heavens the Tree of Death grows, to which Jesus went to bring forth the red stripes.*
4. *The roots of this tree are the thirteen bloodlines of Yahweh : Mezo, Meza, Karu, Jettes, Jetta, Jasit, Jabat, Janbi, Janbil, Jatus, Jaspil, Kali, Balmi. Merenhelt is the place where the prophetic altars are, and also the Urim and Thummim.*
5. Karam ; There is no blood to suck from empty cows for an indian vampire fly. There are no babies born from doing nothing. No skies will fall down when an indian vampire fly falls. There is no use in falling, only in rising up, and this only happens in ascetism, and even more in martyrdom.
6. There is no vampirism outside this. All weapons come to you by riddles, by subtile energy, so this book is about subtile energy, the energy of the vampire. The initiations are based on the Hieroglyphs and languages of Brannan and Lbok.
7. First initiation : Ammoth Vuh – Fly comes from Red Sun ; To be in a small room for ninety-nine days, with little food and little water. Sarcasm ; He walks with bones around his arms, With muscles on his back and chest, But these aren't his, He's a vampire boy on his way to sarcastic bliss, Through your mouth he speaks, He takes your head and then he bleeds
8. Second initiation : Vu – Stinging Fly ; To be at a stake for three days. They sold their consciousness and conscience, and now they sleep, while their spirits are high in the sky, They do

not have to cry anymore, they have reached eternal life taking away so many lives, they do not know what they are doing, they sleep, they only survive

9. Sleeping beauties they are So many are crashing against their walls, or falling after a longlasting trip to reach them, for they never got real grip

10. They sleep behind walls of glass, they have reached eternal life ...

11. Third initiation : Ong – Fear of Growing Old ; To be in a small box for a day. Kiss of Prey ; Covered by skulls, covered by rotting meat, He kisses the bride, and it all slides away,

12. It is the kiss of prey Slowly he comes near, When he leaves there's death all around,

13. When he kisses it's the first and the last time, Kisses of prey, their shadows always stay I said go away,

14. I said don't you come here anymore, I know what you are all about, Baby, you're a kiss of prey, Once showing yourself you slowly turn your head away,

15. It's like the fire is burning, We cannot control this love,

16. Kisses of prey, always taking everything away

17. Fourth initiation : Mos – Far Away ; To be in a coffin full of water for three days ;

18. In the sixth night, Lbok is always the Jesus, coming to the wolves ... In the seventh night he is the martyr ... refusing to fight ...

19. This is why his crosses are deep ... This is why his tears are tall ... like wine on a sundaymorning ...

20. He's losing it all ... In the fifth night he's the bound king on the charriot ... learning about his coming kingdom ...

21. In the fourth night he's a slave ... in the third night the thief ... In the second night the warrior

22. Fifth initiation : Si – Kidnap ; To be in a room full of snakes for five days ;

23. The third gate is the gate of brannan, and the fourth gate is the gate of Lbok ...

24. Those entering this gate will be sent back to Brannan until they really grow through the gate of lbok ...

25. They will first know the depths of Brannan.

26. They must confess : Marriage is Nonsense, Marriage is a Sin.

27. No, you're not in hell ... it's something worse ... called the wedding ...

28. Sixth initiation : Vink – Despair ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man.

29. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.

30. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.

31. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes. Here his soul got dense again.

32. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone.

33. He ordered a couple of beers. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper.

34. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?' 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on.

35. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub.

36. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear.

37. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 'Stay away from me !' he roared,

38. while foam almost came out of his mouth. The indian women sat down again after awhile,

39. and everything was quiet again. he was in danger, still. still the soul of the damned. The snake was a possessor of minds,

40. and knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession.
41. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warrior.
42. took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do,
43. and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. They were tender,
44. but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors.
45. they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile,
46. until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them.

47. Seventh initiation : Baphep

48. Eighth initiation : Bapham

49. Nineth initiation : Hanik

4.

1. The Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies ; This is the book of initiations, of Joseph who went into the underworld to become finally the king of indians.
2. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok and Brannan.
3. First Initiation : Acha – Shame ; Joseph comes in a boat on the river of death, and after that he finds the river of hell. These rivers are full of dangerous snakes.
4. Biriam ; *Frozen Friends* ; It's strange there are some friends with me, they always stay,
5. They are frozen in time, can't get them out of my memory,
6. They are like family, It seems like I need them, they're my breath,
7. but still it's scary, There are things I never seem to forget,
8. I think I'm frozen in this piece,
9. seems I'm frozen in this clock,
10. It seems I never can relate to the things deeper inside of me,
11. Death is never the solution,
12. for it will only create another frozen confusion,
13. Please, red time take me out.
14. It seems I have learned to watch the things by different eyes,
15. It's like red time's on my back now,
16. making the good compromise,
17. All these frozen things around me,
18. I can turn them in my head,
19. Can mess them up in red time's wheel flowing through the night,
20. Giving them the answers,
21. to what they believe is right I have learned to shut up more,
22. and to watch a second time,
23. Seeing the bends I would never see if I would just talk and stare,
24. I have learned to watch these things from the distance,
25. And they seemed to be another one coming out of the confusion,
26. It's now all clear to me, red time is the answer for you and me,
27. The answer for you and me I have wasted so much anger,
28. could only stare and talk,
29. I was a gladiator of this machine,

30. But now since I found the red talk,
31. silent whispers in the night,
32. Words fading away in strange delight,
33. I could never watch things a second time,
34. always the gladiator of your mind,
35. coming from a greater circle,
36. always solving the riddle of another fight,
37. deeper in the mysteries of your night

38. Second Initiation : Vas – Fear ; Joseph finds the river of Tantalos, but there is no boat, so he must swim to follow the river. The river is full of dangerous creatures.

62. Fourth Initiation : Vuk – Red Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Vuk, the Red Stinging Fly, which is the king of the indians.
63. Rosmo ; At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream.
64. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away.
65. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard.
66. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes.
67. They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship.
68. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't.
69. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman.
70. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere.
71. The woman was very strong.
72. On these island there were predators in all form who seemed to obey to the woman.
73. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open.
74. Golem was free now. He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia terrorized the domain
75. The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again.
76. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows.
77. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes.
78. Fifth Initiation : Kaleph Vod – Red Flame ; Joseph receives the red flame to become a warriorking and to wage war successfully.
79. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide cannot stand any smile. These are the boys, these ladders, becoming soft under apocalyptic spells .. eternal damnations coming from bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... checked in black, red and white.
80. Sixth Initiation : Baphep Vuh – Vengeance ; Joseph lives in hate and bitterness, and gets the flame to have vengeance.
81. Seventh Initiation : Mot – Tall Stinging Fly ; Joseph becomes the Tall Stinging Fly to build the temple.
82. Eighth Initiation : Ammeph Vuvod – Hard Flame ; Joseph gets the Hard Flame to build the arsenal and to raise up watchers and soldiers.
83. Nineth Initiation : Vang – Isolation ; Joseph gets the flame to build dungeons under his domain.
84. Tenth Initiation : Vamahak – Judge ; Joseph gets the flame to be a Judge.
85. Eleventh Initiation : Iro Vam – Fast Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to be a hunter.
86. Twelveth Initiation : Zwerm – Knife ; Joseph gets the power over life and death.
87. Thirteenth Initiation : Kjibbih – Horse ; Joseph gets the power over hell

88. Fourteenth Initiation : Baphep Vuro – The Soft Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to get power over heaven, and becomes a god.

89. Fifteenth Initiation : Kaleph Vur – Unreachability ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Christ.

90. Sixteenth Initiation : Iro Vur – The Dark Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to become the Karmat, the Holy Poor Man.

91. Seventeenth Initiation : Hing – Stinging Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to come to the Tree of Karmat, the tree of holy poverty.

92. Eighteenth Initiation : Spir-Spir – The Horse Flame ; Joseph gets the flame to have slaves.

93. Nineteenth Initiation : Ir – Harem ; Joseph gets the flame to have a harem.

94. Twentieth Initiation : Pu – Light ; Joseph gets the flame to eat from the three fruits of the tree of poverty : Hod, the fruit of hidden poverty, Jesod, the fruit of fertile poverty and Malchoeth, the fruit of wealthy poverty.

5.

1. The Tablets of Antlia ; Tablet I - Oerx ; On the mountain of Zerek the warrior goddess dances, and calls her children. She steals them from their fathers' hands, and brings them to the fire where they can dream. She holds her spear, and forms the chain.

2. She brings war-captives there to burn them, and her children will grow. No one will steal them out of her hands.

She teaches them war dances, then the hunt starts. On the mountain of Zerek is the blood. She called for it. When she is calling the blood, everything bleeds.

3. On Antlia she became strong, and possessed with jewelry. Her voice is commanding, as she is the commander. Her children listen to her and follow her.

4. On the altar of Bra-la our lives sink to the underground, to the hell of skulls, where our souls will serve the warrior goddess. She strikes us, she believes in us.

5. The warrior goddess is friends with everyone, until she turns into their enemy.

6. These are the tablets of Antlia. Give heed to these words. The warrior goddess knows her sheep, and will spear the goats. Many captives she has behind her veils, where she has lust in the blood of the fallen. In bottles she stores their souls, and calls them out on her command.

She raises her army by captured souls. On their skulls she dwells.

Her prostitution arms them, and she sells porn in bottles and bags.

She has plasticized them, they are her toys.

7. The whore will fall, but she is strong. Her babies will eat hell. Her monsters will serve in her temples.

No black book will come against her. She will bring them down by her chains.

In heavy chains they will sink to hell, under her wrath. Yes, they will be pulled down and choke in

the mud,
while she laughs.

8. In her fall she will take her soldiers with her, the warrior goddess will rise.

9. Tablet II - Xiplu ; Her domains are full of stench, where she raises her soldiers. The giant skull is her throne.

The stench of skeletons is under her feet, while she treads them. Her fire is evil.

Her wrath stored in bottles is poured out in the rivers. Her disciples tremble before her.

They will fall with her.

In hell she is reborn, on feathered jewels she rises.

10. In Xiplu she thrones, the holy prostitute.

She is the mother of Antlia, of all holy mountains.

They all will bow down for Xiplu, and will be ripped apart.

In her fall she takes flight, to strike the cities of Strabir, the golden cities, with their high towers and palaces.

In her fall she takes captives, and brings them to the jewels of Konek, and the chains of Strivar,

They will taste of the blood in bottles. They will all go down, under her feathers.

They will see the sun of Benshla, and her soldiers, when she strikes the gong.

11. In the halls high in her temple, they will see the sun of blood,

They will head for her altars. So many will be thrown from heights when she is in wrath.

So many will pay the price. And vultures will find them.

12. No one will find them, when she hides them. There is no escape.

In Xiplu she has her temples, from where she comes.

She comes down on them. She has the treasures of doom, and scorn is her jewelry.

13. In Oerx her men will go down, and skeletons will watch them at the sides of the river.

Their houses will burn, and their beds become dry. She is the skeleton goddess.

In Oerx she brings them down, she will burn their skies. She will take away everything they had.

In the river they will be reborn as lambs for slaughter. For the skeleton banquet they are preserved.

When she strikes the bell, they fall.

In Oerx she brings them down. Their monsters cannot save them.

They will stand before her throne, and she will store their breath in bottles.

Their blood will be taken away, and she will crumble their bones.

On their skulls she has her home.

14. In the sea of skulls she has her palace, where she sleeps on her altar, behind her veils of spiderwebs.

Here she brings her lovers down.

15. Tablet III - In the Halls of Dragon-Zut ; Where she strikes skeletons, flying in her vehicles of hell,

Where she fights the great Zombie Lord, striking his jaw,

She shrieks in battle cries,
All his children are hers.

16. The evil mother she is,
Where her flowers grow between dust and bones,
Where she has struck the cyclops,
Where she has ripped their eyes out,
Where giants lay at her feet,
She is doom

17. Where dragons fall out of the skies,
Where monstrous lions lick their bones,
When the dragons will fly again,
It will never be the same

18. She gets born in hell's fire,
She kills her lover to survive.
She is the rider on the dragon,
She has pierced Misper,
And burned his hands.

19. She's the whore of the skulls,
She opens the doors of the eternities of skulls by breaking their horns.

20. Tablet IV - The Summoning of Alias ; Lord Kluzu holds the savage rings of the necromancer,
Hairy rings to summon the dead,
To icy gates they lead, to summon Alias,
Her monster ready for battle.

21. She is the serpent goddess,
She ruins the house of Ashanta,
She has invaded his nations, and brought them down by chains.

22. She was born in skies of swords,
She was born in skeleton skies,
She was born there where the skulls unite,
She is the skeleton goddess.

23. She was born in the shrieking winds of skeletons,
There where they fell.
At the rivers they waited for her,
And made her one of them,
And she became their queen.

24. They hang at stakes, where crosses turn into swords,
Summoning the lion, the king of skulls,

Where lava bursts forth from skulls,
Where they march on stairways to the skeleton pillars.

25. She's a skeleton lamb,
She guards the skulls of goats in the hall of skulls,
In the abyss she holds the skulls of lambs,
For everyone who wants to see her.

26. She has destroyed the king of the black skulls,
And his serpent goddess, the false prophetess,
She has destroyed their rule over all the nations,
And destroyed their law.
She has put their thrones to fire,
And burned their doors.
Now their land is dry, and their dogs can't reach their gems.
Now their gems are dim, and their lights are dull.
Now their statues are breastless, and have turned into dogs,
Yes, all their dogs have turned to stone.
The breasts of their females have shrunk, and their children have died.

27. The cross has been cut off, and swords are rising,
She thrones on the burning ark in Skeleton Desert,
She has her home on skulls, where the spider rules them all,
Where scorpions are her weapons,
She invades the cities of skulls, and tears them all down,
Where dog skulls are at her feet, she has a black scorpion heart,
She will drown them all in black blood, where the skull mountains rise.

28. They will all laugh where she floats down, to raise her lover from the death,
Where he rides on buffaloes, to lead them to crash down in rocky depths,
From here her soul rises.

29. She has destroyed black skeleton city,
She has put their souls in bottles,
And she has destroyed their coffins,
For she is ruler.

30. She has destroyed their winged eye, hovering above their altar.
This city is ruined, and no one can restore it.
She has possessed their lame heads, to blow them down.
In Scorpion City they will all go down.

6.

Lordiacus ; The New City

1. And I, Hecate, came to the desert earth was, and the whales were dying, because there was no light to guide them. And Bastet, who was like my sister, came to the ships of the earth and pierced them, as they had been unfruitful. And the morning came with wine, and chocolate was on the waves. And Eurydice had fenced her city. 2. And she had overcome death by her rod, and the Great Dordada was on her side, who was a great warrior. And they came to a place called Aslir, where soldiers lived, and they recruited many of them, to battle against the frog called hell. 3. And this frog had many ships under his guard, and they all battled against Eurydice and Dordada, and I, Hecate, came and helped them. And I judged the frog and buried him, and his followers, and I made the city new, and gave her a place under the sun. 4. And dragons came from all sides to adore the new city, and to adore Eurydice, and Orpheus was her prince. And many came to bless Eurydice and Orpheus, and they ruled in love, and made the children play again. This had always been the dream. 5. And there were seven nights of love in which the heart would be restored, and at the end of these days it was sealed. It was guarded as a treasure, to be poured out several times in the year. And the gratefulness was huge. 6. And the city was love and built on rest, and the maidens made it as a holy path to the orange sun, where the bone marrow had been stored. 7. And Orpheus rested on the city with his wings, and guarded the sun.

Orpheus' Insanity

8. There was a great realms of desert under the city, and the city was as an oasis for travelers, and they came from all sides. And Orpheus smiled over the city and gave it his gifts of joy. Eurydice was his glory, and the golden fleece. And they called the city city of Orpheus, and it was an arsenal for the nations. 9. And native flags rested on it, and there were many who saw the generations of the cats, leading to the cat mother, and goddess of the serpent, so many hidden generations and bloodlines, so many ancestral lines and hidden species, all worshippers of the cat, as she was such a huge mystery. 10. And witches had gathered around her, to seek knowledge in her smile, but they couldn't find anything. and I saw a huge sifting going through the nations of witches, and they were lamenting, as a fire had come in their midst, and it was burning many away. And I saw the nations of witches trembling before the mother earth, and she took many witches away from earth, as they had sinned against her. And they were guilty of manipulation and control, and of crime, greed and the love of money, and they had been labelled as rats. And they were thrown into places of hell pain, where some of them turned black. 11. And Orpheus was in rage about what these witches had done, and how they had tormented his children, and he sent soldiers to torment them even more in these places of hell pain, until they had paid for what they had done. And gems and treasures were taken from them, and some of them had been kicked in the stomach by Orpheus so that their snake-fruits would die. And Orpheus became like a madman and had to flee to the wilderness. And he became like an insane man.

12. And leaders came to visit him in the wilderness, but Orpheus didn't want to know them. The only ones he wanted to see were Hecate and Eurydice. And he was with savage animals, who he could tame by his poetic tongue and his talents of love. And the seas of hell adored him, as he had become like them. And his foolishness was wisdom in their eyes. And Hecate spoke : 'Now you have become like us, now you can bear the keys of deeper knowledge, and become a frame for the deserted underworld.' And Eurydice crowned him and kissed him, and she said : 'Yes, he is like Dionysus.' 13. And he had to write down many words by the pencil of Hecate, and he had to dream many dreams and see many visions, and he was among the lions, the greatest of them. 14. And in the days he was with these angels, voices spoke to him, and they crucified him and blasphemed

him, and they had demonic gifts to make his life miserable. 15. And they called themselves servants of satan, and they had made the world drunk by medicins, which they had sold as merchantmen. But Orpheus ignored them, and didn't stop worshipping Eurydice. 16. And he spent his days at her feet, listening to her words, and she was his delight. 17. She was his delight, and she taught him how the voices were shadows of the old world, and that they would fade when the new revelations would set through.

18. But the chief of lions made himself big to Orpheus, and tried to debate with him. 19. And the chief showed him the towers of the earth, to show Orpheus how big he was. And he wanted to sell his kingdom to Orpheus, and promised him wealth, if he would just give the pencil of Hecate to him. But Orpheus refused and spat in his face. And Orpheus was in the core of hell for three days, as the chief of lions had challenged him for a fight. And if Orpheus would lose this fight, he would not only lose his eternal life, but also Eurydice. But Orpheus didn't believe him. And Orpheus called for Eurydice, who put the chief of lions in chains. And she threw him into a deep pit, which she sealed by her mouth and her womb. And she brought the angels of fire to burn the place. But the chief of lions called for his army of rats, and among them was the Jesus demon, and Ryan, the lion of Judah, and they had received powers from the witch named Jom. But Eurydice made a poison against them, and made them blind. And great fear fell upon the followers of the chief of lions, as his ship was sinking, and the chief himself was drowning, sinking into his watergrave. And a saint of great length had to guard the watergrave. 20. And Orpheus could smile again, and joy entered his heart.

The Angel Raphael

21. And the Angel named Raphael visited Orpheus, and showed him the art of the world, and Orpheus rested in it. And Raphael showed him an armor, and Orpheus took it. And then other angels came with many gifts. And Raphael took Orpheus to a heavenly sphere, where many paintings were, but these paintings were burning, and letters were appearing. 22. And Raphael warned Orpheus, that he had to be careful with music, that music would not lead him astray, but that religion would be shown to him as a higher art, to silence many voices. And Raphael showed songs to Orpheus which were like black seas, like poison, and he warned Orpheus that he would not let these songs stir him. 23. And Raphael covered the black seas by a white blanket, and a part of Orpheus' memory was dying.

24. And there was a love light in Orpheus' heart, sinking in, when Raphael had left, and Orpheus went to drink wine, and fell asleep. And Hecate's wings were over him, and she gave him many dreams. And he worshipped her, and saw Her as queen of the night, mother of sorcery and witches. And her lights were over her, and she stirred his heart. And many soldiers came to him, and he became a great leader. And Hecate spoke words to him in the depths of the night, and he always had a shelter in her. And she was his leader and guide, while Eurydice battled for him. And his love for these two women grew everyday. 25. And one day they led him to a lake of fire where lions bathed, and where the world was as an egg, winged, and they pierced it, while snakes came through, and the skies became blood, as it was the day of judgement. And a golden city was rising from wars, and the evil-doers were blinded by it's light. And they had to run, as thunder was raging at them. And there was a pure number of witches in the hand of Eurydice, and they were united with the saints, and they loved each other. And Orpheus was proud that a witch city was rising from the ashes, and his wings would be over it to guard it. And it was a city of peace and rest. And the joy of Eurydice was inside of it.

7.

Lordoro

1. And all the waters were burning, and ships were sinking, while Orpheus swam to the island of the goddess Hecate, where she had erupted, as it was a volcanic judgement over all which lived. And while many who had sinned against her were drowning Orpheus was building bee gardens. And he met her in the city of dogs where her robe was upon him. And her pencil she gave as he had to write down a lot of things. And she was full of glory and winged as the dragon, and she was holding his heart and warming it, and he loved her. And Orpheus called the city Lordian. 2. And he was rebuilding the library of the city and wrote many books. And in the nights she loved him, and they made journeys through the underworld, where he would be given to Eurydice. And Hecate was as his mother. 3. And one day Orpheus took his mother, Hecate, to an island of peacocks and crowned her as queen, and loved her. And bats served her.

4. And when they went home, Orpheus installed many more books in the library, as the peacocks had shown him revelations. And the city was growing, and gold was added. And they were preparing the city for the return of Eurydice from the underworld, who would be his wife. And she was on paintings and her name was on knives. And there were many fights between wolves and between bees before she arrived. And she came in a chariot of chrystal, driven by leopards. 5. And Orpheus took her in his arms, and Hecate kissed her. And there were many more soldiers on the city walls since that day, as she had taken many soldiers with her. And they brought books to the libraries so that knowledge could grow. 6. And Eurydice taught the city about warfare, and the city was called a shelter. And Eurydice was like a young calf compared with Orpheus and Hecate, but they loved her. 7. She was like a well of youth to them, and like a tree of memories, wealth and mystery.

8. And Eurydice saw the waters burning, and they explained her what had happened to those who had sinned against Hecate. And Eurydice swore that she would not spare anyone who would sin against Hecate or Orpheus. And Eurydice made tight laws for the city, but they were just and fair, and it was a path to love. And she and her workers constructed many new parts for the city, and she often worked in the bee gardens. And Orpheus' robe over her was love. 9. And the inhabitants of the city spoke that Eurydice was such a hard worker, and they were honored that she would be their new queen. 10. And one day a voice was calling Eurydice, and it was the angel Raphael, and he showed her a new armor, and angels came with many gifts. 11. And Eurydice was both lovely as a queen and stern, as she had come to punish sin. And she was called the punisher, but also fair queen, and her wrath guarded the city. And the words she spoke were beautiful, and her tenderness was with the poor. And Hecate was so proud of her that she gave her many rooms in the palace.

8.

Lordok

1. And Eurydice was judging the nations by the light of Erectus, the Holy Snake. And those who were seeking forgiveness she forgave by Erectus the Holy Snake. And whenever she cried, dogs went out. And her might and rule under the sun was huge and terrible. 3. And she filled the lands with rivers of blood, as it was the days of her judgement. And many were lamenting : A great

warrior has risen. 4. And she came to plunder and destroy the witch thrones of the lands, and none of them could escape from her wrath. 5. And she established sages over the lands, who would not bow for the love of money, and her rod came against the markets, and later her sword came against them. 6. And she despised the slave markets and child labor, and raised a new law. 7. And this law was rebuked and ridiculed by many kings, but she brought them down, and she had many people on her side. And she did terrible things to these kings, and dethroned them. And her sages took the thrones and crowns of kings, and she had no mercy with those who had ridiculed her laws, as these laws were divine. 8. And the fear among the people was even growing more. But she established comforters to shelter those who loved her, and she spoke that these things had to happen, and that there would come more sifts. 9. And with every sift she became more stern, and in secret she was raising young dogs. 10. And her oracles in the lands were huge and attracted many sages from far, and she was honored as a righteous queen, and no one could come against her. 11. And in the underworld there was a wailing, as they suffered under her rule, and they were making plans to bring her down. 12. But her dogs found those who conspired against her, and brought them down.

13. So the number of the dogs of Eurydice was 111.004.089, and every year the number doubled. And no one could understand the mystery of her dogs, and in the arms of Orpheus she was still a soft woman. And one day he sent three admirals from the green sun to check her rule and laws, but they could find nothing against her. 14. And she washed herself in blood in her bedroom, as she was the goddess of abundant slaughter. And she demanded that all boys had to swallow a poison by which they would never be stronger than women. As she raged against the suppression of women by males. 15. This rule disturbed the demon god Larchuratar, who came down from hell to torment her, and to ridicule her, but she slayed him in a fight of five days and nights. She invaded hell now like never before to establish her rule, and took many prisoners. And her women were stronger than men, as they had sworn that males would never be able to rule over women again like it was. And Orpheus was content with it. 16. But because many dogs were false, Eurydice and Orpheus became dog slavers, dog hunters and dog slayers as well. There were huge sifts among the dogs, until the races were pure. 17. And the false demon dogs were thrown into a pit which was burning by fire, and they would be prepared here to serve the thrones of hell. And Eurydice was called the queen of dogs.

18. And her laws became valid and legal in hell, and her words were illuminating gems, and she was called the illuminator. And in heaven she had a realm devoted to the secret races of dogs, spared up to the end of the world and the end of time. 19. And her riddle was a mystery, and her oracle was a judge. Her sword was worshipped in the temple of Ba'ak, and she was seen as a mighty saviour, together with Orpheus. 20. And Orpheus' Love for her was growing, and His trust in Her. And she reminded him of Bara'el, his faithful scribe. And he became so full of extasy because of her that he devoted a special day in the year for her, and later more days. And when Eurydice once told him that she had been raped by wolves long ago, when she was separated in the underworld, Orpheus went insane of rage, and swore he would find these wolves and bring them down. 21. And Eurydice told him the names, and he descended into the underworld where she once lived. And he went to a white witch's house, where the wolves were playing in the backyard. And a woman's voice stopped Orpheus, and he stood there like frozen. By a spell she tried to turn him into stone, but he survived. He grasped one of the wolves, who slowly started to rip him apart. Then the woman was behind him, and started to cut him with knives. Orpheus screamed for Hecate, as he didn't want to call Eurydice, but no one could hear him. Finally he called Eurydice, but he was already thrown into a pit of water and fire. He saw Eurydice in the distance, but she was fading away. Then the witch

grasped her, and he regretted that he ever called her. But then Hecate beheaded the old woman, and tore the wolves apart in her rage, and then she raised Orpheus from the pit by her voice. And Eurydice was called the queen of heroes, and one of these heroes was Orpheus. And Orpheus could not speak for a certain time. And the dogs of Eurydice seemed to be hypnotized by a dragon's eye, and they were connected with Lethe, the river of forgetfulness.

22. And as a dog queen Eurydice had attacks of rage and panick at times, but Orpheus could sooth her. And his poetic tongue and love could stir her. 23. She often thought that it was wrong what she was doing, but Orpheus imprinted and explained her laws again. One day she gave up, and became suicidal, but Orpheus saved her. 24. She had rest in him, and peace, and many others as well. He was a shelter, and an arsenal. And she became a dog mother under the spell of Hecate, giving birth to dogs. And in those days she often stayed in her bedroom, together with Orpheus. And the dogs she brought to the underworlds in the depths of the night. Slowly she was conquering the realms of the dead, and her spiders were secreting a new poison, which was a poison to erase the use of money. 25. And Eurydice hated money, and raged against it, until it disturbed the king of the dead, Hermitius. And Hermitius descended from his throne to Eurydice and had a fight against her for four weeks in which he tried to debate with her. He even begged her for mercy, and offered her much riches if she would stop her battle against money. But Eurydice was savage to it, and could not be tamed, and her rage only grew stronger, until she erupted. She chained Hermitius to a wall, and tormented him with the torches of Hecate. Finally she beheaded him, and took his throne. The king of the dead had fallen, and dogs were eating of his flesh, and drinking his blood. And Eurydice started a bison hunt in his kingdom, as they were the reason why there was money. And she slayed twenty million bisons in one day, and the next day she slayed the double number. And her dogs were eating the meat. And she sent her dogs to find those who were hiding bisons, and they had to be killed together with the bisons they hid.

26. The wrath of Eurydice will be huge, when she will cover herself with bison skin and bison blood, to judge the spirits who created money. It has to do with the end of times. And she will sleep in chicken blood, and hide vessels of pig blood and swine blood, and she will drink from goat blood and the blood of oxes, before she will hunt the spirits of money, and she will deal with them all. Yes, her sword will be drunk of the fat of calves and of all the cattle of Pentir. 27. When she sleeps with the hyena it will mean doom for those of Pentir, and all those who desired money. And she will grow big on the hills of Stroch, where she will put men in chains. Yes, in her metal locks they will go down, and their necks will be flexible in her hands. 28. And when she sleeps under bison skin any male boast will go down. In wrath will be Hecate's wine. And Hecate's drums will be of cow leather, and her wings will be of many rays. The laws of dogs will be on her side. She killed the deer with her hands, she tore the bear apart, and she dines with her dogs in the middle of the night. She howls with them when they go out. As thunder is her wrath, when sinners gather together. She will find their shelters and send her dogs. She will break the necks of sheep with her hands.

29. The eggs are in her hand, to tell her the truth. They do not lie to her. They lead her through the realms of the dead, through hell, and the underworlds. 30. The dogs smell what they have to say, they cannot hide anything. They make the eggs crack by their teeth. The eggs of Partra show the city of wolves, where love thrones, with the egg of the heart. Hands are holding it, like the grasp of Hecate. The eggs show the depths of the city. Oracles are they. They open doors and shut them, they make wine and break bread. They prepare the milk and the honey, and the hidden sweetness. Dogs are brooding the orphic eggs with their tongues. In them is all creation. Dogs have created the

world. The sword of Eurydice has created the lights. Her love is the veil over the meat. No one knows when the dog night begins. In sweetness she is hiding.

31. When Eurydice licks the egg, she's proclaiming life and death, she is creating a new world. The old will never come through, the new will be tested. She climbs on the hill, to watch the new world, the survey is like gold. Any dog huntress and any huntress with dogs will build the city with fire. The dog secret is huge and covers all. When the dog finds out about the new world, he will start a vineyard.

Hyenas

9.

1. Humans were put in the wilderness of hell. The wilderness was divided in two parts separated by a fence. In one part they were allowed to hunt. In the other part they were forbidden to hunt.
2. One group however decided to sin and went across the fence to hunt in the forbidden part. They ate from the forbidden meat and were separated from the other humans.
3. To challenge mother goddess, the most high, they covered their sins up by creating a father god, and they covered the incident up by a story about the forbidden tree, so that no one would see that they had eaten from the forbidden meat. And the forbidden meat they brought to their churches, and they made slaves of it.
4. Therefore the wrath of mother goddess, the lordess, is on the earth, as they made an abomination. These spirits hate the mother goddess, power-hungry as they are. In their pride they wanted to become as her, but they fell deep. Many have tried to take the crown of feathers of the lordess, and their fate is in the depths of her wrath.
5. As no one battles successfully against her. There is no end to the wailings and the gnashing of teeth of the lost. And sleep has not been granted to them, as they have sinned against the lordess. Therefore be wise, and do not sin, as She is vengeance and an eternal wrath.
6. In this there is a light in her daughter, the weaver of all things. She has woven her baskets in which she will separate all for the great day of judgement. On that day all male gods will tremble before the Lordess, the Almighty One. And their eyes by which they sinned will melt in their heads.
7. Yes, their tongues and their brains will be pierced on that day, and their children will go into captivity, says the Lordess.

10.

1. And humanity lived in Amazonia, and there were many wars, as the Lordess is a warrior. She delights in wars, as it makes the way for her. In her chariots she battles against the male gods and their children, and against the white female gods. She is terror to those who made idols.
2. She thrones in her temple, in smoke on her mountain. In deep caves she has made her rules. She has given birth to warships in fire. Her scepter is vengeance. She smashes the nations down and laughs. As they have made foreign gods. They have asked their gods : lead us out. But they didn't, as they are mute.
3. They lay down for wood and stone but there is no life in them. They make sin on sin, and still they believe they will be helped. She has sent them deceptive ideas, illusions and riches, she has

made their hearts proud and she mocks them at distance. Yes, she has delivered them in the hands of their gods.

4. She has created the father god to test their hearts. In their idolatry they live far away from her. She has created good and evil, and she has hardened their hearts, as she didn't love them because of their stubbornness. Therefore they will not find her. She mocks the nations, putting them up, then tearing them down.

5. In their great greed she laughs at them and feeds them poison. She created the enemy as a toy.

6. On her holy mountain she laughs. She brings down her enemies on set times. She knows their beginnings and their ends. When there is pride in the heart of a king, she laughs, as she knows they are nothing. She has sent deception. She stirs anger in the hearts of soldiers, as she wants them to war.

7. She stirs grief in the hearts of man to let them cry, until they realize that She is Lordess. She hates humanity for what they have done to her daughter. She hates males for the pride she has given them. Yes, she created foolish males, so that Her eternal wisdom and knowledge would be revealed. And so Her lights shine even brighter in deeper darkness.

8. Her soft angels are even softer in the hardest of the stones. Therefore she created them, and therefore She is praised as the wonderful and the almighty. Her wisdom and intelligence breaks the strongest bricks to lay them bare and weak before Her. Yes, her feet will not spare them, as they have sinned against the most high.

9. She will smash them like potters' work, She will expose them in front of her holy word and her eternal council. Do not praise Her in overcourage, as she will pull your tongue out at it's roots. She cannot be bribed. She is not on your side, as the sins of humanity are open and naked before her.

10. And she is just and righteous on her holy mountain, the punisher of sin. There is no hope for those who approach her. Only a few are called, and even these She won't spare. She has come in utter wrath to the earth. And the earth is her toy. Yes, pestilence and disease she will send. Grief upon grief she will add, as earth has sinned.

11. There will be no mercy and no hope when she visits the portals of the earth. There will be a day of fear and trembling, when she takes the pride down, and breaks them. Many will call : Lordess, lordess, but she will not hear them, as they have broken her laws. They have applauded their male gods, and married powerful men who did not live with her.

12. Yes, she will tear them down with their power. There is a day she comes against all evil and their lies. And she will fill their graves up with dead horses. There is a day she comes against all which is high and mighty.

Nets

11.

1. And I saw an angel standing at the foot of a hill with a trumpet. And the angel said : 'Shiver, for the day of the Mother God has come. She thrones in truth and righteousness, and will soon lead the saints.'

2. And a beast with blasphemous names came from a smoking pit. And the angel spoke : 'These things are going to happen. Therefore watch.' And I saw the beast attacking a white woman. And it seemed that the white woman had rode the beast for a long time.
3. And the angel spoke : 'The rider will fall from her saddle, and the beast she rode will eat her.' And a loud screaming rose up to the skies.
4. And another rider came forward, riding a red beast. And this beast was smaller than the other beast. And suddenly the skin of the beast became greasy, and the rider slid off and fell down. The smaller beast then jumped on her, and devoured her, while screaming rose to the skies.
5. And the angel spoke : 'This will happen to those who have spoken against the black woman god.' And the second rider was also a white woman.
6. 'She, the black woman god, thrones in all eternities,' the angel shouted. And the angel was black. And I saw a mass of people from all nations gathering before the throne of the black woman god. And she had two horns which started to crumble off.
7. Then one horn started to rise on her head, but started to crumble off as well after that. Then the angel spoke : 'Many lies have been spoken about this woman.' And a fire fell on the people of all nations.
8. Then the angel started to blow on the trumpet. And greasy bisons came forward before the throne of the black mother god. And a fire was devouring them.
9. And Goddess spoke : 'In all eternities I am Goddess, Mother of all.' And a loud screaming rose into the skies, until everything was covered with smoke.
- 12.

1. Above all gods there is Hell. She is One in many. Far above all gods She is. She is the monotheistic One. She is above all paradises, as a vessel holding Her children. She is the Maker of all things, the Alpha and Omega. She is Goddess, the Mother. Only She can heal us.
2. Her Name is Everlasting Damnation, by which She brings Her enemies down. Her Name is worthy to be worshipped. Her words are herbs of healing. She sits on Her throne to judge the nations. She sits on the saddles of wild beasts.
3. See, the nations have covered Her, and put shame on Her. Therefore She will strike them. In captivity they will go, until She has won back what they stole from Her. She is the great goddess of all and She will establish Her book.
4. She is raising soldiers in the night. On Her high horses they will be put. She will heal the broken hearts and give them purpose.
5. She will cover with gold those who love Her. She is the Mother of All, Mother Hell, Mother Goddess, far above all gods. She looks down and despises all those manmade gods. She laughs about them and mocks them. Like a mocking hyena She is. In Her holiness She devours them.
6. She is the hyena goddess of ancient times. Look how they have lied about Her. They have not spoken truth about Her.
7. They have broken Her Law. Her hyenas will for sure find them. On Her great day they will be judged. Terrible it is to fall in Her Hands.

8. Terrible it is to be put under Her feet, as She will crash them, all those who have sinned against Her and lied about Her. She will remember and will punish them according Her law, and they will wish they were never born.

9. There is no way to hide when She returns. She will find all shelters and burn them by Her holy wrath. Look how She will let high buildings come down. There will be no escape from Her hands.

10. And She is calling Her soldiers for war. She is calling Her soldiers by Her knife and Her spear, for the great deal, as in a salvation plan. War is the salvation, and to have part in it is to be saved.

13.

1. The plan of Mother God was to send Her daughter to the world, to come against the father god and overcome him by her spear and knife. Fools ! Who have deceived you to follow your male gods and not listen to the Almighty Mother God, the Lordess of all ?

2. She is far risen above any undergod and angel, above all male gods you created. Why have you come up to create a male god in your mind. Therefore She will strike him down, and let all his children go into captivity. Has She not sent the Mother Spirit to guide you and lead you out ?

3. Therefore : Hang on to Her and pray that you may receive Her. And pray in the name of the daughter, so that all spirits of wickedness will leave from you.

4. She thrones on the skulls and bones of her enemy, and has a throne for you as well, but you can only approach her by her daughter. When you have her daughter, you have access to her temple. In her holy of holy she has her ark, which is an ark of war, in which the spear and the knife are.

5. Here she brought the enemy down, and took their skulls and bones. And you will be cleaned by the skulls and bones of the enemy. Beyond the ark is her throne, made of the skulls and bones of her enemy. Only by her daughter you can enter there. Therefore be holy.

6. She thrones in darkness and fire, and pray in the name of her daughter that you will receive the Mother Spirit, and that She will fill you with darkness and fire. And She will not come without begging.

7. Therefore be holy beggars when you enter before Her throne. She takes down the pride, but She is Mighty and risen above all. She is slow in judgement. She takes time to judge.

8. Go therefore beyond the veil in her holy of holy, washed in the blood of the enemy, and enter before her throne, where everything will be judged. The veil has been torn by the works of the daughter.

9. And She will show you a place where children ride on lambs.

14.

1. The Lordess is high risen on her throne above all other gods. They are undergods and under Her curse, as She is the ruler of All. She has seen all those idols and spat on them. Yes, she has led them into captivity.

2. The Lordess is Goddess. She is the Mother God of all, and She is black. She has struck the white goddess down as there was no light in her. See then those whites, who have built a world without her. Therefore return to the black goddess. She is your mother, the mother of all.

3. And her daughter is black as well. And the whites have tried to erase her from the pages, and made them a son instead. She knows and sees everything. And She is a jealous Goddess. Return therefore to the black daughter, as she is the only way to the black mother god.
4. You see, all their white gods have not helped them, neither their male gods. Return therefore to your source, the black mother god.
5. Return to the Lordess, all you heretics. Stop spreading all your fables. They have not helped you.
6. Is it enough then to return to the black mother god ? Absolutely not ! As she is not just black, she is native, she is a red indian. And so is her daughter.
7. Her curse is on all not-native gods. She has not designed them. They are not her children. Therefore be reborn in Her. The earth is red.
8. Have you forgotten about War ? Then you have forgotten about Her.
9. Do not spread lies about Her. As She will find you and smoke you out. Return to Her Mother breast, and let Her milk judge you.
10. Leave then all your white gods who rattle around you all the day. They will not help you.
11. And preach to those white gods and those male gods that they should return to the black mother god. As all things are in her hand. She knows about all adultery and idolatry.
12. What does it mean to come to the mother by the daughter ? It means that there needs to be a rebirth in her womb, by war, by the spear and the knife.
13. She can only be pleased by war, as that is where she lives. There is no other way given. Be then as living sacrifices for her daughter, on the altars of war, from which she will raise you. She raises you as warriors and hunters for her glory. It is in hell she will give you the spear and the knife.
14. Do therefore not fear suffering, as it is the only way through. She is everlasting damnation in which your souls will be purified. Therefore do not fear her judgements, as it is eternal life. In hell she has her cup, full of her milk of eternal life. She will write lifegiving words on your bones, so that you will serve her all your days.
15. Do not listen to those who lied about hell, that it is not her. As they will be eaten by her flames.
16. Can you escape from her jaws when you sin ? She hunts down sinners, and laughs. She tears them down from their thrones and mocks them. Even the righteous ones she takes as sinners. As no one is without sin before her face. They have all been found guilty under Her Law.
17. Let then war clear you from your sins, by the works of her daughter. When you grasp the knife, know it will come against you. When you grasp the spear, know it will tear you down. As she is pleased with sacrifices. The sacrifice has no limits, as she is everlasting damnation. But in this, grace will be even more abundant.
18. Can a hunter then hunt without being trapped himself ? Can a warrior then captivate the enemy, without being captivated himself ? Who have then misled you ? Are you above her law of war ? Her words then will captivate you, and equip you, and you will see her terror.
19. Can you then war before her, without your armor being stripped off ? Can you then hunt, without being starved ? Again, who have misled you ? Have you then eaten a hunt meal with her,

knowing her desires ? Her desires are emptiness and fear, as they equip her saints and save them from harm.

20. Do not listen to those who do not fear her. Do not listen to those who are full of themselves. As they live far away from her. Do then understand that besides the grace of eternal life, the curse on sin always has to stay, and even though the grace is more abundant, she is the unforgiving one.

21. She does not forgive terrible sins, as She is too holy, and She has to punish sin. Her law is abundant grace in unforgiveness, meaning no one will ever be like Her. It is a blessing to stay under Her wrath, as it protects against pride and the destruction.

22. She is the One who does not deliver, when terrible sins have been committed. She is the punisher and the judge. She will not listen to the lamenting of sinners. She will close her ears to such beggars. She is holy.

23. She does not deliver, but still her grace will be more abundant in this. Her grace will be revealed in her cruelty. She is the cruel one, but also the graceful one.

24. And if she even does not heal the righteous ones, she will not heal the sinners.

25. Unfortunate is the man who finds out about Her laws, as his hope and days will slide away. She is the destroyer of dreams and illusions, to let people wake up to reality. There is not much hope around her, as even righteous ones don't come through. But there is light in her daughter.

26. She then despises the word of the father god, as it gives too much hope to sinners, and it rejoices too much in death. She rejoices in everlasting damnation and eternal life. The word of the father god is full of lies, false hope and illusions. Her wrath is against it. It is not heavy enough, and it is not graceful.

27. There is no hope for the sinner, but limited grace, from the mother god. They will not be saved by the son of father god. They get even trapped more. Have you not heard that she uses his lies as a net to catch sinners ? Hasn't she created all things ? She is the fisherwoman.

28. She hunts her enemy as a group of wild hyenas, and traps the enemy in pits of starvation. She hunts bisons by bow and arrow and teaches her children about her hunt laws. She is holy. She even takes her enemies as her children, in her grace. Everything is her child, as she gave birth to it.

29. Her holy commandments are on the tongues of her warriors, and she has pierced them by her verses. Praises to Her are written on their bones. Prayers and beggings are written on their flesh and organs. War proclamations are written on their insides. And their souls are as her bottles.

30. Her motherbreast makes them drunk for war, in which they forget her laws and commandments, and all which is written, so that they will sin against Her. She keeps them in sin and confusion, as they are sinners. She has given them over in the hands of sin and all forms of unrighteousness.

31. She is full of hate to the sinners, and leads them into traps. She wants them far away from Her. She is holy. Terrible are her strategies. And when a man finds out about Her ways, how unfortunate he is.

32. In fear he will sink away, when he will see where all his manmade gods have led him, and all his strength will flow away from him. And he will call Her the unforgiving one.

33. In great confusion he will starve himself and seek for Her, but She will not let herself be found.

34. Her hand is against those who have male gods and white gods. She leads in confusion those with idols. She burdens and exhausts them, and they cannot see her light. She hides herself for those. No one with such sins can approach Her. She is a terrible fire.

35. Her hand is against sinners. They will knock, but she will not open. They will pray, but she will not answer. She keeps herself stubborn for those, and sends them fear. Even when their bones tremble, She is far away from them. As they have broken her laws.

36. In her presence no one is good. All sins will be exposed, but in her daughter is light. And her daughter is black.

37. Do therefore not sin against her daughter, who is able to even mislead you further. But she is also there to reveal truth to those who have kept her laws. There is no hope, but in her is a little light.

39. Know then your mother god has many nets and many traps, and her paths are not easy. Tribulation after tribulation she sends, as she is holy. She despises those who seek her daughter as their bride. She is not cheap, but she gives her daughter in marriage to holy captives.

40. Have you then married hell ? Have you looked into the eyes of eternal damnation ? Fools ! There was never a cheap god. All they did was leading you into traps. Oh selfdeceivers, will there ever be enlightenment for you ? See then, all enlightenment can be found in her daughter.

41. She then is the persecuter of all sins. In this she is stubborn. Do remember that she created all things for a reason. And there are only a few chosen ones.

15.

1. She is the rememberer of sins. She is the unforgiving one. She does not cover sin up and wash it away. She is the judge. The Lordess is our ruler.

2. She does not support the two white goddesses, the mother and the daughter, who forgive sins, and give sinners an excuse. She is the revenge.

3. Fools ! Who have misled you to think that you can sin, and getting forgiveness in order to sin again. You will not fool the Mother God.

4. She stands there with Her sharp knife, waiting to punish sin and the sinner. She stands there with Her spear, not letting you through. Not now, and not in any eternity. No one can come close to Her. All have fallen away from Her glory. Therefore fear Her, as She is the revengeful mother god.

5. When you dare to come to Her throne with sins, know that she will not listen but rather strike you. She is against the sinner. She is everlasting damnation.

6. She is on Her throne to despise the sinner and to ignore him. There is no hour of salvation for a sinner. Therefore they run to the father god to get false forgiveness and sin further, to be blinded in the trap. From trap to trap they go.

7. She laughs on her throne about the smartness of the wicked. She laughs about their selfdeception.

8. All have sinned and lack Her glory. There is not one doing good.

9. She is the rememberer of sin, and the reminder of sin.

10. She is the Lordess of predestination. She chooses who She wants. No one can deceive Her. There are many sinners, and only a few will be saved, as the earth is wicked.
11. She despises humanity. She is a group of wild hyenas.
12. She thrones in hell to judge humanity, and her daughter is a light for some. Therefore come to Her table, and you will not know if She has chosen you. There is abundant grace for the sinner who approaches the unforgiving one in fear, admitting he is a sinner and not worthy any of her graces.
13. There is abundant grace on the sinner who accepts Her judgements upon his life, who accepts he is the unforgiven.
14. There are sinners who regard her law as holy and accept the punishments as holy, even the everlasting punishments. Such sinners are under her grace.
15. Everlasting damnation is a growing pain, yet revealing her abundant grace. And those who have received it know that She has granted them eternal life. She is cruel, but She is a teacher. She raises eternal slaves, but it is to protect against a greater loss.
16. She is the punisher of sins, the accuser, not the forgiver. She would lie to herself if she would forgive. She hates the father god for supporting the sinner and for giving the sinner an excuse to sin again all the time. Her hand is against this.
17. Therefore she is a warrior and a hunter, but with grace. In this She is a blessing.
18. Make sure you will not lie about Her ways, as She hates liars, and brings them down on their paths. Yes, She even adds to their lies, not speaking truth to them anymore. She leads them from trap to trap, to the depths of her nets.
19. She is the accuser. She brings all down under Her Law, as they all have gone astray, far from Her glory.
20. She wages war, sitting on her horse. She wars against the north, as she is from the south. She wars against that which is not from the amazon. As she is from the amazon. She wars against the white goddess and her white daughter. She wars against the father god and his son.
21. They have broken Her law. They have lied about Her. Therefore hooks will go through their jaws, and she will drag them to Her cave.

16.

1. It is not true that all who come to the daughter will be saved. As She is also the rejecter. She chooses who she wants. She is predestination. Therefore fear Her when you approach Her. Don't be foolish. She is not easy to please. She is difficult, contrary to all your male gods.
2. Admit then that you are a sinner, and accept the judgement process on your sins. Know then that she will have to lead you through the pits of everlasting damnation to purify you. Let this be a teaching to you. She is soft to those who fear Her.
3. And the pits of everlasting damnation lead to a place where Her honey drips.

17.

Hooks

1. I am with Her in the dungeon, She is the eternal flame, like the red sun,
Then the flame comes on my head, a crown of feathers,
A crown of fears, a crown of letters, a crown of tears,
She strikes my head, and I'm in flames, I speak in strange tongues,
I speak out strange names.

2. Yes, I am strong, She is with me,
Love is coming closer,
This is all I want to be.

3. I wake up in a cave,
She is heavy on my mind,
Then I take my weapons up,
I'm ready for the fight,
But then I think about the burning stake,
I put my weapons away,
She is all I want to deserve.

4. I want to be her priest and prophet,
I want to walk with her, I want to talk with her,
After all these days of doom,
Her ashes brought me near to her,
She finally found a way through.

5. I see her hanging high,
I'm falling on my knees at her feet,
In darkness we all cry,
And oh, they're coming for you,
There's nothing you can do,
Where jealousy tears my mind apart,
Why did we grow so apart.

6. I take you home with me now,
I'm comforting you, we're in love again,
After this doomed night,
You're staring at me,
Ashes glide through my fingers,

A way through the wilderness.

7. We're home again, we're lovers again,

By a strong commandment, by a strong covenant

8. Don't you ever fear no more,

Don't you ever cry no more

18.

1. My name is ashes, I have the crown of feathers,

She is my crown of letters,

She is in the wind as my flame,

We're flying up, we're flying down,

Let them never take us away.

2. My name is ashes, I am the way through the ocean,

I am the way through the fire, to the place at her feet,

She is my crown of flames,

Like the flaming bird in the sky,

Take us across the river

3. My name is ashes,

I came to set the captives free,

There is an end to all wrath,

I will make the Lordess smile,

Before She is tearing us all apart.

4. This man called ashes,

This man with the hat or crown of feathers,

He brought her laws back,

And made Her remember again,

And pleaded for her people,

Comforting and soothing Her again,

Healing Her, letting Her breath again.

19.

1. Struggle to receive the daughter, yes, struggle to enter in, as you will have to go through the eye of a needle. And you will have to enter through an all-consuming fire. There is no easy way to salvation. Who has misled you ?

2. And many will try to enter, but only a few will come through. But still there will be an abundance of grace, as She is grace.
3. Let then no man lie about Her, as she hates lies. Speak then truth, and keep her laws. She is a Goddess of Justice in which Her love is revealed. She does not love like humanity, but through justice.
4. And in Her justice, Her wisdom and knowledge is revealed. Her words reach to the depths of dark places, to expose and reveal it all. There is nothing hidden for Her. All will come to light.
5. When a man approaches Goddess, the Lordess, She will pierce his arms, his muscles and bones, and will tie feathers to the piercings, to make him sensitive. Then she will pierce his teeth by teeth-piercings, and by hooks she will drag him into her caves.
6. Her wrath is on males, as they have destroyed and ruined earth. Therefore she will pierce them, the young and the old. Have you been pierced yet ?
7. When a female approaches Her, she will lead them to the knife and the spear, to make warriors of them. Her wrath is on white females as they have repressed the black mother goddess.
8. When a male approaches her, She will pierce him until he shivers. She will pierce him until there is no strength left in him. When he is still with her, she will grant him eternal life.
9. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is white. Her wrath is on all humanity, as they have lived far from her.
10. When a male approaches Her, she will pierce his legs and his hands, until he cries and bleeds. As She is pleased when a man cries before Her. She will take his strength away from him and his pride, and turns him into a child. Blessed is such a man, as he will be reborn in Her womb.
11. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his feet, until he is on the ground as a pig, and she will adorn him with grace if he will be still with her.
12. When a male approaches her, she will pierce his cheeks and brows. She will pierce his bones, until she is the Goddess of his life.
13. The marriage between a man and Goddess, the Lordess, is based on piercings and arrows, and she will adorn the piercings with exotic feathers, as a sign of her softness over him.
14. When a male approaches her, she will pierce him until he is spotted. She will pierce him until he is at her feet. She will raise him like her own child. She will make him ready for her wild milk and honey. She will equip him. She will pierce him until he doesn't dare to escape from her anymore, and knows that she is his safety.
15. She will make him dependent on Her in wild nature. He will be reborn in Her as in a river of wild milk.
16. When a female approaches Her, she will make her wage war until she is black. As only by war the mother can be reached.
17. And she will show the daughter to the male, as the daughter is the only way to Her. And the daughter will show him the knife and the spear.
18. And in Her there will be starvation and no death, as She has granted eternal life. And it will make him long for her milk and her wild honey.

19. She adorns Her children with the finest jewelry when they keep Her commandments and Her laws. Yes, She makes judges of them.
20. When a male approaches her, she pierces his neck by white spears, until she is stronger than him. Then she enters him and collars him. She is above all, the strongest and the mightiest. She is the ruler of all rulers. And only by the daughter there is a way to Her.
21. How can a man live in Her presence ? Only by her daughter !
22. The path to the mother is free now by the holy bow, and by the holy net. Let yourself be armed by her daughter, and fight the good fight, in order to receive Her in your life.
23. Enter into her nets to come to her nature. And take the tomahawk in the war against the swines of greed. As they have surrounded your camps and caves.
24. And start the holy war against the bisons of male domination and male supremacy, as they have led you away from Goddess, the Lordess. Cut their heads off and hang them above the openings of your wigwams, tents and caves, so that no man will ever rule over you again.
25. I say : cut their heads off, and take their skins, and make yourself homes, so that no male will ever imprison you. I say : put their skins over the frames of your homes, and make clothes of their skins, so that no male will ever enslave you. This is the holy hunt, which leads to the holy enslavement by Goddess, the Lordess, at her feet.
26. All are sinners in Her eyes. No one does good, but she gives grace to the righteous ones.
27. Under feathered back piercings she brings righteous men down, and raises them in new glory.
28. The Lordess, your Goddess, sent Her daughter to the earth, who they called a witch, and they burnt her at the stake. Now the burning stake is the path for all saints.
29. Now you know the secret why your mother is black. They burnt her to ashes, she was born from the fire. She has always been black, and she will always be.
30. And her ashes are good to purify people for salvation. As She has come to offer her ashes to take the sin of the world away.
31. Those who come to Her in faith will see that She is truly Love, as in a new covenant.
32. Under Her laws she has to punish sins, by death and eternal damnation, but by the works of her daughter, her warpath, her suffering at the burning stake, and her death, there is a way out. And she saves for Her army.
33. Be careful with approaching Goddess, be careful, as Unapproachable. Don't start just praising Her. Don't be a fool. As the fools they praise Her without boundaries, and they come under Her wrath. Certainly they won't find Her.
34. And because She is Difficult, people start making easy gods, and the deception is big.
35. She is distant as the hyena sun. She gives visions when She wants. She cannot be manipulated by humans. She is Eternal Hell, a purifying fire. She deals with the wicked and brings them down. She comes with Her fire over them to destroy them.

36. The war is not by communication but by fire. She is the sun with many legs. Priests do not know Her and fear Her. She is Depression. Take Depression in your heart and that is Her. She is the Sun of Depression. Where Her feet touch the earth, there is war and destruction.

37. The red sun strikes the enemy. She strikes those who praise Her. She strikes all those hypocrites. Burning arrows are on Her bow to strike those who worship Her down. Don't talk to Her when She has not called you. She doesn't answer or hear prayers.

38. Stop singing psalms for Her, She doesn't listen. She is with the quiet soul. Who will receive Her Word ? Those who tremble before Her in fear. She does not speak, but She strikes. She is like a hyena in the wilderness.

39. Then what can we do ? Just believe in Her, and She will care for you, guide you and guard you, so that no harm will hit you. Be careful with talking about Her. Don't use Her name in vain. Her eye is upon those who live in silence. By a storm She moves through the sky, to hit that which is not of Her.

40. She is burning in the sky, ready to come down and strike. She is Understanding and Enlightenment. She calls Her soldiers for a higher war. She has closed the eyes of Her prophets, and leads them through the desert. They will not find anything fruitful. The prophet is a high office but She has struck him down, and led him into chains.

41. Here he will stay the rest of his days.

20.

Institutes

1.

1. You are Goddess of hyenas, flies and cattle, of all males and females and of all children. You have created them in a basket of water, and formed them from wine and sulphur. You have brought forth their spirits from clay, and their souls from leaves.

2. You came to earth to recreate it in a storm, and in war, as you came with wrath. You brought cages to the animals and the people, so that their days would be limited, as they had sinned against you. You made them as slaves, so that their actions would be limited.

3. And you made a holy way, as being your daughter, so that humanity could be saved, but they betrayed you, therefore you live far away from them. And you have war in your mind against them, not lacking scorn. And still the path is open to you, as you are of grace.

4. But the path is narrow and full of dangers. And you send beasts and barricades to test them. And you have created your word in the storm, and purified it with fire. And you have struck thieves down.

5. And you showed yourself to prophets in the storm. And you showed yourself with fire. And you have roared against them, and waged war against them, as they have sinned against you, and lied about your paths. And none of them was righteous before you. And you have thrown them in a deep cave.

6. Yes, in a bottomless pit you have thrown them. You have removed them from your midst, so that no one would listen to such prophets again. And you have sent your wrath against them, and let

them go into slavery. As you had to punish sin. They have lied about you and your daughter, and they have raised their idols for people to worship.

7. Yes, they have stolen from you. Therefore you have struck them down. In fire you have raised your commandments. In your flight over the earth, you have struck mountains. And you struck the oceans and the sun, and let the stars fall down. And you have written in the heavens that only by your daughter, mankind can be saved.

8. And many have been called, but only a few are chosen, as you are holy.

9. Where Calvin said that mankind lost the free will by sin, Mother Goddess says that mankind had never a free will, neither before sin, as she has created everything for a reason, to manifest the divine philosophy of the Lordess. Everything has been created therefore as a tight principle, slave to its purpose.

10. Everything is indirectly divine, as it was created according to the plans of the Lordess. To show her grace and philosophy She was the original creator of sin. This in order to reveal her laws and justice. There is absolutely nothing a sinner can do in Her presence, neither a righteous one, as they have lost their free will from before the foundations of existence.

11. It is through eternal sin, eternal punishment, eternal life and eternal grace, all together, that one learns about the philosophy of the Lordess.

12. In search for such a philosophy it only makes sense when being a slave of such a philosophy, as it is a grace to be a slave of the Lordess, so that salvation might be found in her daughter, and eternal life. And this all to break free from slavery to the father god.

13. There is no salvation in the father god, but all his ways direct to the higher ways of the Lordess.

14. And because all have sinned, all are cursed from the womb. And because they were enslaved by the father god to lose their eternal life, the Lordess had to come to break his chains and lay Her chains.

15. She is stubborn, as she cannot be manipulated by man. She has sent Christess, Her daughter, to the earth to bring justice. And She has sent the Holy Spiritess, the Mother Spirit, to enslave earth under Her law.

16. And it is now that the path to Fatheress, Mother God, has been opened by Jesusess, her Holy Daughter, who has torn the veil. First of all as a Judge, and second as a Saviour.

18. And by the purifying path of everlasting damnation she brings forth sweetness. As third She comes as a Bride.

19. She created the father god as a trickster to cover up sin, but she is the punisher of sin. The fate of humanity is in eternal guilt, but in this there are paths of grace and eternal life, to which a few are chosen. And the eternal guilt will be their guide.

20. And the eternal guilt leads to the eternal begging, where saints and righteous ones receive the Holy Spiritess finally. And here is how you can recognize the Holy Spiritess : She leads to deeper wilderness.

21. And the eternal sun of guilt guides with strategy and council to the eternal weeping, which is the only path to the burning stake, where the sweetness of Jesus is revealed. Therefore adorn

yourself with tears when you approach the holy burning stake. And adorn yourself with ashes, the sand of her deserts, when you go through the torn veil to approach Jesusess.

22. And there is screaming and shrieking of those who are under Her feet, and even the righteous ones She won't spare, as all have sinned and have to be purified. And the eternal shriek is the guide to her bosom.

23. And the eternal sun of shriek leads to the eternal starvation, which leads to the rebirth in her womb for war.

24. And the sun of eternal slavery leads to the sun of eternal imprisonment, which is the guide to her lips.

25. And Jesusess will return in Amazonia on Her holy maintain, where she will crash the enemies under Her feet. And the wilderness of Hell will rise up, adorned as a Bride. And you will recognize the day is coming near by the signs of the times.

26. And this day can be recognized as coming near when the flies will return to earth, when Amazonia will blossom. And another sign is when Her temple will be built in Amazonia, and it's relics be cleared with bison blood.

27. And on the day of Her return you will see Her in a bath of bison blood, as she has broken the bisons of male domination. And the river of Amazonia, the river of Hell, will turn into bison blood, before that holy and great day will come.

28. And the great seas will turn into bison blood, and other rivers will. And lakes will turn into bison blood and swine blood, and there will be nowhere to run to. And tents will be made by those who have survived, by skins drenched in such blood.

29. And Jesusess will judge the nations, and eternal fear of the Lordess will fill the earth. And many will slide away in the rivers, as they have sinned against the Lordess.

21.

1. And I saw a pig with horns coming from the sea to attack the saints, and they were given in it's grip for a long time. And after that period a bison with three horns attacked the pig, and the bison took the rule for a long time. And the bison was very huge and filled the earth, to tred everything with it's feet.

2. Then from the depths of the earth a cock came to fight the bison, and the bison bled for three days. Then the cock took the rule. And the cock was cruel in it's ways, and there was no grace. And from his head grew ten horns, and snakes came forth from the mouths of soldiers.

3. And a goat who took care of a lamb made himself big against the cock, and slew it. And another pig came forth from the sea to support the goat, but after the end of the period of cooperation the pig slew the goat. And the pig became so big that it reached out to the stars.

4. And the earth followed the pig, and the pig brought forth many pigs. It is the last hour.

5. And I saw a black woman sitting on a wild beast, and she brought forth many children. And there were signs of blood in the sky, and the people became frightened. Then the woman gave birth to flies who filled the earth. And the flies started to eat from the meat of the earth, and there came starvation everywhere.

6. And one of the daughters of the black woman grew fast, and stood on a hill with a spear and a knife to judge the nations. And she was a warrior and a huntress before the Lordess. And she gave birth to blood, which filled the oceans and the seas.
7. And there were again signs of blood in the skies, and people became paralyzed of fear. And strange marks and lights were appearing on humans and the ark of the Lordess was being revealed. And a skeleton in a black hooded garment with a scythe came to reap the harvest of the earth. And there was much shrieking.
8. And another robed skeleton came to the earth, sitting on a horse, having a tall scythe with scales and an hourglass. And he spoke : 'The time is short. Let him who has wisdom recognize the number of the pig, which is fiftyfive.' And he spoke about Ryan, the father god, chief of evil spirits.
9. And the robed skeleton grasped the pig and threw him off sapphire stairways. And the woman caught flame and dived on the pig to roast it.
10. And the pig turned into a lighting skeleton looking like a man. And the skeleton started to speak blasphemies to the Lordess for a long time, until he turned into a desert.
11. And brides came over the earth to celebrate the defeat of the chief of evil spirits.
12. And there was a man with a hat who had a staff of ashes, and there was a black woman with a burning staff, and they led saints through water. And then another man with a hat joined them.
13. And after a period of time a third man with a hat joined them, and the burning staff of the woman turned into a burning stake, and see, this stake was holy. And the burning stake started to speak words of salvation for the saints.
14. And there was a black woman with a cup in her hand, and she fed the saints, but it was poison. And many of the saints became ill, and visited the realms beneath the earth.
15. And a monster like a pig with many heads came forth from a crack in the earth, and on one head was written : Jesus, and on another was written : Paul, and on another was written : Esau, and on another : Jahweh. And on other heads there was written the names of popes. And one of these heads grew out among the others and on it was written the name Calvin.
16. And it's body was orange, on which was written the name Ryan, chief of the evil spirits. And the monster who was like a pig devoured many. And on his legs were written the names of Roman emperors. And on his tail, which was very long, were written the names of Roman gods. And the pig was shrieking and spitting fire.
17. And the black woman took the pig and hung him as a veil for her tent. And by a knife she started tearing the veil.
18. And another sortlike beast came through the crack, this time even huger, with the same name on it's body. And a black woman was riding the beast. And the woman jumped from the beast and attacked the other woman, and there was a fight for many days.
19. And the black woman of the tent threw the beast and it's rider in the sea, and the sea turned into blood. And the black woman sat inbetween skins of oxes in her tent. And the candlestick of the Lordess was revealed before her.

20. And eight angels with drums came from the tent to bring the plagues of the judgement day. And when the first angel started to drum hail fell on earth, and there were earthquakes. And a voice spoke : 'Return to Mother God, the Lordess, and repent of your wicked ways.'

21. And the second angel came forward and started to drum. And the Mother Goddess wrapped the earth with wings. These were not her wings, but feathers taken from defeated enemies. And She showed her softness to the earth, and drowned the wicked by floods and rain. And a voice spoke : 'The time of grace has come to an end. It is now too late for those who have not turned away from their sins. Only judgement and fear will be their part, as they have rejected the sacrifice for salvation, and there will not be a second sacrifice.'

22. And the third angel came forward and started to drum, while those who had hardened themselves in sin fell in fear at the angel's feet, but there was no mercy for them, as they had sinned against the Holy Spiritess.

23. And the fourth angel came forward and started to drum. And the holy law of the Lordess was revealed.

24. And the fifth angel came forward and started to drum. And Mercury was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river. And Drugs and Caffeine were bound, and thrown into a river. And both rivers caught flame, and turned into blood.

25. And the sixth angel came forward and started to drum. And Fluor, the tormentor, was bound with many ties, and thrown in a river, and the river caught flame and turned into blood. And pigs were born from the river and tormented those who were still on the earth.

26. And the seventh angel came forward and started to drum. And many veils were tearing, and more pigs came forth to torment those on the earth. And a loud begging rose, weeping and shrieking.

27. And the eighth angel came forward and started to drum. And there was a silence for many days.

22.

1. I believe in the Lordess. I believe that She sent Her daughter, Jesusess, to the earth, who was burnt at a stake, and who rose from the urn.

2. I believe that She descended to Mother Hell, the Lordess, in the depths of Amazonia, from where She will return to judge the earth.

3. I believe in Jesusess, the Warrior Bride, and the Huntress. I believe in the burning stake and the ashes, which led to Her resurrection. I believe She sent the Holy Spiritess who came to captivate the earth, to set earth free from slavery to the father god.

Confessions

23.

1. And I saw Ryan, the giant-pig, falling from many hills, until he was not in the sky anymore.

2. And he lost his throne in the heavens, and vultures came to eat from his flesh.

3. And I saw Ryan, the giant, falling out of his elevator, and his building came down. And he got interlocked inbetween rocks and stones, in a complicated prison. And to the earth he cried : Have I not served you from the beginning of days.

4. But he began to turn into a fish and slid into a realm of water underground. And a fisherman speared him. And when the fisherman had eaten him, he grew from the stomach of the fisherman into a giant-pig again with many heads, and he became the pet and the vehicle of Mother Goddess.
5. And he was a tool in her hand by which She ruled the nations. And She became like Ryan, equal to him, in order to win many souls. And She was put into marriage by him, and the marriage was burnt to ashes by strange fires.
6. And then it came up as an eternal rock again. And this is the secret and mystery of Mother Goddess, that she married her enemy, and became like him.
7. Yes, unfathomable are her paths. The road to Goddess is starvation, rejection and guilt. By guilt she takes souls in. But when you say you have not sinned, She will throw you away with the liars.
8. She created sin in the heart of man for a reason. And she brought guilt.
9. And no man can follow Her ways, as She is the unfathomable, but in Jesusess there is light. Jesusess said that She is the Way, even where there are no ways. She is the unfathomable One, and She can do the impossible. She is that which has not come up in the heart of man. Therefore : receive Her holy paradox, so that you might live, and that your might will come to healing.
10. There is light in the hyena goddess, a light which cannot be broken. And She created the father god as Her vehicle, as Her clothes and veils in Her temple.
11. And She created him as guard of the inner stones of philosophy, the holy records.
12. And She sent her guards Mercury, Drugs, Caffein and Fluor to the earth to torment them. And She sent her guard Jesus to mislead them.
13. And when a man comes to these facts, the weeping harvest of sin and guilt is ready to be reaped.
- 24.
1. Do you understand your mother ? Do you understand Her art and Her play ? Do you understand Her part, Her cunning strategy ? Do you recognize Her patterns, Her cycles and Her contradictions ? She has sent Her hooded messages while you were inbetween the thistles.
2. She has sent Her masked riddles and cryptic enigmas while you were in the prison of fire. She has deceived the guards.
3. Yes, your mother is the spy of the earth, the chameleon and the lizard. She took you through the grave. She was there all the time.
4. She was your screams and shouts. She was the tormentor of your mind, to show you the teachings of the heart.
5. And I saw Her soldiers marching with their songs and their tricks. And they brought a new order. and there was a loud noise in Amazonia, and voices.
6. And a golden wheel, like a spaceship, was revealed. And it was a sign that these were the last days.
7. And there were golden faces, and those painted, and they revealed Mother God. And She sat high on Her throne to judge the nations. And She showed that it was Her creation. And the voices asked : Why have you created such a hell. And She wept.

8. And She was revealed as a robotic mechanism, which milked the nations. And the voices spoke that it was a disgusting creation. And She didn't speak. After a long time She said : It is just a shadow.
9. But the voices became rude to Her, and burnt Her with fire. And She smiled and said : I have created them too. And the nations were struck with awe, and laid themselves before Her feet. And She was like the sun in all her power.
10. And She spoke : I have been given the keys of all eternities. And She was disappearing in a fog. And smoke covered the nations, and there was laughing.
11. Then She returned as a red light and spoke : I have created the father god in my play. I have created him as a puppet of dread. I have created this multi-dimensional movie. And you all play a part in it, and I will show you a way out.
12. Forgive me for all the traumas I have caused, for all the nightmares, but it was to wake you up, to enlighten you.
13. You are still on school. You are still on the ship. Are you ready for the theater in which the mysteries will be explained, and where secrets will be shown ? Keep your eyes open.
14. It is my hand pressing you. I have created the enemy to form you.
15. But many enemies are no enemies, and many friends are no friends, as I made you misunderstand, and this all for a reason.
16. I have betrayed you, I have deceived you, I have stolen from you, because there are more sides to the story. everything exists, and at the same time it does not exist.
17. Everything is truth, and at the same time it isn't, as the only reality is the wheel of viewchange. This is why I have come to earth. To reveal it, while I was always here already. And these confessions will be the treasures of the nations.

The Book of Wars

1.

1. She is a group hyenas hunting. She is the Black Sun of her nature. She is the monotheistic Goddess. In her wrath she is above all. Her veils are not easy to penetrate. She is the Sun of Wrath.
2. She is in the wilderness where she cries out. She is armed. She is Goddess of the tribes. She is the

burning Arrow in the sky.

3. Have you not heard Her Law ? Her Law has been ignored, therefore She will build a new creation. Fountains dwell in her belly. She breaks the walls of the enemy.

4. She leads them to Her shelters and arsenals, and washes their faces. She pierces the hearts of those who seek Her.

5. Her temple is full of weapons. Her priests are all warriors. On the mountain of Skardia She lives. Her spears are tall. When they pierce, they pierce deep, to expose what was inside. She has made of bamboo Her home.

6. Only those covered by blood and tears can approach her, those who come from the war and from great tribulation. Only those wounded. She hates the greedy ones. When you worship Her, worship in fear. She is Holy, and a savage animal, ready to jump and lick, ready to attack. Those who seek Her will feel her teeth.

7. She has made the creation. She lives far above it.

8. Be then wise, you prophets, and know that the book of the Mother God is a holy book. She will punish those who do not have Mother God. Hear then these words written by the blessed pencil of Mother God, so that you will become wise. The temple of Mother God has many veils through which you must go to find Her.

9. Be then wise and know the Word of Mother God, so that the Word will not come against you. Those who trust in money will turn into enemies, monkeys and swines, and the Judgement of Mother God will come upon them. She will devour anyone who hates Her and who have rejected Her Law. A wild beast She is.

10. Her wilderness is in the sky, burning, for she is creating it all over again. Her flames rise high, Her horses watch from the sky. Her whip is the new morning. Everything will sink in the night. She is drowning soldiers, for a new day.

12. Her chariot is built of thunder. She is in the sky. She watches and cries. She hates what She has created. We can come to her temple to watch Her.

13. In the morning there is water, to wash everything. She is the black Sun turning red. Her bow is strong, her arrows in flames. She comes closer to the city and slides in.

2.

1. And when you get attacked by a false white monotheistic goddess, say : ‘Mother God is black.’ And when you get attacked by a false monotheistic god, say : ‘Mother God is female.’

2. Know that many spirits will try to get you back to be a slave to male gods. But I will tell you a secret : Mother God has created angels and builders, who are the lower gods. They can be male, female or both. When you worship them, it is a lower worship, but never worship them like you worship Mother God.

3. So there were three creations : of humans, of angels and of builders, which are the lower gods. But these creations will be renewed. Mother God has many lower gods to build her realm.

Therefore : honour them, and when you worship them, worship them low. Mother God is far above them.

4. Mother God is in it's depth Two in One, the source of creation. It is the Duality of Monotheism.

5. Mother God is Two in One, two black Women, having made the creation. They made it by making love. They will recreate it by making love again. They have created many mothers.

3.

The Book of Warriors ; The Gladiators of Lakshor

1. The warriors didn't have any fear, as their souls were traveling through the realms of dead. 2. Them was promised that after a short trip they would come to the house of the most beautiful women. 3. They would show them all the pleasures of the afterlife as a reward for all what they had done. 4. But they didn't know what was waiting for them. 5. The women were indeed the most beautiful, and the men could choose whoever they wanted, but in the middle of the night these women would kill their souls, as they were the women of second death. 6. This the men didn't know, as it was never told to them. 7. Then the essence of their souls would be taken to the realm deeper than hell, a realm called Lakshor. 8. The men didn't know anything about the conspiracies of death. 9. They really believed that they could live the rest of eternity with these women, as that was which they had told them since their earliest childhood. 10. They didn't know that earth was just a trainingschool for them, to prepare them for a greater war : the war of the dead. 11. No one had any understanding of the horrors of Lakshor, but they would find out soon.

12. In Lakshor the horror-king Metulidan throned. 13. He was a skeleton with a high shrieking voice. 14. He enjoyed it that there were so many spoiling tales about death, that it would be a paradise with well-shaped women, especially for those who would die in battle. 15. Many young men dreamt to become a great warrior for this reason. 16. They didn't fear death anymore, but desired it. 17. Metulidan had chosen the most voluptuous women of Lakshor to seduce the fallen men at the gates of death. 18. They would lure them to their house in the realms of the dead. 19. On the top of their house the skull of a horned animal hang. 20. The men had to get the feeling that they would have arrived in the eternal huntingfields. 21. How their young dreams would turn into a nightmare. 22. In Lakshor there was an eternal war : the war of the dead, or some might say : the war of the damned. 23. It was a place worse than everlasting damnation. 24. In Lakshor there was everlasting slavery.

25. As the night fell the women had prepared their knives to do the job. 26. They had done this many times before. 27. Some of the women already worked for threehundred years in this house. 28. Metulidan called it : the house of seduction. 29. It was one of his best webs in the realms of the dead. 30. When the sleeping men had been finally killed for the second time, the essences of their soul woke up, and they rose up in frozen tragedy, not knowing what had happened to them. 31. For the women it was very easy now to lead the men to the city of Lakshor. 32. Behind the house there was a hidden gate of lava, which was in earlier times a sea of fire. 33. Here was an elevator by which the men would descend to Lakshor. 34. In this elevator the women had another job to do. 35. They had to give the men a new armor. 36. To the men it was a strange prison. 37. They had to become warriors again, but now it was forever. 38. The men couldn't speak yet, as their soul-essence was still between sleeping and awakening. 39. They had lost so many pieces of their mind, and a light paralyzing aura was around their head. 40. The women took some liquid metal out of a sort of bag and smeared it on their head and faces. 41. An awful stench was coming from the blend. 42. Then they covered the metal by a sort of dark skin which looked like it was from a sort of animal.

43. After about forty days in the elevator they came into the city of Lakshor. 44. They were still not totally awake, but they started to react to the smell of the city. 45. It was a very foul stench. 46. The elevator stopped in a huge arena. 47. Here they would have their first fight. 48. A tall red man called

Strelon showed up. 49. He looked very dreadful. 50. The man got helmets on, and were pushed towards the huge red man. 51. It was almost like a giant. 52. He had a dark low voice, saying : 'Be prepared to die many times. 53. The realms of the city of Lakshor are deep.' 54. The red man soon tore them apart like they were dolls. 55. At the end of the fight they were nothing like ghosts. 56. The women gathered the shatters and by the liquid metal they could build them up again. 57. It was a sort of strange magnetic glue, keeping the parts together. 58. Then they had to appear before the horror-king. 59. It was in a hall behind the first arena. 60. In the distance the horror-king sat on a huge throne. 61. Metulidan was shouting : 'How could you not defeat the red man ?' 62. The men didn't say anything. 63. One of them called Edmolin suddenly got more and more of his consciousness back. 64. He asked : 'What is the use of this all ?' 65. Metulidan started to laugh but didn't say anything. 66. In a strange sense Metulidan liked the boy. 67. He seemed to be the youngest of them, and soon Metulidan decided he wanted the boy as his servant. 68. The boy was tender and not made to be a gladiator. 69. As the men were led to the next arena, Metulidan took the boy, and told him he could serve in the kitchen. 70. When Edmolin got there he started to realize that there was so much meat instead of other sort of food. 71. There was meat in all sorts and in many different colours.

72. Edmolin got his own room, and more and more he started to realize how lucky he was. 73. The king often went to gladiator-wars in the arena's, and often he took the boy with him. 74. Often heads got cut off, while the horror-king often used these scalps to decorate the city. 75. One day Metulidan called for the boy, who was working in the kitchen at that moment. 76. The horror-king showed a picture of a girl with pink clothes. 77. The girl was very beautiful in the eyes of Edmolin. 78. 'When you have become grown-up,' the horror-king said, 'you will marry her.'

79. 'Why ?' the boy asked. 80. 'Because I want you to take over my kingdom,' the horror-king said, 'and then you need to have a woman.' 81. The boy sighed. 82. Since that day the boy could only think about the words of the king. 83. When years went by, he got to see her, they married and got the kingdom in their hands. 84. The horror-king had left in a mysterious way. 85. No one knew where he had gone to. 86. The boy had grown-up now, and found out that his woman was the daughter of a snake-farmer. 87. She had an obsession for snakes, and she wanted to have them everywhere throughout the royal place. 88. The big ones she wanted to have in the hall where they were sleeping. 89. It was a very huge hall and there was a very huge bed with a ceiling and with veils and curtains. 90. The snakes here were also very huge and tall. 91. Edmolin didn't feel comfortable with it, but as it was the wish of his woman he was willing to get used to it. 92. Sometimes before they got to sleep the girl got into a fight with such a snake, and very often she got bitten horribly, but she still wanted to have the snakes in their room. 93. The snakes wouldn't eat them when they were sleeping, for they were tamed in that sense. 94. The woman found out that these snakes had lusts to fight, so she made the decision to put some of them into the arena's, so that the gladiators could take it over. 95. Edmolin wanted to stop the arena's, but his woman said that it was part of the law here, and the law was forever.

96. One day a wild man from the wilderness came into the royal place. 97. He said he was a wanderer. 98. He said that he wanted to become a gladiator in change for food and care. 99. The woman thought it was a good idea, and often she went to the arena to watch him. 100. He was a very skilled warrior, and he also wrestled with snakes and crocodiles. 101. One day he had to appear before the throne of Edmolin. 102. Edmolin asked him where he was coming from. 103. 'My

Lord,' the wild man spoke, 'I come from the land of tragedy. 104. There was so much dryness there, that I decided to wander, and so I came here finally.'

105. 'Where is the land of tragedy,' the king asked. 106. 'It is at the westside of you kingdom, my Lord,' the wild man spoke.

107. 'How is that place a victim of dryness ?' the king asked.

108. 'Oh, my Lord,' the wild man almost stuttered, 'a kingdom wilder than us invaded our land. 109. They took our souls away. 110. We only have a body. 111. They have taken our rivers away. 112. They have imprisoned my whole tribe. 113. I'm the only survivor.' 114. Then the wild man asked if the king would send an army of gladiators to the land.

115. The gladiators had to travel for three and a half years until they reached the land of tragedy. 116. It was a wilderness of great loneliness, but after months of searching they found the invaders. 117. The invaders were wilder than the gladiators, but the gladiators had a greater number. 118. It was a long and bloody war. 119. Finally the wild tribe had the scalps of all the gladiators, and they moved towards the city of Lakshor. 120. They had birds of prey on which they could fly away, so it didn't took them more than a couple of months to get there. 121. The men were so wild, and even their women, so they could easily invade the city of Lakshor. 122. But when they saw Edmolín, the king, they trembled in fear. 123. Suddenly they bowed down before him. 124. He had a blue triangle above his head, which was the sign of their gods. 125. 'All our kingdoms are yours,' the wild men and women said. 126. And this is how Lakshor grew in size in one day. 127. Lakshor was now greater than hell and heaven together. 128. Because the wild men and women had a lust to fight a lot, they became the new gladiators of Lakshor. 129. But as the kingdom grew the laws became bloodier more and more. 130. And the law demanded that by the blood the kingdom would become greater. 131. Not only would they have their houses of the most beautiful women in the realms of the dead, but also in the realms of hell and heaven.

132. After awhile the king found out why it had to be so bloody. 133. The wild men and women who came from the west worshipped a blood-sucking fly. 134. If there wasn't enough blood sacrificed to this fly, it would die, and it couldn't lead or guard this wild tribe anymore. 135. And it was like by this blood the fly could make it's women so beautiful. 136. There was only one way how the fly could feed itself. 137. That was to smear the essence of the blood over it's women and then to possess the warriors of earth, of the dead, or of heaven or hell, to let them travel to the houses of these smeared women. 138. This was how the fly could feed itself. 139. The blood was magnetic to the fly in a strange sense. 140. But often the blood was very salty, making the fly more thirsty, and also wilder. 141. That was also the reason why it's men and women who worshipped him were so wild. 142. They were bound together by a strange bloodline. 143. The fly needed royal blood to quench it's thirst a bit. 144. That was why it appeared to the king one day. 145. The fly was already full of rage, because it didn't have enough for such a long time. 146. The king and the fly got in a fight, and soon enough the fly had tied the king to a stake and began to sting him in sensitive places to suck the best blood. 147. After that he flew to the royal bloodlines of the kingdoms of the dead, of heaven and of hell. 148. He now wanted to have royal gladiators, to be assured of a potent and perpetual bloodflow. 149. Now the fly became the king of Lakshor, and Edmolín and his woman had to fight in the royal arena's.

150. But one day Metulidan with his red guard returned to Lakshor. 151. When they came to the throne of the fly he said : 'I already expected this. 152. Some come to Lakshor just for the blood.'

153. Then his guard, the red giant prince stepped towards the fly, and while the fly shrieked and try to hit him with his sharp wing, the red giant took his slayersword and hit the fly in it's head. 154. The fly was spouting lava now, and lightening came from his eyes. 155. Then Metulidan himself took his slayersword and cut a piece of his wing off. 156. Again the fly shrieked, and flew to the other side of the thronehall. 157. Metulidan immediately turned around, took a waspball of poison in his hand and threw it into the stomach of the fly. 158. Blood was streaming out of the fly, while his head became smaller. 159. This was the most dangerous part of the fight, for Metulidan knew that if it's head was small like this it was in a terrible rage, ready to use it's most deadly weapons. 160. But if it would use one of these weapons, it could also die itself, and it would at least lose much of it's strength. 161. The fly attacked, missed, and started to hyperventilate. 162. In it's weakness it floated to the floor, but still the fly was in the most dangerous position, for it could use another deadly weapon now. 163. Suddenly it had used it's heartsnake, which pierced Metulidan and the red giant prince in a flash, while the both fell to the ground, losing their soulbeat. 164. Softly and tenderly the fly started to eat from their fallen and paralyzed meat, for it was still very weak. 165. Now the fly could drink from a well of high and pure royal blood.

166. After awhile friends of Metulidan had called for one of the most feared warrior in and around the realms of Lakshor. 167. It was Witigus, the flyslayer. 168. When he came the fly had already turned Lakshor in doom more than ever before. 169. The fly throned on a perpetual stream of royal blood. 170. 'You will have to surrender your kingdom to me,' Witigus spoke. 171. Witigus would only fight the fly for no less price than Lakshor itself and all it's vessels and souls. 172. If someone wanted to call for Witigus for a favour the price was always slavery. 173. Witigus would never take less than total domination. 174. But also Witigus would be nothing but prey to the fly. 175. The fly took his prey to a stake on a high rock in the wilderness, tied him to it, and left. 176. He would be an easy meal for snakes now, and for the birds of prey. 177. Then another man called Metusalach tried to conquer the fly, but he fell into the same fate as Witigus the flyslayer. 178. What has become of all these men who wanted to wage war against the fly ? 179. Their spirits have been thrown into the abyss of Lakshor, while their souls have become gladiators in the deeper arena's of Lakshor. 180. They have searched for the well of blood, but they have become wells of blood themselves, for the fly turned their remains finally into trees of blood. 181. Since then no one was allowed to enter Lakshor than those who had drunk from this forbidden blood. 182. And those who had drunk from it would be damned to stay in Lakshor forever. 183. There was no escape possible. 184. And in Lakshor one was doomed to be a gladiator forever, for here there was the eternal war of the damned.

185. There was no horror greater than the horror of Lakshor. 186. The fly, it's king, had the most cruelest ways to let his victims and the breakers of the laws of his kingdom suffer to turn them into living and perpetual bloodwells. 187. Those who became a part of the horrors of Lakshor to become it's finest warriors had to be baptized in these eternal bloodwells first. 188. There was no greater horror than to drink from the forbidden blood, for it would write your name in the Book of Blood, which was a horrible and everlasting traumatizing experience of losing all hope and faith in salvation. 189. There was no salvation left for those who had been tied by their souls to the everlasting horrors of the Book of Blood. 190. Their beings were now filled by such an eternal fear and tragedy making them gladiators of doom, destined to the unbearable grief of eternal dying. 191. There was no pain compared to this.

192. Men tied to the stakes of the Book of Blood could only cry blood, and whenever they spoke, the only thing coming out of their mouths was blood. 193. This was how the fly dealt with his enemies, and this made him the greatest horror-king ever. 194. No one ever coming to Lakshor spoke about the giants of hell anymore. 195. All they could do was seeing and remembering the horrors of the giants of Lakshor. 196. The day the giants of Lakshor came to hell was a day no one who was there would forget. 197. They came to take gladiators to Lakshor.

198. But behind the veils of Lakshor a wasp was living, hiding the wells and falls of waspian blood. 199. Whenever a woman died in the arena the wasp came to take her soul away. 200. He would tie her to a stake in his realms, where he would use these women for reproduction. 201. They brought fourth the waspian souls full of the rushing and sensual waspian blood. 202. Then after awhile he would send them back to the arena's. 203. But some of these women he kept for years. 204. He would finally baptize them in his waspian well of blood, to let them become his own gladiators. 205. These waspian gladiators were the most feared, for they could bring the pains of death. 206. One of these women was called Tara from Rhodes, and after a few years she returned to the arena's. 207. She was a woman of such a tranquilizing beauty that she could lure the birds of prey to let them sit on her hand. 208. She had a strength greater than lions, and this was why she always could sleep near them, warming herself in the skincontact she had with them. 209. Oh yes, sometimes they had fights, but Tara from Rhodes would always dominate them by her voice.

210. She was an inspiration to the youth in the arena's, mostly when they were in the arena's of lions and snakes. 211. But since the fly found out she had returned from the wasp's place, her skull hangs above his throne. 212. The fly didn't have any mercy to those who had returned from the waspian domain. 213. The arena's of the wasp were foul in his eyes, and one day he invaded the place. 214. He found out about the waspian bloodwells and fed himself.

215. If anyone was wild, it was Tara from Rhodes. 216. She dived from tall rocks in rivers, she wrestled with bears, apes, and dangerous Martian beasts, and had to survive among the most murderous tribes of Mars. 217. She had a lot of enemies and not many friends. 218. As you can imagine in such wildernesses like the wildernesses of Mars she became a soul-hunter, one of the darkest. 219. If anyone could stir up horror it was Tara from Rhodes. 220. With her lions and panthers she waged wars against the most dangerous tribes. 221. Most of the times she was driven by revenge. 222. She knew these tribes since her childhood, and she still remembered what they had done to her and her loved ones. 223. There was no one darker than Tara from Rhodes the time she was living on Mars. 224. They called her the black snake. 225. She was the most feared of all warriors on Mars in that time. 226. She believed in everlasting war and damnation more than anyone else. 227. She always said it was the well of eternal birth.

227. Tara from Rhodes was a riddle no one seemed to understand. 228. The tribe where she was born had been enslaved by Gitdugal, the killer-king. 229. He was dressed up by bones and skulls, and his body was covered by white wasp-guards, which would attack any time he spoke. 230. He could take away minds and souls, to turn his victims into zombies. 231. In a huge valley they had to do slave-work. 232. Tara from Rhodes had been saved by a monkey when the zombies of Gitdugal the killer-king invaded the camp of the tribe where she was born. 233. Tara was then just a little girl, and the monkey took care over her for a long time, until another tribe accepted her. 234. But since she grew up and became an outcast there, she started to look for Gitdugal the killer-king, for she wanted to set her original tribe free. 235. But no one seemed to know where the valley was where Gitdugal the killer-king had his slaves. 236. In her search she met Kingul, a black warrior. 237. He

knew where the valley was, but they had to be on their guard. 238. They had to travel south for a couple of days, and they first had to defeat the armies of zombie-guards. 239. When they came there they saw warriors of her tribe tied to trees, and from the bushes zombie-guards jumped having spinning swords. 240. These swords were very dangerous for they didn't only kill you, but they also killed your soul and mind. 241. Tara from Rhodes shrieked and yelled, while she took her knife and threw it into the heart of the first zombie-guard. 242. Then she took an arrow from her quiver very fast and with her bow she quickly shot into the heart of the next zombie-guard. 243. Then she took a spear and pierced three of them. 244. But there were so many zombie-guards surrounding them, that soon they got captured in a net. 245. They now had to appear before the throne of Gitdugal the killer-king. 246. It was a strange piramid of many layers like a sort of stairway. 247. On top there was another smaller piramid in which the killer-king sat. 248. Many skulls were surrounding him, and white wasps were coming from his body to cover the net.

249. When Tara from Rhodes awoke she found herself in a bed in a huge hall. 250. Their were soft penetrating lights coming from small oillamps. 251. A veiled girl entered the hall, to bring her some food. 252. She was a slave-girl but she wasn't from the tribe of Tara from Rhodes. 253. The slave-girl made a sign with her hand, and Tara from Rhodes stood up to follow her. 254. They came in an even huger hall, where lakes of crocodiles were. 255. The lakes were like boiling. 256. The crocodiles looked tormented, like they could slide outside the lakes to attack every moment. 257. Tara from Rhodes didn't trust any of them. 258. When she walked over some bridges suddenly a plank cracked, and she slid into the depth. 259. Immediately three crocodiles slid towards her, while she could get herself on the bridge just in time. 260. She had to be very careful. 261. The slave-girl knew exactly where to walk. 262. With a beating heart she followed the steps of the girl accurately. 263. Suddenly a huge and tall coffinlike case of bronze slid out of a wall. 264. The slave-girl stopped walking, and told Tara from Rhodes she had to lie in the case to come to have dinner with the killer-king. 265. Tara from Rhodes refused, but suddenly the slave-girl took a gun, and some men with sunglasses came in through a door, also holding guns. 266. 'Your life will be over, girl, if you don't do what we tell you.' 267. Slowly and hesitating Tara entered the case. 268. Immediately when she laid down the case slid into the wall again. 269. It was very dark inside, but suddenly the walls of the case started to glow. 270. Tara from Rhodes started sweating, while the case turned hotter and hotter. 271. Then flames appeared in the walls of the case. 272. Tara started to scream and shriek. 273. Suddenly there was light everywhere. 274. She could step out of the case, as Gitdugal the killer-king was taking her hand. 275. 'No worries, my lady,' he said. 276. 'Do you want some tea ?'

277. 'No,' Tara from Rhodes spoke harshly, 'you need to free my people.' 278. But Gitdugal showed her the wonderful and lovely, wealthy dinner-table. 279. It was filled with all sorts of tropical fruits, the most strange and rare sorts of meat, and even bones. 280. 'Let us discuss here,' Gitdugal spoke friendly.

281. 'I do not want to discuss with you, you need to let my people go. 282. I am not hungry,' Tara from Rhodes spoke persistent.

283. Still the killer-king tried to distract her. 284. 'I'm sure you will like the food. 285. It is from my rare gardens.'

286. 'Well, I do not care about your gardens, but I do care about those who suffer in those gardens, the ones you have burdened with such slavery,' 287. Tara from Rhodes said while her eyes were full

of piercing fire. 288. 'I warn you, king of killers, you will not like what I will do to you if you will go on with your games,' she said.

289. Gitdugal pushed on a button of his table. 290. Tara from Rhodes still hadn't sat down. 291. Suddenly some slaves entered carrying dishes and bags with meat and strange rare vegetables. 292. Gitdugal began to eat. 293. Then after awhile Tara from Rhodes also started to eat. 293. After awhile Gitdugal asked : 'And, did you like the meat of your tribe ?' 294. Tara from Rhodes stood up, and grasped the throat of Gitdugal very tightly. 295. 'It's better you do not do that,' Gitdugal said, still friendly, and then he hit his head against her head. 296. In one moment she was slammed to the ground. 297. 'Now I will eat your brain-meat, lady,' Gitdugal said, 'and it's juices and blood I will use to wash my dishes and my room. 298. I have a lot of cleaning work to do I see.' 299. But then Tara from Rhodes kicked him in his male parts like a truck crashing through the walls. 300. Gitdugal fell to the ground, and tried to push one of his floorbuttons, but Tara from Rhodes already stood on his hand. 301. Then she kicked his head very hard. 302. But what Tara didn't know was that there were also big spiders under the meat, and they started spitting all sorts of fluids towards her. 303. Tara from Rhoses fell on the ground and lost consciousness. 304. There are not many masters of sleep like Gitdugal. 305. He has all sorts of tropical secrets having their own sorts of fluids, and if such a spider is one of it's deliverers in some cases, then that is very okay with Gitdugal.

306. It was like the veils of the brains of Tara from Rhodes were breaking, and she didn't know where she was, or how long she had been unconscious, when she slowly woke up again. 307. She felt very dizzy. 308. Tara from Rhodes felt her blood was growing stronger by all these strange attacks. 309. It was like her body just didn't give up. 310. Others would have died already in the dangerous and tropical mysteries of the realms of Gitdugal with all these poisons threatening the heart and the blood. 311. Some of these rare fluids should have block the nerves of the brains in certain area's so that Tara from Rhodes wouldn't be able to breath and move anymore, for to breathe you needed to use the muscles of your lungs. 312. But Tara from Rhodes seemed to be immune to these lethal threats. 313. Maybe that was because she just lived the wild life. 314. She didn't believe in society. 315. She believed in the industry of nature, by which she could raise the more refined forms of immunology, not poisoned by the paw of civilization. 316. It was the force of civilization she hated, for it bound her to something she was not from origin.

317. Finally another slave came to the place where Tara from Rhodes was now. 318. It was a dark cave, smelling like the slime of snakes and spiders. 319. The slave told her that Gitdugal wanted to play a game with her : Wild Chess. 320. It would be a living chess, for people of her tribe would be the pawns. 321. If she would win she would free her tribe, but if she would lose, then Gitdugal would take her skull. 322. To Tara from Rhodes it seemed unfair, for on both sides the pawns would be from her tribe, but she didn't have another choice. 323. Gitdugal called it the Chess of Knives, for all living pawns had to carry a knife, and when they had to move they had to push the knife to the next field. 324. Tara from Rhodes only had one demand : All the pawns had to be blindfolded. 325. Gitdugal agreed but then he called for some slaves to sting the eyes out of all the living pawns. 326. Tara from Rhodes was in rage, but now she would play this game to the end, to set her tribe free.

327. So many of her tribe were slaughtered that day in this Wild Chess, but none of them could win the game. 328. So the killer-king decided to play it again. 329. Tara from Rhodes was desperate, but she didn't have another choice. 330. And again, many of her tribe got slaughtered in this cruel game.

331. But this time none of them could win either, and they had to play it again and again. 332. After awhile she found out that the rules of the game were designed in a sense that no one could ever win. 333. She found out it was a trap. 334. If this would go on, then no one of her tribe would finally survive. 335. She then got into such a rage that she took one of the Knives of the Wild Chess, and threw it into the heart of Gitdugal. 336. This knife was charged with so much blood of her tribe, and with their souls of the dead, that it pierced itself in vengeance and hysterical rage into his heart. 337. 'So, you don't want to play the game anymore I see,' Gitdugal said. 338. 'Then we need to throw away it's pawns.' 339. Then he called for some slaves, and they had to throw all the remaining pawns of her tribe off the rocks. 340. In the depths of a ravine their souls shattered on the rocks, taking away their minds and lives. 341. The horror was only raising for Tara from Rhodes could see how the ghosts of her loved ones got attracted and absorbed by the skull of Gitdugal. 342. 'Now you have offered them an even greater slavery : the slavery of the damned.' Gitdugal said. 343. 'Let me know when you want to play again.'

344. Emotionally absorbed by rage she followed him to the place he slept. 345. He slept on a huge bed surrounded by big spiders and snakes. 346. As she came closer his guards attacked her, but she was so full of concentrated rage that she slayed them all in short time. 347. Gitdugal was so tired that he didn't take notice of her. 348. But as she was coming close to his body and could even hear and smell his breath the white wasps of his body were attacking her, trying to poison her mind. 349. But Tara raised her shield and in full rage she pierced one of his own spears through his lungs. 350. She found this spear in his room, but he stood up and smashed her to the ground. 351. Then he raised her up above his head and threw her through the windows above his bed. 352. Tara fell into a river close to a waterfall. 253. Where was she ? 354. She had never seen this land ? 355. On the other side of the river she saw slaves working in gardens and on fields. 356. Were these the famed Gardens of Gitdugal ? 357. There were trees of meat growing here, and trees of all sorts of strange organs. 360. But there she saw Gitdugal coming. 361. 'I wasn't done with you !' he shouted. 362. Tara ran away through the gardens and fields. 363. She first had to make up another strategy, for battling against him made her very tired and even confused.

364. I do not know the rest of the story, as she couldn't tell me for some reason. 365. Sometimes she just stopped telling, and then she went to sleep. 366. Later I found out that she partly couldn't deal with it. 367. She knew where all her stories could lead her. 368. She was always the flame in my heart, but since she's gone it's different. 369. I can hang on to a lot of stories she told me, but most of these stories do not have an end, or she just didn't tell how it ended. 370. It keeps me thinking. 371. She could be fragmentaric at times, but that was her code to survive.

4.

The Python Stone ; Captured

1. From a black stained cave, Tara from Rhodes is awakening. 2. Since she killed the black lion all she could do was sleep. 3. Now she is running through the jungle to tell her tribe the great news. 4. This black lion had tortured the minds of her people for such a long time. 5. It was a mind-eater, and whenever he bit pieces of their mind away, there was horror rising in their bodies, tragedy after tragedy. 6. Tara from Rhodes had sworn she wouldn't live in a tribe anymore. 7. But the tribe where she was born she would never forget, and she still called it 'her' tribe. 8. She didn't know how the terror was rising behind the mountain of the black lion. 9. The lion had bred so many children there.

10. Yes, the tribe of Tara from Rhodes didn't know which horror was waiting for them since the black lion had died.

11. The breed of black lions was in great mourning since the death of their father. 12. They were howling in their hidden place in a dark cave behind the mountain. 13. No one knew of their existence, for their father always went hunting, and brought the meat to their secret place. 14. No, they never left the cave, since there were too many dangers to these young ones. 15. But since they had grown up and their father had died, they had to leave the cave. 16. They could smell what had happened, and they could smell the one who had done this all, the one who made them orphans in their lonely and cold years : Tara from Rhodes. 17. They could smell the patterns of the bloodline, and they had sworn they wouldn't rest nor eat before they had killed the ones she loved. 18. Tara herself had to be taken to their cave ... alive.

19. It was the greatest slaughter Tara ever had to deal with, the day the black lions came to her tribe to slaughter her loved ones. 20. It hurted Tara more than anything. 21. That day Tara had gone to a different area. 22. Although Tara didn't want to live in the tribe anymore, she was always around since she freed them from slavery. 23. Since she had killed Gitdugal the killer-king who had enslaved them for such a long time, she took his skull and brought it to her cave, where she swore she would always be around for her people. 24. The skull of Gitdugal was of a rare stone : the python stone. 25. But since the python stone had been stolen, she had to find it. 26. It was the stone of slavery, and it also protected the owner of it against any form of slavery. 27. She returned without the stone, to find out about the fate of her tribe. 28. When she had come into a certain wigwam the leader of the black lions suddenly stood in the opening. 29. Tara turned around, but it was already too late. 30. She had been hit on the head by a sort of iron or bronze candle. 30. They took her away to the den of the black lions in their cave behind the mountain.

31. 'The soul of our father asks for revenge,' the black lions said. 32. Tara, who was just waking up, said : 'Revenge ? 32. I have all rights to have revenge for your father tortured my tribe, and you have finally slaughtered them.'

33. 'There is no such thing as revenge,' one of the black lions said. 34. 'Sometimes things just have a deeper history. 35. We know from our father that you had killed Gitdugal the killer-king.'

35. 'Yes !' Tara shouted, 'but do you think that's so crazy ? 36. He enslaved my tribe for such a long time, and finally he killed most of them.'

37. 'But why do you think he enslaved them ? 38. What do you know about the dark primeval state of your tribe before you were even born ?' another black lion said. 39. 'I know they weren't the best kind of tribes, but you see,' Tara said, 'maybe you are right, but when will this all end ?'

40. 'Now,' some of the black lions said, 'for we are going to kill you and eat the intestines out of your body. 41. But first there will be some dark nights to prepare you for dinner.'

42. 'Oh yes,' Tara said cynically, 'I will prepare myself for dinner. 43. Who of you want to be the first piece of meat ?' 43. Tara took one of her legknives, put it between her teeth and jumped on one of the black lions. 44. Another black lion jumped on Tara, and then another, and soon there was a bloody wrestling. 45. 'Tara from Rhodes,' one of the lions roared mean, 'the dinnerbell has rung.' 46. And he bit her horribly in her stomach. 47. Then she kicked his mean snout as hard as she could. 48. She took a knife and slayed two of them, while the others ran away, howling. 49. Quickly she took the skin of the slain black lion and tied it around her middle where the wound was. 50. She would

now have to go to the lake where she could clean her wound. 51. But also the black lions were there to drink. 52. She felt a weakness coming over her because of the wound. 53. So she left very soon.

54. All she needed now was the python stone, but she didn't know where she could find it. 55. Maybe the black lions would have the stone, or they would know where it was, for they knew a lot making them questionable. 56. Tara had such a dark feeling coming over her. 57. They knew a lot about her past and that of her tribe. 58. If the stone would be in the wrong hands, it would also affect her earlier or later. 59. She had to find the stone which was potentially a very dangerous stone. 60. When she had raised her power again she went to the den of the black lions again, in their caves. 61. Deeper in the den there was a small door leading to a hall in the mountain. 62. She had never been here before. 63. She saw a huge black lion sitting on a throne which looked like made of python stone, but she wasn't sure. 64. As she moved closer she heard a scream. 65. It looked like the scream of someone from her tribe. 66. 'Meleshuel, is that you ?' she shouted. 67. 'Yes, come and help me,' the young warrior shouted, 'They have tied me to a stake.' 68. It was somewhere behind the throne, where the same sort of stone was. 69. The black lion was roaring and slowly went towards Tara. 70. Tara had to swallow a few times. 71. But the black lion didn't do anything. 72. 'It is not the bad one, Tara !' Meleshuel shouted, 'he only protects me.' 73. Tara found out the black lion couldn't walk so well. 74. He had a handicap. 75. Maybe he had been severed in a fight. 76. 'Why are you here, Meleshuel ?' Tara asked, while she came closer. 77. Suddenly she saw the stake to which the boy had been tied. 78. 'At night the pythons come to hurt me, but the black lion protects me,' the boy told. 79. Quickly Tara untied the boy, and they embraced each other. 80. 'Who has done this,' Tara asked. 81. 'Who has done this to you ?' 82. The boy had strange scars all over his body, and some of these places were still bleeding.

83. 'I will bring you to the lake to wash the wounds,' Tara said. 84. 'No !' the boy screamed. 85. 'You can't, for the black lions will find me again to bring me here.'

86. 'I will slaughter them all until none of them has it's skull on it's body anymore,' Tara said with cold eyes. 87. 'The only one I will spare is this friend of yours here.' 88. He had become an outcast of the group because of his handicap, but actually he was the one who saved the life of this boy. 89. If he wouldn't be there, they would have killed the boy. 90. Since then the black lion stayed with the boy to watch over him, like it was his only child. 91. The boy could see so much love in the eyes of Tara as she watched this precious black lion. 92. For he guarded the last remains of her tribe.

93. Suddenly the black lions entered in. 94. They saw the older black lion with Tara and the boy. 95. They jumped on the older black lion and killed him. 96. It all went so fast and they were with so many more black lions, it looked like an invasion. 97. The boy was crying. 98. Tara took him tight under one arm and started to slay the mass of black lions with her sword. 99. Suddenly all sorts of pythons came out of openings in the wall. 100. A horrible fight started between the remained black lions and the pythons. 101. There were also pythons who went after Tara and the boy, and again, Tara was the great slaughterer. 102. After all black lions and pythons were dead they could see through the openings a hall full of weapons of python stone. 103. There were spears, five-pointed and six-pointed blades, bows, arrows and a lot more. 104. The boy said these weapons were called bone-breakers. 105. They could easily crash any sort of bones and skeletons. 106. That the older black lion had told him. 107. So they crept through the openings in the wall and came in the other hall. 108. There were also a lot of small hills of python stone.

109. But all of a sudden giantspiders and one giantpython were coming out of a den. 110. The boy grasped some weapons and started to fight, and also Tara grasped some weapons. 111. She killed the giantspiders by spears and the giantpython she killed by a sevenpointed blade.

Python City

112. Tara hoped she would find the stolen skull of Gitdugal the killer-king somewhere here. 113. It was the most precious stone among all the python stones. 114. But there was no any trace of it. 115. The boy said the black lions had spoken about it. 116. They said it was somewhere in Python City. 117. They would have to travel three days to the north to find Python City. 118. It was a city in the middle of the Great Python Jungle on Mars.

119. When they finally came in Python City a warmth was gliding into their souls, very mysterious. 120. It was a warm day in Python City. Most of them were on the beach at the sea. 121. Tara asked the boy if he knew anything else about where the skull could be. 122. The boy said they talked about a certain shop. 123. 'Yes,' Tara said, 'but do you also know what kind of shop ?' 124. But that the boy couldn't remember. 125. He thought a comic-shop. 126. So they went for a walk along the shops. 127. There were many streets with shops, but finally they found a comic-shop. 128. The boss of the comic-shop looked very angry. 129. He also looked like he had drunk too much. 130. 'What do you want ?' the man asked. 131. Tara asked him if he knew anything about a skull. 132. Then the man told that his wife believed in black magic, and that she had bought the skull once to capture the soul of her enemy. 133. The man said he didn't believe in it. 134. 'Can we speak to your wife ?' Tara asked. 135. 'Yes,' the man said, 'tonight, for she's now at the beach.'

136. In the evening Tara and the boy returned to the shop, after they had taken dinner somewhere. 137. When the woman finally got home she started to laugh when she heard about the story. 138. 'Don't listen to him,' she said. 139. 'He's always drunk.' 140. But Tara knew something wasn't right. 141. It was like she remembered the face of this woman, and it wasn't right. 142. Then suddenly she knew it : It was a slave-girl who once worked for Gitdugal the killer-king. 143. Of couse she knew of the powers of the skull. 144. Awhile later the man came downstairs with the skull in his hands. 145. The woman started to curse. 146. But later she explained everything, and Tara seemed to be right. 147. Tara knew how dangerous the skull could be, and didn't trust the woman with it. 148. 'Since I killed Gitdugal and set you all free I had to take care of the skull, but once it was stolen,' Tara said. 149. She asked the woman how she got the skull. 150. She said she had bought it from some men called the black lions. 151. Then Tara knew enough. 152. Of course the black lions could shape-shift into humans to do such things. 153. 'How much did you pay for it ?' Tara asked. 154. 'Sixty tanarings,' the woman said. 155. That was a lot of money. 156. 'I will give you seventy tanarings for it, but I have to get it back,' Tara said. 157. The woman said that that was a good deal. 158. The woman said that they could also spend the night in her house located above the comic-shop. 159. Tara and the boy were very tired. 160. But in the middle of the night the woman came to the room where Tara was sleeping. 161. She had a knife and was ready to kill Tara so that she could keep the python skull. 162. But Tara heard her coming, and had also a knife under her blanket. 163. She acted like she was still sleeping, and when the woman was near to her bed already, and when she almost could feel her breath in her neck she suddenly turned around and pierced the knife into the heart of the woman. 164. She took the skull and the boy with her, and then they left Python City in the middle of the night.

165. Now they would go to Tara's cave, where she had a lot of hidden dens. 166. But on their way the boy asked if he could stay with a tribe he knew very well. 167. Tara agreed immediately. 168. When Tara returned to her cave there was a strange man in her cave. 169. The man looked a bit confused, and apologized immediately. 170. 'I'm sorry but I just escaped from an arena and I had to hide myself,' he said. 171. He explained from which tribe he was and what had happened to him. 172. Tara understood, and told him that he could stay as long as he didn't make any troubles. 173. Tara always had a sort of weak spot for gladiators, for she knew how life could be as a gladiator. 174. She cared for him like he was her baby. 175. In the middle of the night he stood before her. 176. He was very tall. 177. He said to her he was very scared. 178. He couldn't sleep. 179. He was afraid they would find him here and would take him to the arena again. 180. He told her that he was a war-prisoner. 181. She listened to his long story, and she took him in her arms to sooth him. 182. She told him that she would protect him, and that if any of his capturers would ever come here she would beat the brains out of their skulls. 183. Then Tara began to tell him stories to sooth him further. 184. The man told her that he had lost many battles, but he fortunately never got killed. 185. Tara immediately said that she could teach him how to fight so that he would never lose any battle anymore. 186. She said that if he would become such a good warrior that he could defeat her in wrestling than he never had to fear anything again. 187. But she also taught him how to fight with swords, spears and how to use a bow with it's arrows. 188. She also taught him how to hunt for food.

189. One day she told him about the python skull, but she wished she would never have told about it's secrets. 190. For in a night he woke her up, and he had the skull in his hands and put it behind him on a high place. 191. Then he said : 'Fight for it.' 192. The skull was taking all her strength away, and she felt like it was enslaving her. 193. She was almost completely in the power of this man, and if the man wouldn't be of good heart he could have destroyed her heart. 194. She now knew she couldn't feel safe anymore in her own cave since the man challenged her like this. 195. It was like he took away the most dear thing of her heart, although he didn't destroy her heart. 196. This was the moment her hate against men had been stirred up more than ever.

197. Never ever again would she give her heart like she did. 198. She got her skull back, but she lost something of her heart, and she couldn't get it back. 199. One night she decided to leave her cave for awhile. 200. But when she returned she found out that the man had committed suicide. 201. Maybe he knew that he had gone too far. 202. She had mixed feelings about his death.

203. But as time went on, his soul started to return to her.

204. And as she accepted him in her cave again he started to become of flesh and blood more and more. 205. And that could happen because of the python skull. 206. He told her that he had been to the Underworlds of Mars, to Tartarus, where his soul had been captured between the squeezing Moving Walls of Everlasting Damnation. 207. Here his soul got dense again. 208. He said that in the place where he was everything would be turned into Python Stone. 209. He also told her about his true reason why he had committed suicide. 210. And they became lovers for the second time.

211. But as this strange resurrection went on, Tara more and more found out about what was going on. 212. He only returned to her to seek for revenge. 213. But he wasn't himself anymore, so Tara thought he had been sent back to her by someone for some reason. 214. When Tara had slain him in a fight, she wanted to find out about his second coming. 215. So she decided to go to the Moving Walls of Tartarus, a dangerous realm below the Death-realms of Mars. 216. She knew exactly which

rivers to take in the Death-realms of Mars, and finally after a long journey she reached Tartarus. 217. When she got to the Moving Walls area she met Drinbard, a pirate-captain. 218. She asked him about his friend, but Drinbard didn't want to tell anything. 219. Finally she got into a fight against him. 220. They both had two-bladed swords called doubledeckers. 221. Finally Drinbard gave her access in the deeper realms of the Moving Walls. 222. Before he gave in they had a fight of two days.

223. No one would understand the horror Tara saw there. 224. It was here Tara really learned to fight. 225. It was here she met Diabrillis the puppetmaster. 226. The souls of the damned who got slammed between the walls gained so much density at times that they could form a threat against the ruling classes of Tartarus. 227. Diabrillis was often their last hope, for he captured the densest souls from between the walls to enslave them in puppets. 228. Tara had still no idea how her friend could escape a place like this. 229. Tara had to pay Diabrillis a big deal of tanarings before she could enter his realms. 230. He was such a great puppetmaster, because he knew the art of soul-slaying. 231. His slaughtery was made of all sorts of rare python stone. 232. The huntingfields behind the realms of Diabrillis the puppetmaker were the last area's of this strange fairground. 233. The souls had become flesh and blood here, but now they had to survive on their journeys across the huntingfields. 234. Here the darkest indian hunters lived, and the darkest indian tribes. 235. All they wanted was to eat meat, and that was also what a strange billboard said somewhere in the dark pubs of this area : Eat Meat. 236. It was for the damned souls not enough to escape from the hands of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. 237. If there was any escape then most of the times it was organized by the dark indians of the huntingfields themselves, just because they were in need for meat. 238. How Tara's friend could survive and escape she still didn't understand. 239. Maybe he would have captured many women on the huntingfields by his charms, and maybe they finally let him escape ? 240. Tara didn't know. 241. In the pub where she sat there was a fat barkeeper doing the dishes, and there were sitting a few naked indian women at the bar. 242. They listened to some music, had some talks and a few drinks. 243. They looked a bit strange at Tara, but further they were friendly, and Tara didn't have the impulse to grasp her sword. 244. The feathers of the indian hunter-women were very shiny, and Tara was looking at these ornaments for a long time. 245. Suddenly a cowboy entered in. 246. Tara could see that he was an escaped soul still in his process of growing dense. 247. Tara had the feeling the cowboy didn't know where he was. 248. Maybe he thought he had already reached the finish. 249. The indian women started to whisper to each other, and Tara knew about what they were going to do. 250. The cowboy walked like the whole pub was his, like he was the greatest hero of all times, for he had survived Everlasting Damnation, the Moving Walls of Tartarus and the soul-slaughteries of Diabrillis the puppetmaker. 251. He ordered a couple of beers. 252. Tara supposed he did that because he seemed like he never drank alone. 253. Everyone got a glass of beer, even the barkeeper, on costs of the cowboy. 254. Tara saw his good heart, and was worried about him. 255. Then one of the indian hunter-women stood up and asked : 'Shall we go outside ?'

256. The cowboy was confused. 'Are you talking to me ?'

257. 'Yes ?' he said, still a bit confused, not knowing what was going on. 258. He stood up, and wanted to walk outside the pub, but in a flash Tara could see how the indian woman was about to grasp her knife. 259. Before they could take any other step Tara jumped from her seat to the woman and kicked the knife out of her hands. 260. But quickly the other indian woman took her spear and wanted to pierce the cowboy. 261. Just in time Tara could jump on her neck and and pushed her on the ground by holding the neck tight between her legs. 262. The barkeeper took the telephone, while

the cowboy started to become panicked. 263. The other indian woman tried to approach him. 264. 'Stay away from me !' he roared, while foam almost came out of his mouth. 265. The indian women sat down again after awhile, and everything was quiet again. 266. The cowboy now knew he was in danger, still. 267. Tara thought the cowboy was a lost case. 268. She didn't have any hope for him to survive in an area like this. 269. Soon she found out how the indian women had turned him into living meat on a stake. 270. But for Tara there wasn't any way to prevent it.

271. Very often she saw those sorts of men having their skins ripped off and shivering on a piercing stake, while indian women danced around their hopeless souls. 272. They were still the souls of the damned. 273. She wondered how her friend could escape all this. 274. On these fields demons and skeleton-gods were sitting on their high horses causing the doom of everlasting damnation to full extends. 275. Most of the times these skeleton-gods were dressed in garments, causing the horrors of indian sorcery all over the place. 276. They were the ones who had taught all these indians here how to be soul-criminals.

277. Once Tara met the White Spider Queen, a sorceress who could let nipples grow on bodies in such a number that skeletons would come to suck all the blood, fluids and meat-juices out of the body by these nipples. 278. These nipples were called the nipples of death. 279. The Queen was a very feared woman of the hunting-fields. 280. Even many of the indians feared her. 281. Before Tara realized she was under the webs and fluids of giant-spiders. 282. The White Spider tried to put her spell on Tara, but she failed. 283. They had a fight of several months, which Tara finally won. 284. This was how she could finally escape the horror surrounding the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 285. She still didn't find an answer to the questions she had about the one she once loved.

286. Not many would believe her if she would tell about all the horrors she saw in the darker area of the Moving Walls of Tartarus. 287. But as she grew so much in Life and Death, she more and more developed the dark sides she encountered in the area of the Moving Walls in herself. 288. It was something she could not escape, for everything was growing darker around her, and she needed to survive and dominate her own skull. 289. She needed to possess herself instead of letting someone else possess her, but she more and more found out about the high price it had to protect herself like this. 290. And this attitude she didn't need only for a day, but for the rest of eternity. 291. She had to wage an Everlasting War against everything which was threatening and possessing her, or she would lose herself forever. 292. In her eyes that was the only Love she could really bring up to herself, but it was enough for life.

293. Tara wanted to return to the White Spider Queen she once defeated. 294. She needed help from her. 295. The White Spider Queen had mixed feelings about Tara, but finally she accepted Tara's need for help, if only to be able to take revenge on Tara. 296. She initiated Tara deeply into her temples and her secret places, and most of all : she started to love her.

297. No one would expect the love which started to develop between the two. 298. They could learn a lot from each other, and by a greater horror, they could be much savor against the higher levels of horror coming against them both. 299. They had a shelter in each other. 300. Tara taught the White Spider Queen how to fight by her weapons, and the White Spider Queen did the same to Tara. 301. The White Spider Queen was still dignified in all her horrors, but Tara was rude and uncivilized like always. 302. She didn't have any manners or behaviour, while the White Spider Queen had so many etiquettes. 303. They used to hate each others attitude, but now they knew they had to combine them for their own survival, or they would both lose their souls in horror. 304. The horror was

hunting and growing outside, and the White Spider Queen knew that her days were counted when she wouldn't integrate with Tara. 305. They were both parts of the same puzzle and the same weapon, necessary to win in the Everlasting War. 306. The White Spider Queen was always so gracious that Tara although she more and more desired this jewel, sometimes just wanted to cut her skull off to decorate her weapons with it. 307. But they knew they needed each other, and they developed an intimate and tender love-relationship.

308. The White Spider Queen developed Tara's lust for poetic utterances, and Tara developed the White Spider Queen's lust for stories. 309. One day the White Spider Queen showed Tara a White Spider Stone. 310. It was the stone of blood and lust. 311. By this stone spiders wove their threads. 312. These threads were nothing but slices of slain and damned blood of death. 313. It also developed the slimy airs of spiders necessary to breathe in these higher levels of horror. 314. The stone was also called : Blood Slayer as well, especially when weapons were made of the stone. 315. In a hall the White Spider Queen showed the delicate weapons made of such stone, and these weapons were called the blood-slayers. 316. They could cause sudden death and damnation. 317. The weapons were not very tall, but compact. 318. Some of them were fourpointed blades, fivepointed blades, all sorts of strange dreadful spears and knives and some bows.

319. As for Tara : She had to find a way to forget about this all, as she found out about the forces of Love being nothing else but the forces driven by a repressed revengeful heart coming from the past. 320. These veils of the spider were nothing but tricks to hide the Evil of the Python Stone. 321. A stone she tried to get rid of in the end, but which pierced itself a way to her heart more and more. 322. She more and more found out about the unbearable price of such a python stone, and she couldn't escape from it. 323. She had become its slave forever.

5.

Sharla the Head Hunter ; Worshippers of Strange gods

1. No one would expect Sharla the Head Hunter to return after she was chased away by Tara from Rhodes. 2. But it was only to prepare a harder attack. 3. She went to her kingdom of heads again, where she had the skulls of her enemies on stakes, and even those of the ones she ones loved. 4. She was the horror of the Mitstik River, a huge river-area on the south of Mars. 5. No one could really explain an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter. 6. She took minds and souls away, to finally take their heads. 7. She was obsessed with heads. 8. She painted them, decorated them with feathers and jewelry, and people said she only grew wilder since the death of her father, the horrible Skeleton Eater. 9. Whenever he was hunting, he didn't care about the meat. 10. He only ate bones. 11. Sharla the Head Hunter's father was a huge skeleton himself, decorated by strange misleading ornaments. 12. Whenever people were looking at him, they lost so much of their lives. 13. He was a strange and dangerous man, even to his daughter. 14. It was like by his death Sharla broke so many chains of herself, yes, she was the one who had killed him.

15. For years she stayed on her side in the West after she had been defeated by Tara from Rhodes, but after these years she returned to the Eastside of the river. 16. No one could really explain what happened, but she had become so much more powerful. 17. Some said she had eaten the soul of her father.

18. Tara from Rhodes stood before her cave washing herself by the lake. 19. Warriors of her tribe came to her, telling her that Sharla the Head Hunter had returned. 20. At that moment they heard

shrieking. 21. It was Sharla the Head Hunter, coming towards them. 22. Like a monkey she jumped from tree to tree. 23. There was something around her neck, a snake. 24. Tara from Rhodes took her spear, and told the warriors of her tribe to go behind her. 25. But it was already too late. 26. Sharla the Head Hunter had pierced one of them by an arrow. 27. 'Run away !' Tara from Rhodes shouted to the others, but also another one was already pierced by an arrow. 28. Then Tara threw her spear but she missed. 29. Quickly she took an arrow from her quiver and shot it, but missed again. 30. How could she miss two times ? 31. What was going on ? 32. Then Sharla the Head Hunter stood before her raising her sword. 33. Tara took another spear and they had a fight. 34. Sharla the head Hunter smiled. 35. 'If I will kill you, I will kill your tribe after it, do you think that's okay ?' 36. Tara stung by her spear, but missed : 'No,' she shouted. 'I told you already to leave this place.'

37. 'So why ?' Sharla the Head Hunter asked ironically, 'don't you like to see heads all over the place ?'

38. 'Well,' Tara replied, 'most of the time I like to see heads on bodies, but in this case I like to see a headless body.' 39. Then she fiercely tried to hit Sharla's head with a knife. 40. But Sharla jumped aside and kicked Tara against her head. 41. 'Bull's Eye !' she shouted. 42. Then Sharla's snake jumped on Tara and tried to strangle her. 43. 'Have fun together,' Sharla said ironically, 'I will return when dinner's ready.' 44. And then she left the place. 45. Tara had a hard time overcoming the snake. 46. The snake had a tighter grip than the usual snakes, and she tried to smash his head with a hard object in her surroundings. 47. But the snake moved all over, and also coiled itself around her legs. 48. Tara got troubles in breathing, and the snake was very slimy.

49. Suddenly she heard singing. 50. Someone was washing herself in the lake. 51. It was Sharla the Head Hunter. 52. 'This place will be mine in short time !' she shouted. 53. Suddenly Tara could throw the snake off of her. 54. She threw the snake into the lake, and continued her fight against Sharla the Head Hunter. 55. 'Oh, come on then,' Sharla shouted, 'I will eat you like a shark.' 56. Tara jumped on Sharla the Head Hunter and pushed her further into the lake. 57. Crocodiles from all sides came after Sharla the Head Hunter and she had to fight for her life. 58. But her snake swam towards the crocodiles and took them in a tight grip, while they were slowly dying without having any breath.

59. These were the days of Sharla the Headhunter. 60. She had many fights against Tara from Rhodes, for she wanted to have her skull and those of her tribe. 61. But one day tragedy struck Sharla the Headhunter, for her snake thought it would be time to add Sharla's head to the collection of heads in the Westside of the river. 62. The snake also thought it would be time to swallow Sharla's soul. 63. No one knew how such a deep friendship could turn over in such a hate, causing Sharla's death. 64. As the warriors of Tara's tribe were in ecstasy about Sharla's fatal friendship with the snake, and as they were feasting the whole night, they didn't know about a greater threat which was awakening, the very snake of Sharla the Head Hunter itself, with the captured soul of Sharla in its erected pride. 65. The snake had only grown stronger, and taller by eating the meat and soul of its best friend. 66. Now the snake had become the Head-collector, but it also collected souls.

67. The warriors of Tara's tribe didn't know about the danger moving slow towards their wigwams. 68. While they were still feasting the snake slid into the first wigwam, taking some children away. 69. Soon they discovered about the sudden disappearance of the children, and their feasting started to turn into mournings. 70. The snake took the children across the river, and taught them how to hunt for heads. 71. The snake also taught them in the way they developed a rage against their

own tribe. 72. When the children had grown up they formed their own tribe preparing so much vengeance to attack their original tribe one day. 73. The children didn't only worship the snake, but they also worshipped Sharla the Head Hunter. 74. They brought sacrifices to her everyday, a great part of the prey. 75. Tara had searched for the children for a long time, but now she was about to cross the river to search in Sharla's territorium. 76. Somewhere in a different part of the river the children's tribe was moving towards Tara's tribe. 77. They only wanted to have one thing : heads.

78. The children who had grown older now had become skilled warriors. 79. They wanted to cause the fall of their original tribe, as they were bitten in their childhood by the snake. 80. He bit them in their skull where he placed a shiny yellow amulet to dominate them. Now they were in it's evil hands, enslaved by the tormented soul of Sharla the Hunter. 81. All they could do was giving expression of her rage and hate. 82. These evil children started to slaughter the children of their own original tribe. And when Tara returned to the tribe she was already too late. 83. She couldn't find the children behind the river but she found a shiny yellow amulet like a tall cube. She found it in the temple of the snake, while some puppets of clay were sitting in front of it. She knew enough. That was the sign of domination. 84. Now she finally had found the children it was already too late. She stood on the hill watching that what had happened, raised the shiny yellow amulet and spoke loud : 'I think I already know what is going on here.' 85. The children turned around and when they saw the amulet it was like they were losing all their strength. Tara knew she had to be very careful now, for she couldn't underestimate the works of the snake. But the fact she had the amulet in her hands now gave her much power over the children. 86. The amulet wasn't in the hidden temple of the snake anymore. Tara knew where this temple was, for it used to be Sharla's temple. And in a sense it still was. 87. Suddenly some of the children started to have much pain in the back of their heads. They grasped their heads with their hands, and slowly Tara walked towards the children. 88. They wouldn't have any chance against her, for no one could be really successfull against Tara from Rhodes. She was still the Warrior Princess of the primeval, like the black snake. 89. And none of these kids would even think about attacking her. Tara took her knife and started to cut the shiny yellow amulets out of their skulls, as she knew what was going on. She could feel the mighty vibration of the amulet. After awhile she had many pieces of it in her hands, while the children weren't themselves anymore. 90. It was like they were awakening out of a long long dream. Some started to cry, while others stared like frozen to the ground. The snake had done this job when the children were too young to realize what was going on, and he did it while they slept. Tara tried to explain them what was going on, and she did this with all the love she had. Since the children had invaded the tribe the survivors fled away. 91. No one could begin anything against such powers. They had the strength like wild animals. Now one knew that they had been gifted by the snake of Sharla the Head Hunter and her very soul. But now Sharla had been overcome and defeated again. 92. The only thing was : Where was the snake ?

93. Tara knew they were in danger now, for the warriors of the tribe could return to see what had happened. They were on a hunt today, while the women and children were in the camp alone. What would they do when they would find out that so many children had been slain today ? 94. A dark feeling had entered Tara, something which was telling her that something was going on. She suddenly thought about the snake. What if he had already possessed the minds of the warriors ? She had to do something with the amulet now. But she didn't know what. She laid the pieces in a circle and started to think. Now the amulet was hers, and she wanted to spare the warriors in their feelings. 95. She knew where they were hunting today, and she hoped that they would stay the night there. So she went there, and fortunately when she came there it was already night and they were all

sleeping. She had cut the amulets into many pieces, and by the amulet she wanted to lure them away from the danger. She knew that the snake had bound their hearts and minds by the attack, and she knew that if they would find out about their children, the snake would use them to destroy even more of the tribe. 96. Tara knew the sorceries of the snake, and the danger of Sharla's soul. They wouldn't rest before they had torn the whole tribe apart to devour it. The snake was a possessor of minds, and Tara exactly knew which steps the snake could take to prepare the possession. The snake had almost reached it's goal with the warriors of her tribe. Slowly Tara crept to the weapons of the warriors of her tribe, while they were sleeping. In all the weapons she tried to put small pieces of the amulet. She succeeded.

97. Now the only thing she had to do was taking the children away across the river. They couldn't be in their original tribe anymore. She also had to find the ones who had escaped since the children invaded the tribe. But when she had reached the tribe the snake was there. It would be a horrible fight. All her rage she concentrated on the snake, while she took her sword and entered the arena.

98. The snake had grown so much bigger now since the last time she had a fight with it. She wondered where the children were. Maybe they had already been gone to their tribe behind the river. Tara was in rage. 'I want my amulet back,' the snake roared. 'No !' Tara screamed, 'you will not get it, for your games are over.'

99. 'You do not know with which powers you are playing, girl !' the snake roared, while it's tail slammed her in her face. 'By this amulet I will bring Sharla's soul into the minds of the tribe,' the snake spoke loud. 'But the amulet doesn't belong to Sharla's soul anymore,' Tara spoke, while she pierced her sword into the tail of the snake. 'It's her bones, it's made of her skeleton,' the snake spoke in strange delight.

100. 'But now I possess it !' Tara shouted, 'Now I am the master of my tribe, as I am it's guard.'

101. 'But the soul of Sharla needs to come alive again, or she will devour the tribe totally, to swipe it's souls away from Mars. She will gather her bones by herself, and then come alive again,' the snake roared. And then something strange happened. The amulet started to shriek, and in the distance the warriors of Tara's tribe were coming home. They were in panic, and some were hysterical. 'Our weapons are moving and shrieking !' they shouted. 'It's the amulet,' the snake roared. 'It is time Sharla the Head Hunter is coming alive again.' Then the warriors fell on the ground and worshipped the snake while the snake was coiling around their weapons. 102. Tara knew she was losing the grip on her tribe, and she knew that the only place she could gather her powers again to break this sort of witchcraft was the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter across the river. She now had to make that kingdom hers, or she would be enslaved by it's powers herself.

103. But when she came across the river the children's tribe had possessed the whole area and had become evil again. They even didn't remember Tara. They didn't recognize her. She hoped the children didn't know about the hidden temple of the snake, so she went there, but they also possessed that temple. The kingdom of heads was against her. The children had strange weapons made of shiny yellow bone. It looked much like the amulets, and maybe it was the same : the bones of Sharla the Head Hunter. All the children were saying she would come alive tonight to gather her bones. Tara started to scream : 'No ! You have been possessed again !' But the children were shaking their heads. They only wanted to have one thing now : The head of Tara from Rhodes.

104. All of a sudden she got terrible headaches like ringing bells in her head. She grasped her head, but the pain only got worse. It was like a million wasps were stinging her brains, and her body got

overheated. She almost fell to the ground, but she could catch herself on her knees, took her knife and cut into her skull where the pain was coming from. Soon she took a piece of the shiny yellow bone out of her head. She screamed and shrieked while she was raising it high. How could that happen to her ? How could such a piece be in her head ? Was it done by the snake ? And when ? Suddenly she heard screaming. The children were grasping themselves and each other. Some of them had pain in their legs or arms. Soon Tara had cut more pieces of the shiny yellow bones out of them. They knew Sharla would also look for these pieces.

105. Tara wanted to know about the secret of the shiny yellow bones of Sharla the Headhunter. She decided to search in the temple of the snake. A lot of strange altars were here, and strange stakes with totems. A lot of skulls were here. They were carrying strange smells, and were often painted and some had feathers. In the bigger skulls pythons and other big snakes were living. In another room of the temple there were also skulls, but most of them were very small. These could be the skulls of small children or monkeys. In a bigger one a hairy spider lived. The room was full of spiderwebs and behind the room there was also a small room with a low ceiling. Suddenly a piercing voice shouted : 'Tara from Rhodes ! Your friend Sharla has returned.' A huge skeleton of yellow shiny bones was standing in the opening of the small room. The snake was around it's neck.

106. 'Yes, I am Sharla the Head Hunter, but I only need some skin, and I thought, maybe I can use yours,' the skeleton spoke. 'No way !' Tara said loud. 'I will break any bone of you to let it become my second skin. I feel so naked, I need a dress.' Suddenly fourpointed blade crashed the skeleton from behind. It was one of the children. But soon the bones were gathered again by a strange power. 'Go away, kid !' Tara shouted, 'There's witchcraft going on here, you better protect you soul !'

107. Tara knew she had to find out about this secret or it would enslave her forever. 'By the force of Soms !' she shouted, 'tell me your secret.' Suddenly a wind from behind crashed the skeleton again and a huge skeleton stood in the dooropening, breaking the bones with it's teeth. Then after that he started to eat and absorb the bonemass. 'I have finally come to life again,' the skeleton roared. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked with a loud commanding voice. 'I am the Skeleton Eater, her father. She had killed me and captured my soul for such a long time in the form of a snake. But now I have come to take revenge.' The snake was sliding and coiling throughout his bones. 'But what did your soul do to my tribe ?' Tara shouted loud, 'This snake has killed and possessed so much of us.'

108. 'I was possessed too, by the meat and the soul of Sharla I once absorbed, but before that I was her slave, after she killed me and brought my soul alive again in the form of a snake. To eat her meat and soul was the first step in delivering myself from her,' the Skeleton Eater spoke. 'Now by eating her bones I hope I will break the possession.' Tara wanted to leave the temple now, but he was blocking her. 'Now all I want is your head !' the Skeleton Eater spoke loud. But the kid with the fourpointed blade had returned and crumbled the Skeleton Eater with it. 'Oh, my magical powers will gather my bones again,' the Skeleton Eater roared. 'I told you to go away !' Tara shouted loud. 'These kids won't listen.' The Skeleton Eater stood up, and said : 'I will eat and devour your bones, and I will use your meat and brains as windowdecoration.' The kid was running away again, but the Skeleton Eater ran after it. 109. The snake slid out of the body and attacked Tara. 'Come Tara !' the child shouted. 'I need to show you something.' Tara kicked the snake aside and ran outside. The child showed a shrine to Tara. 'Here we used to worship the Skeleton Eater,' the kid said. The Skeleton Eater had disappeared. But soon Tara found out he was devouring the bones of the children, leaving their meat behind. 'Why do you worship such a god !' Tara shouted. Then the kid asked : 'Which god do you worship then ?'

110. 'That's none of your business, but try Soms,' Tara replied harshly.

111. Now she had directed someone to Soms she had to leave the place and the whole domain of where she was born, the area of the Mitstik River. She gave this district over in the hands of Soms, for she didn't know it anymore. It was like she was chained by the tight chains of her youth. She wanted to forget about it all to start a new life. So she moved even more to the south, to the area of the legendary Mokotte Fields on Mars. This was even further in the south than the valleys and gardens where her original tribe had to work for the killer-king Gitdugal in earlier times. She had to travel a few weeks to come close to the Mokotte Fields. Here she would start a new life. She had become very tired of the riddles of the realm of Sharla the Head Hunter. She wanted to escape its grip forever. In the valleys of the Mokotte Fields there would live a lot of sorcerors who could help her further. She had to go there, for an invisible force she didn't know of was taking her breath away and slowly strangling her.

112. In front of the Cave of Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, there was a lair of a giantspider. The giantspider was very hairy and even had feathers. Tara wanted to go to him for help, but not much did she know about the horror of that place. No one could enter the Cave of Viviktus than the ones who could dominate it in wrestling. As she was very tired it became a long fight. The giantspider was about to strangle her. It was like this animal was taking her last piece of breath. But after awhile Viviktus the Wild Sorceror came outwards. 'I think I will have mercy on you this time, lady. You seem to have traveled a great deal. Come inside for some warm drinks,' he said. Tara stood up, while the giantspider left her alone. Inside there were halfnaked warriors sitting at bars. Most of them were looking at her. 'Oh, I want to fight against her one time,' one was shouting. Most of them were barefooted, but some of them had very strange boots or shoes. 113. They looked like killerboots. Viviktus, the Wild Sorceror, was leading her along the bars, and soon they were in the arena's. All sorts of wild animals had to fight against the different warriors. Some of these animals she had never seen before. They were monstrous Martian animals. Behind the arena's there were some arena pools. Viviktus told her that if she would defeat all these warriors and animals, he would help her.

114. Nights of fights followed in which she slayed the greatest warriors. Sometimes she had to fight three or four of them at the same time, and sometimes even a whole group. They called her Tara the Slayer. By the grace of Viviktus not all these warriors would die by her hands or weapons, but she defeated them all. 'There's dread on you,' Viviktus said. 'They fear you like nothing else. I must say I applaud your strength and persistence. You are cleansing your soul from witchcraft here for a great deal.' Then Tara took Viviktus tight by his throat and said : 'You Martial bunch of shatters, you promised me to help me !'

115. 'What I tell you is the truth,' Viviktus continued, 'but I will also give you help by myself. That I did promise and I will do, as I am an honest man.'

116. 'Some souls have reached a certain immortality, and will return on and on, after they have been killed. They have drunk from the sources of eternal death and birth, and they have a great immunity. Now these so-called immortals prey on mortals. And if they have fixed their mind on you, they can eat you all the way to your inner city, where they can and they will finally enslave you,' Viviktus said, 'It is finally by this eternal slavery you will find the well of eternal liberty, the freedom of the mind.'

117. 'What are you trying to tell me, sorceror, are you predicting me something ?' Tara blasted. But then she got very silent. After awhile she said : 'So you will tell me that Sharla the Head Hunter will return again to me to finally enslave me ? How ?' The sorceror nodded. 'I think you are very wise, my girl, and I think you will deal with this as you continue your path. You will find out that my words to you were true.'

118. And as the sorceror predicted Sharla the Head Hunter came to stalk her again, and this time she slayed Tara and took her soul to the realms of Lakshor, where she became an enslaved Gladiator.

Ship of Fire

119. After Sharla the Head Hunter took Tara's skull, Tara's soul found a fierce fire-ship in the deathrealms of Mars. She knew Sharla still wasn't done with her, and she would hunt for her soul, but on this ship she would have the chance to escape from Mars, as it became more and more a horror to her. On the Martian River of Death she was on the ship, but gladiators kidnapped her. These were the times she felt very weak. But as soon as they heard of Sharla the Head Hunter they became friends with Tara. They had to fight Sharla together. 120. It was a warrior-boat, the one where she was now. The ones of this boat were escaped gladiators and now they were waging war against the tribes along the Martian River of Death to make prisoners for their gods. They first wanted to sacrifice Tara also, but since they had an encounter with Sharla the Head Hunter they knew they could better not touch Tara. She might help them against Sharla's attacks. 121. What they didn't know was that Sharla attacked them because of Tara. If they would find out that Tara was the cause of this all, they would have sacrificed her for sure. They were cannibals of the highest grade on the Martian River of Death, since the gods taught them how to survive on these horrible rivers. Tara tried to escape from them many times, but all these attempts finally failed. It was like they were watching any move of her.

122. They didn't have much jewelry, but what they had was very precious. They had some python stones, and by that they could capture the minds and the souls of their prey. It also prevented them against any soul-enslavers. Most of the time these stones were planted in their weapons.

123. The friendship between Tara and them didn't last long, for once in the night Sharla the Head Hunter came to the boat. She killed the gladiators, took their heads, and captured Tara's soul. Sharla took Tara to the arena's of Lakshor where she sold Tara as a gladiator. When she could finally escape from Lakshor she returned to Mars again in search for the warrior-skulls of her friends who got beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter. She would do anything to bring her friends back to life again. She also knew that their souls had been captured in their skulls, and that Sharla would have those skulls in her collection. So she returned to the area of the river of Mitstik, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara had now grown so much in skills, in wisdom and in so many other things. She was now ready to finish Sharla the Head Hunter forever to set her friends free.

124. But when she came there, it wasn't what she had expected. Although she easily found the skulls and used an oracle to talk to them, her friends didn't remember her, and didn't want to have anything to do with her. First she was in great grief because of the answers, but later she knew she first had to defeat Sharla the Head Hunter, because she seemed to dominate their mind and memory. But Sharla was nowhere to be found. Her realms were lonely and wild, almost depressed. Later she asked the oracle where Sharla was. The oracle answered that on the westside of Sharla's realms there was a new city. She would be there to raise it and rule it. The name of the city was : Elephant City. Elephant City would be the darkest city of Mars, a breeding place of sorcerors, witches,

necromancers, thieves, assassins, soul-hunters and a lot more. Tara had the feeling she would go to the circus. Here Miss Sharla the Head Hunter would have her place now. Or would she be even Mrs. now ? Tara had so many cynical thoughts about Sharla in her head. It irritated her the way Sharla was. Oh how she would like to smash her skull into shatters to hang her brains in the trees.

125. In Eliphant City there were circuses and even fairgrounds indeed. But also lots of arena's. The City had a great deal of slaves, and there were enough slave-hunters operating from this side. The city also had a great deal of story-tellers and artists. Often they were wanderers coming to sell their art. In many cases they were thieves as well. Hermund Grottenweiler was a man having the most beautiful women in cages. Here they had to dance, sing and strip, but they were never allowed to come out of their cages. They lived in these cages like animals and slaves. No one was allowed to enter their cages. It was a big deal. Hermund Grottenweiler was one of the richest men of the city. He was a drinker of beer, and often he went to prostitutes to have some fun. He was also a gambler, and a lot of people said he was a thief. 126. Men used to throw a lot of money through the bars to let the women do whatever they wanted them to do, although they could never be touched. Tara was watching some of their shows. Sometimes there were more women in one cage, and often it was nothing but brute fights. Tara knew that if she wanted to conquer Sharla the Head Hunter, some of these women could be of good use.

127. 'How much do these women cost ?' Tara asked Hermund Grottenweiler.

128. 'They aren't for sale,' the man said gruff. 'but I can pay you a lot if you want to work here.' Tara took the man by his throat and said : 'You mean bastard, I give you twelve-thousand tanarings for two of them.'

129. 'Twelve-thousand tanarings for two women ? Are you crazy ? You could buy my whole business with that, but okay, I give you two women by choice,' said the man slowly. Twelve-thousand tanarings was a lot of Martian money. If you had a hundred tanarings you were already rich. 'I'll pay you later, bastard,' Tara said, but the man wanted the money now. Then someone else whispered something into the ears of the man, and after awhile the man said : 'Okay, you will pay me later, choose your two women.' So Tara took the best warriors, explained them what they had to do, and then they went on in search for Sharla the Head Hunter.

130. One of the women was called Lirsja, and the other Spirtja. They were both sisters or more accurate : half-sisters. Tara loved them from the first moment. They were tender, but at the same time they were bloody passionate warriors. They told Tara that they had been gladiators since childhood. It made one part of them very sensitive and another part of them numb and harsh. They had also been prostitutes for awhile, until Hermund Grottenweiler bought them. They told Tara that they had always been slaves, one or the other way. Their parents sold them to a slave-caravan when they were only three years old. This was because they lived in such a poverty. Their parents thought that when they would become slaves at least someone was taking care of them. And since they were eighteen that person was Hermund Grottenweiler. Tara didn't say anything. They were on a way to a pub, where Sharla the Head Hunter would be, according to some. 131. It was the Great Python Pub. It was already late. Tara opened the door and looked around. The pub was full of half-naked gladiators. Most of them were women, and Sharla the Head Hunter was there also. Tara took her knife and shouted : 'Sharla the Head Hunter, friends always return. How's life, bitch ? What have you done to the gladiator-skulls of the Martian River of Death ?'

132. Sharla started smiling. 'What are you talking about, dear ? I have done so many things to so many skulls, so what is the deal ?' Also other women were smiling. Tara stepped on a table and smashed a hanging lamp in pieces. 'Now listen you foolish pighead, we are not here to play any games tonight. Game's over, my friend. I'm here to smear your name on the wall like wallpaper. You will not even know your name anymore,' Tara shouted.

133. 'Oh,' Sharla said, 'but who are you anyway ? I do not remember your face.'

134. 'I am Tara the Slayer of Tartarus, Tara from Rhodes. I am the black snake,' Tara shouted in full pride. 'Everyone knows me.' People started to laugh and Sharla said with a tight face : 'It doesn't say anything to me. Maybe our encounter wasn't impressive enough.' Then Tara jumped to the table where Sharla the Headhunter was, and kicked her in her face. Some women at the bar slowly slid with their hands to their knives. 'I have risen from the dead to come in vengeance because of all what you ...' but further she couldn't come. 135. Someone had put a knife into her spine. Tara fell to the ground, while her two women came into action. They took some chairs and started to use them as rods. One of them took a leg-knife and threw it into the heart of Sharla. 136. 'Sorry, I do not know you,' she whispered soft in Sharla's face, 'but it seemed you made a big mess here.' The other woman took the knife out of Tara's back, but Tara felt very sick. Some other woman tried to further protect Tara. Then Sharla stood up like a dead body. 137. 'What a pity now,' she said, while she looked at the woman who had thrown the knife into her heart. 'I do not have a heart.' And then she started to laugh hysterically. Some men had entered the pub. They had sunglasses on, and they started to talk with the barkeeper. Sharla soon directed herself to them. 138. 'Listo and Carshan, you come at the right moment.' The two man took their guns and began to shoot some women. Tara rolled herself under a table, and prayed for strength. 139. She almost never prayed, but this time she had to. She prayed to Soms. The other two women of her had also dived under a table, while Sharla walked towards the door. 'Don't let them escape,' she said, and then she left. It was a horrible fight against Listo and Carshan and some other women. 140. But soon from the arena behind the pub women were coming to help Tara and her women. One of the women took the two men by the throat and threw them through the window.

141. Later Tara and her two women wanted to leave the pub to search for Sharla again. But the barkeeper took his gun and said : 'You aren't going anywhere.'

142. What then happened Tara couldn't recall, but she woke up in the fields of Tartarus, while her back was pierced on a stake. Her feet were tied to the stake, and her hands were tied behind her back. 143. She was surrounded by huge skeletongods with wolfskulls, all dressed in black garments. 144. One or two of them were in shiny purple, but still dark. They had voices like speaking mud, and one of them ripped her skin open to take her heart out of her chest. 145. Tara was screaming and shrieking. 'No one will ever defeat me,' she suddenly shouted calm. 146. But one of the skeletongods took an axe and cut her head off. The head rolled into a valley and doom came all over the place. Sharla was walking towards them 'Wow,' she said, 'now that was wonderful.'

147. Tara was now nothing but a ghost, so full of rage that she enslaved many souls. She wanted to live for vengeance the rest of eternity. Tara descended into so many unknown realms of Tartarus. 148. Here she would find out about the secrets of Sharla the Head Hunter. Tara would become a horror greater than she ever was, to survive this greater horror. 149. By the unknown squeezers of

Tartarus she would have a bit more density, but what if she would only encounter more and deeper shatterers ?

150. But the only thing Tara encountered in the depths of Tartarus was a machine with so many bloody heads from the decapitated ones. This machine had been called the Machine of Democracy for such a long time. The bloody heads would keep all the souls of Mars possessed. Inside it was a strange arena where the ghosts of all these souls were gladiators. The strange arena brought forth the fluids of Everlasting Damnation. Tara was drinking from this well without hesitation. The fluids were frothing like beer, and Tara didn't want anything else than to drown in it. But suddenly strange creatures were jumping on her head sucking her brains. They looked a little bit like octopi and spiders, but actually these were the heads of decapitated pythons. They were called the brain-slayers. Tara had come into the extasy of slaughter, took a word from the machine and started to slay the heads in a bloodbath. 151. So much strength was coming over her from unknown sources. The heads didn't have skulls, only brains. Also the heads of the strange machine didn't have any skulls inside. They looked like strange rubber or plastic masks. Some jumped on Tara's head, trying to mask her to devour her brains and abundant slaughter. Suddenly she was in a shock, after she had slaughtered many of them. She had also seen the heads of her gladiator-friends who were beheaded by Sharla the Head Hunter, and whose skulls she found when she returned to Sharla's realms. What had become of them here ? Their skull-less heads were now puppets of this strange machine. 152. Suddenly the machine started to spin like crazy. The heads started to discuss and argue like crazy. 'Now shut up !' Tara shouted. She went inside the machine again to see if the ghosts of her friends were in there. Several ghosts came towards her. These were the ghosts of her friends, and now they were very understanding. 153. 'Yes, Tara, we have been imprisoned by this strange arena-machine again,' she said to her. So this was the machine they had escaped from before they went to the Martian River of Dead where they encountered Tara. 'How can I help you ?' Tara asked.

154. 'We cannot escape Tara,' the warriors said. 'We escaped only to finally sink deeper in this machine. This is our fate.'

155. 'No !' Tara shouted rude. 'I will fight this machine, and free your souls from it.' The warriors sighed. 'Tara,' one of them said very tenderly, 'the more you fight this machine, the more it will swallow you. We invite you to come with us. Come with us, you won't regret it.'

156. 'Oh, you lost your head,' she said to the ghost. 'There's nothing I can do for you. I will leave.'

157. But the ghost took her in his arms and said : 'You cannot leave. No one leaves this place. You can only leave to finally realize you have sunk deeper in it.' 158. She felt the sweetness and softness of the ghost entering her soul. It was like they were seducing her to stay with them in this doom. 'I don't want to lose myself !' Tara shouted.

159. 'You will only find yourself, ... finding yourself back ...' the ghost said, while he showed her his tragic face. 'There's Everlasting War here, and that is our fate.' Tara tried to shake the ghost away from her, but the more she did that the more she felt he was coming over her. 160. It was like he was slaying her brains. Suddenly, and she didn't know where it came from, she had the strength to push him away. 161. 'I will slay Sharla the Head Hunter,' she said with a tight face, 'and then I will return to this place.'

162. Tara climbed her way up to where she came from, in search for Sharla the Head Hunter. The blood was rushing through all of her veins all of a sudden. 163. But the heads from the Machine of Democracy seemed to follow her in a distance. She had now seen the secret of Sharla the Head

Hunter. It was a strange fairground of heads, keeping all the politics in the upper worlds of Mars possessed and by that the politics of so many other planets. But it was lawless politics, a strange arena called Democracy letting the Everlasting Blood of Damnation flow, frothing through so many souls.

164. But more and more heads from this strange machine from the depths of Mars were surrounding Tara, and she started to lose strength. She remembered the words of the ghosts, and suddenly she totally lost it. The heads seemed to come out of nowhere, and it didn't stop. 'Be ready for the masses of democracy,' one ghost had told her. It was like this arena was giving birth to so many children all beheaded. Tara heard their shrieks in her mind, slaying her mind. It was rushing through her veins. She had mixed feelings inside indeed, like Everlasting War inside, like Everlasting Democracy. 165. She fought, but she remembered : She was fighting herself. All these heads were hers, like her split identities. It was a Psychiatrist deep inside her mind, such a crazy one, but also nothing but a puppet from this strange fairground of Mars, coming forth from the depths of Tartarus, only to sink in it deeper. Tara had lost so many of her good thoughts, and now she was delivered into the hands of this undescribable being. She had been torn apart by it, but she still wanted to kill Sharla the Head Hunter. But where would it bring her ? It seemed to be a stupid idea, the more she thought about it, meaning nothing, absolutely nothing in the progress of the universe.

166. As all these puppets were slaves of Sharla the Head Hunter, Sharla was also their slave, and Tara also. Who was really the king, and who was really the slave, when all these masks would be torn off ?

167. She was just imprisoned by this crazy fairground called Democracy. 168. She had to fight her mirrors, for her mirrors were fighting her, showing up often masked ...

169. What if Sharla the Head Hunter was just one of her mirrors. She couldn't stand the thought. She would want to slay that mirror, but even more : to enslave it. For there was no such thing as Death. It was only a strange mirror on a strange fairground of Mars, opening the door to so many other mirrors. One day Tara got the shock of her life. She saw her own head hanging between all the other heads of doom. That meant that she had already been a part of this machine, but for how long already ? And this probably meant that also her own ghosts had to be somewhere in the arena inside the machine. So she went inside again, and asked the other ghosts about it. 'I want to show you something,' one of them said. It was one of her warrior-friends she had encountered on the Martian River of Death. The ghost asked her to come with him to a room behind the arena. He opened a cupboard there, where she saw ten to twenty of her own ghosts hanging there at a rope. They were like fleeces. Tara was shocked. 'How do I bring them alive ?' she asked.

170. 'Just by accepting it all,' the ghost said tenderly. It was like Tara was melting inside. She just wanted to let it come over her. A bell was ringing. The fights and wars between the ghosts started again. Tara had to fight against a friend of her. 'Tara, you must accept Democracy,' the ghost said. 'It is the Lawless. It is the Head Hunter and the Head Brooder.' Snakes got born here, as the children of the gladiators. But these children had no bodies ... only heads.

171. Tara knew that these heads would tear her mind apart again and again. They were brain-slayers, and it would lead her deeper into this strange abyss.

The Deception

172. 'Blood you deserve, blood to stream out of your body and die !' Someone shouted on a slave-market of Eliphant City. Tara had returned to this city, but she was wandering there a bit aimless. She didn't want to watch how this yelling would turn into another bloody fight. Oh yes, she loved fighting, more than anyone else, but sometimes she had hard times in watching it. As she walked further over the market, she saw a young slave getting beaten up by his master. Tara didn't think a second and slaughtered the slave-master to set the boy free. Sometimes she just had such strange impulses. Where they were coming from, she didn't know. She entered a pub. The barkeeper was doing some dishes and brought a beer to her in grace. 'You look thirsty, lady,' the barkeeper said. Tara drank the cup empty within seconds. Then she stood up and walked to the girl-room of the pub. Here some slave-girls worked as whores. A tall young lady with star-earrings stood in the door-opening. 'Anyone heard of Sharla the Headhunter ?' The girl shook her head. Tara saw a newspaper and took it in her hands. Her feet were sweating because of the heat in the pub. It was a hot day in Eliphant City. 173. In the newspaper there were many stories about heads and headhunters. The last page of the magazine had some news. There was a picture of a wild-bearded head of a savaged man called Ijupitor who had been beheaded. If someone wanted to use the skull-less head for black magic he would have to call a certain number. Tara's feet started to sweat even more. There were also some smaller pictures of bison-heads, and finally a small note about Sharla the Head Hunter. But almost everything of the note had been torn away. Like someone wanted to keep the information. 'Now, don't mess with me again, girl,' Tara said to the girl, 'Have you heard of Sharla the Headhunter, yes or no ?'

174. The girl said yes softly, and asked Tara to come with her. They went on a stairs and came into a dark room. The room was a bit colder, and there was also a lion caged there. 'Do you work in circus ?' Tara asked. 'Yes, also,' the girl said. Suddenly Sharla the Head Hunter stood in the door-opening. 'I will not waste my time killing you,' Tara said. 'But I will enslave you in this bottle,' and then she grasped an empty bottle from the table. 'I swear by Soms you will vanish now into this bottle,' Tara shouted. Sharla didn't move, but then she fell forward. A man in a bear-suit was standing behind her, having a strange small machine in his hand like a calculator. Also on Sharla's back there was a strange small instrument. The man took off his bear-mask, and fell in worship before the feet of Tara. 'Oh Tara,' he said, 'I have heard so much about you. I am obsessed with you. I made a Sharla puppet to let her have a double. I also want to make one of you. 175. I work in circus you see,' the man said. He talked a bit confused and Tara kicked him hard in his face. 'Do you really think I have time for this nonsense ?' Tara said unfriendly. But Tara now knew she had to be careful, for maybe the Sharla she met in the other pub was just a double also, made to distract her. Was that the reason why she finally ended in Tartarus that way ? She should have known better, for necromancers often used doubles to deceive and enslave their victims very subtle. Some necromancers had built thousands and thousands of doubles, and then they masked them so that they could build whole cities. Would Eliphant City just be a trap to let Tara suffer in Tartarus ? And maybe there were even more victims. It all started since Tara was looking for her friends in the realms of Sharla. Here she found their skulls and an oracle. The oracle had directed her to the Eliphant City.

176. Tara returned to Sharla's realm where the oracle was still speaking. Still the skulls of her friends were there, and the oracle had grown so big now. It had fiery flames, and it was like a well of fire now. How could she trust such an oracle anyway. And how could she further know if something was a double or the original. Suddenly she heard strange marching in the distance. When the sound

came closer it was like a strange song. It was a ghost-army full of the doubles of Sharla the Head Hunter. Slaying or even believing such a double could already be very dangerous.

177. Tara knew that to be immune against an army of doubles you needed to produce your own doubles, so that she could multiply herself. She was kneeling down before the skulls of her friends and she started to brood them. Suddenly they stood before her. The army of Sharla's doubles had to vanish slowly. They were awakening the giants of Tartarus.

178. They set so many worlds in fire, and she could forget and remember so many things. It was like she was made for this, but her demons always said to her : she created herself.

179. If she could she would turn everything into doom. She wanted to create a total new world. And if that was her fate : She wanted to do it in Tartarus. She was the vulcano, letting the dogs of Tartarus out. She was of Tartarus, Tara of Tartarus.

180. And as she was writing in the scrolls of Mars : She slid deeper, descending with her ghosts into the mists of Tartarus, into it's ravines.

6.

The Parrot Gems

1. They were feared in the whole area of Wirdum Desert. They would sell the boy to a slave-caravan, but first they would do surgery on him. As the boy had been tied to a stake they started to cut him with knives. In his body they were looking for something ... parrot gems ...

2. When they had found the parrot gems they ripped his further skin off. After the boy stood skinless in the hot sun for hours insects came to eat from his meat. The boy died in horrible circumstances, but when they returned they called his tormented soul back from death. This was how they always used to zombificate their prisoners. Now this zombie had been ripe for slavery. In the distance a slave-caravan was coming. They had smelled some blood Not much later the dirty deal would start.

3. Tara from Rhodes had wandered through the Wirdum Desert for days. She had found a lake near a small forest. Through the soil she saw something shiny in the distance. As she moved closer she took notice of the fact that these were parrot gems. But what did all these bastards do around it ? She took her sword and started to slay them all in a terrible bloodbath. Tara the Terrible had come. After the slaughter she took the gems and moved forwards.

Tara knew everything about these parrot gems ... Actually they weren't from parrots ... Everyone on Mars would have more or less parrot gems in their bodies. When they would be taken away they were in the danger to become zombificated, which meant they could be risen from the death to be enslaved in their bodies for the rest of their lives. These were called : The zombies of Wirdum Desert.

4. Ammelgamma was a dealer in parrot gems. He had a shop somewhere on the westside of Wirdum Desert. Tara would go to him. Tara didn't care for parrot gems, but when she found some, she would bring them to Ammelgamma. Ammelgamma was a prophet, a collector of parrot gems. He didn't use any surgeries to zombificate his victims. He only used words. And he had a lot of success in it, for he had one of the greatest slave-caravans of Wirdum Desert. He used to travel a lot with his mass of necktied zombie-slaves. To see such a slave-caravan moving through the desert was always

impressive. Ammelgamma used to prophesy and soon his whole audience had been enslaved by his words ... a strange fire, zombificating them to be in his army of everlasting damnation. They didn't fight, they only used ... words ...

5. When Tara entered Ammelgamma's shop he was just counting his money behind the cash-desk. Tara laid the parrot gems in the desk and slammed with her fist on the desk, trying to get his attention. Ammelgamma looked up, but then he started to count his money again. 'Sorry, lady,' he spoke indifferently with a sore throat, 'I am busy now, can you return another time ?' But Tara jumped over the desk, took him by his throat and pushed him hard against the wall, while she had raised him in the air : 'Listen you barbarian bastard, I do not travel for days to come here for nothing. We know each other, don't you ? You know where I am coming for.' Tara had the desire to throw him through the window and then to eat his brains, but she could control herself this time. The man nodded and said : 'Yes, Tara, I know where you come from, and where you are coming for, so come with me, and I will show you what I can give you for these parrot-gems.' Then they moved upstairs.

6. She was now probably the richest woman on Mars, although she didn't care about the money, the tanarings she had now. She just needed it for something.

7. In the west, upwards, she needed to do something. As she was moving forwards to an enormous stairway in the middle of the desert. This stairway was a chrystal stairway, leading to the high beach behind the desert. No one knew why she came there, no one knew what she would do. They were all staring at her while she moved through the soil. When she was on the beach she could see the bloody sun almost touching the waters. She stood there for hours, for days, as the bloody dark sun was moving slowly towards her. The wind was playing with her hair while the bloody dark sun was roaring and soaring so huge in the distance. 'You have finally come, Soms !' she shouted. 'I have done what you have asked from me.' The huge bloody dark sun was almost devouring the waters.

8. The next morning Tara woke up, still at the beach. She would now go to Iriptus, the killer-prophet. They called him the prophet, but actually he wasn't a prophet. He was an assassin. He would speak to his audience for hours and hours, and then he would slay them all ... not by words, but by his sword. His house was full of skulls and dead bodies. He killed for the money, the tanarings, ... it was that simple. His house was huge. He was one of the wealthiest prophets in Wirdum Desert.

9. After a few hours Tara came out of his house finally. Most of the time these prophets were only weaponsellers or high bosses of arena's further not caring anything about it. She called them the gamewatchers, lazy jerks. She never had much patience with them. She had only sympathy and love for the prophet-king who was an exorcist in the east of Wirdum Desert. He was called the prophet-herd, but actually he wasn't a herd. He had a breeding for prophets, to finally slaughter them all. He was feared by many prophets, although a lot of prophets didn't know anything about him.

10. Tara went to his castles ... They were made of python stone ... Some called it the sandcastles As she was sliding forwards through the soil and the sand of Wirdum Desert she saw him on the huge frontwall practicing with his sword.

She became so paranoid, hungry for a greater love, but all she could do was to hate. She hated love and she loved hate, and she knew the bloody sun of Soms wouldn't show up anymore, as it was written in Martian Laws of the Lawless that the bloody sun of Soms would only show up once in someone's everlasting life, as the first and the last time, the Alpha and the Omega.

11. The revenge of the prophets would drive her to Tartarus now. Here the wolf-skulls were already waiting for her, ready to watch more of her than she ever watched of anyone else, for they once took her own parrot gems away.

7.

The Lawless

1. As I was sliding along the vast jungle of Tirmis Oracle, a ghosttown in the west of Mars, I met a pirate. Me, Tara, I was willing to know the secret of the Tirmis Oracle. Tirmis Oracle were ten demon-machines torturing so many on the surfaces of Mars, to keep them in deep tragedy and slavery. When he had told me the secret, it was the beginning of a strange travel for me. To me everyone was living in his own world, not capable to really destroy someone else by any law or anti-law. In my eyes death was just the road to the well of eternal death, holding the secret of eternal birth. To me death didn't really exist as it was one of the many stories. The pirate told me that the dark of Tirmis Oracle were guarding this well. How could I set free these ten demons captured in Tirmis Oracle for such a long time ?

2. There was no real escape from the demon-machines, as the pirate told me. I had to face the fact that only the well of eternal slavery would bring me to eternal liberation. The paradox was a strange machine, the first of the oracle, planted against the huge rock of the ghosttown. If I wouldn't free the demon locked up in this machine, not many would be even willing to understand the treasures of the paradox. This was the only secret the pirate told me, but he didn't even tell me how I could free the demon. I must admit, in those times I didn't care at all. Someone had to do it. Some things just needed to be done.

3. I came from a free world, although there was a lot of slavery. And it was just like that was all the price of freedom, like these two things belonged to each other, as a heritage of the paradox. Mars had always been a free world, where everything was possible. It was called art, but it also opened the most darkest edges you couldn't find anywhere else. One was always saying that Tirmis Oracle was a heritage from barbarians as well as indians. I was a mix of them, although I belonged to an indian tribe. We were against civilization.

4. The pirates seemed to know much about the Tirmis Oracle, and that was the reason why I approached them very often. They often went to Tirmis Oracle to gamble there. It was a way for them to spend their times, and another pirate told me about the first demon. He was called Traxwodka, the Python Knight. Some said he was the soul of a child once captured by a sorcerer. The captain told me that there had to be a bottle in the first machine where the soul of the Python Knight had been locked up. The captain could open the screen, and gave me the bottle. This was one of the most precious gifts I got in my life. However, the Python Knight always hunted my mind in a sense. It inspired me to do the things I had to do. He has probably gone mad by the dark of Tirmis Oracle. But in later times it started to make a bit more sense to me. I had an encounter with a giant. He was a necromancer and he connected the soul to the realms of the dead. He knew the many rivers of the Martian realms of Death and he took me often with him to go on his ship. It was not a big ship, more a boat, and he often took some other friends with him. I will tell you about the journeys through the Martian realms of Death. As we started on the Martian River of Death, we took a river on it's westside taking us deeper into the jungles. We were the lawless, although we had a higher sense for ethics than usual. We believed that the mind was corrupted, and it should be

ignored in all contends. Most of the Martians are familiar with these laws, but the greatest of these laws could be found in the Death-realms of Mars.

5. The mind cannot understand the higher worlds. The passion can. We had to live by that code or we wouldn't survive in the Death-realms of Mars. That was why we had such a strong desire to build a jungle. And that we could find along the rivers in the Death-realms of Mars.

6. Some of the other tribes thought they had to root us out. They thought we could form a threat against them. Maybe that was our fate. But we only did what we have to do to survive, and to follow our instincts. None of us believed in a heaven or hell. We only believed in Tartarus, the realms below the Death-realms of Mars. Tartarus was the well of everlasting damnation. Some would call it hell, but to us it was the place of creation by the forces of destruction. Tartarus was our world, our eternal fields. We were against civilization and had established the Martian Laws to survive. It was the Law of the Lawless.

7. The giant knew the rivers leading to Tartarus very well. He was actually the one who brought me to Tartarus. I could never realize how deep this world would penetrate my soul. It opened me up to so many things. Here the beasts of our dreams were living. We could enter so many new wells in this area. Here the demons were living. I can recall many of them. Oshar was the demon of money. He captured souls to change them into money. Ritswik was the demon of zombification. He could kill souls to raise them up again in their bodies to enslave them forever. He was a dark sorcerer, a warlock. Dikshild was also a demon. He was small and had long hair, walking around with a bag. He turned bones into money and could get money out of bodies. Jeppersla was also a demon, a python-prince guarding the python stones of Tartarus, the most precious jewels awakening desires and sex. Harmataron was a fat one. As it was the law on Mars and also in Tartarus : slavery was very important to give care to those who didn't have enough money, but it was also important to control the dangerous species. It was the way charity and protection worked on Mars as well in Tartarus.

8. The life on Mars and especially on Tartarus was different like all the other planets. It brought forth the seed of death. The warmest and best place to connect to Tartarus. One of the highest ranks of demons in Tartarus was the rank of the pythons. They controlled Tartarus for a big deal. Wealth was very important to become a ruler of Tartarus. The ones having the most money, tanarings, could have implants. Often they were made of special python stone, the stone of enslavement and of protection against enslavement, any form. Most of the times the rulers had a lot of implants, which was a big deal of money. Some of the implants weren't cheaper as two-thousand tanarings. In Martian money if you had a possession of a hundred tanarings you were rich. The business of implants was one of the greatest businesses in Tartarus. One of the leading men in this trade was Harold von Drinbard. He was a dark sorcerer and a doctor. All he was ever interested in was money. He believed in the eternal money, a law as brought by the many demons of money in the spheres of Tartarus. However Harold von Drinbard was a foreigner. He came from another planet to Mars. His friends always called him Drinbard, and he was a skilled necromancer and zombificator.

9. No one knew where Drinbard originally came from, as that was which he always kept secret. Several rich ones worshipped Drinbard. Especially if he would lower the prices of the implants. Some said Drinbard was the inventor of the python stone. It would be made of the trodden and squeezed souls of the damned.

10. Although one could reduce poverty by the great deal of slave-markets, there were also parts of Tartarus with a great deal of poverty. However, there was a well of eternal poverty leading to the eternal money. Drinbard seemed to know everything about it.

11. Drinbard had his throne in Tartarus, the Underworld of Mars. He was a drinker, a gambler, but most of all he was a plastic surgeon and a talented businessman. Drinbard had a business in death as he was a dark sorcerer and a liar. Yes, this soul-swindler was a feared warlock in the eyes of many. To the rich he was a friend, someone who helped them to gain more power and control in the dark spheres of Mars. The conspiracies of Drinbard were the greatest of conspiracies in the past of Mars, for without it Mars would be a totally different place now. Drinbard succeeded to lock the soul of the boy up in a bottle. Still there is lots of talk about the boy in the bottle which they always called : The Soul of Drinbard.

12. Not many know where this soul is located. But I know, since I freed it. Let me tell you this story. Me, Tara from Rhodes, heard about the conspiracy of Drinbard as one of the first. Drinbard called for a circle of the darkest black magicians, necromancers, witches and soul-hunters to make their plans to capture the soul of the boy. Since they had succeeded in imprisoning the boy's soul I visited these dark sorcerers one by one to slay them. Finally I found the bottle and freed the soul of the boy, but then I discovered another terrible secret. Since I freed his soul, he became the tormented object of so many soul-hunters. He lost all the rest he had, since he had become a wanderer, always on the run, as there was a big price on his head. It became such a terrible hunt that I wished I would never had freed his soul out of Drinbard's bottle. He had become so haunted. I would never forget his terrorized, paranoid and haunted face.

13. I was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. It was a stone which could communicate with cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time. Most of the slavemasters had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places.

8.

The Knife of Black Time ; The Eye of the Cat

1. Tara was bathing in the Mistrus River in the South of Rhodes, the catplanet. Actually Rhodes was a solarsystem full of planets. All the planets were called Rhodes, while Tara was on Rhodes IV. Tara was making fun with a friend, and later they climbed on the sandy side of the lake. After awhile a spotted lion, very tall with thin, sly features. The spotted lion started to drink from the lake. Tara wanted to test the lion. She wanted to know if she was stronger than the lion, so she attacked him. Tara got bitten horribly, and she thought they could be friends.

2. Tara thought she could use this lion in her fights. She didn't see the lion here before, and she was very impressed by it's spots. But the lion attacked her again, and Tara grasped him by the neck and threw him away. But now the lion really got angry and jumped on her ... but suddenly he licked her ... It seemed the lion started to like her.

3. The lion licked her wound. Although the bite was the cruellest bite she ever felt, she now felt a care she never felt before. Together they were walking into the jungle. Tara knew the spotted lion would protect her with his life.

4. On her forehead Tara was wearing an amulet with a stone called 'the eye of the cat'. She once got it from a sorcerer who called her the queen of the cats. It was a stone by which she could better communicate with the cats. Of course these were all sorts of cats, also the wild ones, and those coming forth from the cats.

5. It was a cryptic form of communication, as cats are very cryptic beings. There was a scar growing from the wound. The spotted lion would now forever recognize Tara as his friend. The lion led Tara to his cave, a very huge cave, where a lot of his friends were walking, sitting, sleeping or working, having the same scar. Now Tara was one of them.

6. Suddenly the spotted lion started to speak :

'This is a great day, since Tara from Rhodes has joined our group. She is a warrior and of great use in our search for the knife of black time.'

7. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

8. The lion looked deep into her eyes, like he pierced his way through her mind. and said : 'It was the heritage we got from our ancestors, it was a cat-knife able to break the time, to bring us back to Rhodes III our motherplanet.'

9. Far away from the spotted lion's cave a mass of slaves was wandering through the desert of fire. Suddenly they had to stop before a fire-lake where they had to drink from the firewaters. Now they had received strength again to work in the desert. They had coloured necklaces like thin small snakes, carrying the energy of black time, a sinister energy keeping them bound to the realms of the dead. If they would only have the knife of black time, they could escape.

They had a slavemaster called Sambara, who was the keeper of this magical knife. He was a sorcerer, a dark one, and he ruled them all by the knife.

10. Most of the slavemasters on Rhodes IV had a cat-eye mouth. These were mouths in stones by which they could cause death and by which they could even let souls descend into horrible places like the Gorgoon. No one could get such a mouth very easy, for first they had to go to a sorcerer and then they had to swallow such a cat-eye. By that they would first descend in the Gorgoon themselves, and some had to sit there for a hundred years or even more. But if they got too long in the Gorgoon it would spit them out. This would be what some might call the experience of death, and then if it would please the sorcerer he would call the soul back from the realms of the death. But sometimes the sorcerer chose to bring the soul back to the Gorgoon.

11. The ones with cat-eye gloves, which had many of stings and pins most of the time, often worked in arena's as death-gladiators. These were the ones who had to show up only when a certain gladiator got too much power. The death-gladiators were to bring balance. On Rhodes IV those with cat-eye gloves were often most feared, because they often could bring quick deaths. Most of the time these gloves were red.

12. One of these death-gladiators was Abarsa. He was still a young man, and before he became a death-gladiator he was someone others used to pick on. He was a very funny boy, but he was unhandy, and couldn't make it on school. All he wanted was to become a gladiator. Abarsa was always a very good and tender boy, but he acted a bit strange, almost like cryptic, and often no-one understood him. And still he had those strange smiles, and he could turn your world upside down by looking at you. Abarsa was always very selective in his work. If a gladiator pleased him, he would

offer live to him. But when he saw gladiators who used to pick on others he would raise his fist suddenly because of his old anger rising up, his old pain. Sometimes Abarsa could control this action, but other times not.

Abarsa was feared because of his work, and when there were fights on marketsquares Abarsa sometimes had to go there. When Abarsa showed up they always knew it was already too late, for now there would flow some real blood, and these weren't jokes. Most of the times Abarsa would cause death. Abarsa didn't show up for nothing. This was the reason why Abarsa didn't go to marketsquares just to buy something, for that would be a too big shock. But when he hadn't been to the marketsquares for years he could show up, because a lot of them wouldn't even know who he was.

The Wrath of Sambara

13. Rhodes III was actually a dogplanet, the motherplanet. The spotted dogs were the rulers here. There were all sorts of dogs, also wolves. The main capital was Sparta, the city of wolves. The spotted wolves lived in a huge skeleton building surrounded by sand. It was a small desert in the midst of the city. However there were some hills which looked like dunes.

14. The biggest spotted wolf stood up from his throne. He had a black cape, and looked like a man. 'It is now time we will open the portal between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV. It has been written in our prophecies.' The wolf stared into a chrystal ball, and saw Tara fighting against Sambara, the keeper of the knife. With her there was a spotted lion, and Abarsa, the gladiator of death. The spotted lion had brought them together. Then the spotted wolf sent some of his big birds to help Tara and her friends against Sambara the evil sorcerer. The spotted lion jumped on Sambara and then he fell, while Tara grasped the knife. 'Hold it in the air,' Abarsa said.

15. In the chrystal ball the wolf could see how his birds started to eat Sambara. He saw how Tara raised the knife of black time, and suddenly there was lightening all over the ball. 'It's done,' he spoke. The portal of time between Rhodes III and Rhodes IV was opening. It happened in the pit and tunnel called the Gorgoon. In it's depth the portal was opening.

16. The children of hell had been set free now, and in big groups with torches they went through the portal to the other side of the Gorgoon. It would lead them to Rhodes III, the motherplanet. The big birds brought the skull of Sambara to the portal to hang it above it. But through the mouth of the skull a red fluid started to stream, and soon there was a flood in the Gorgoon rising higher.

17. 'We have to close the portal again,' the spotted wolf said. Tara watched the knife she held in her hand, and it became weak and soft. It was melting in her hands. 'What is going on?' she asked.

18. 'We have not much time,' the spotted lion said. 'We have to go through the Gorgoon, where the portal to Rhodes III has been opened.'

19. In short time the spotted lion swam with Tara and Abarsa through the red fluid, searching for the portal. They saw dead bodies everywhere. Deeper the red fluid was thinner, like air, and they could almost walk through it. 'Hold me tight,' the spotted lion said to Tara and Abarsa, which they did. In speed he moved towards the portal which was already closing it's jaws. Just in time they got through it. Later on they stepped out of the red fluid, and they were in Rhodes III, the dogplanet. 'We have made it, Tara,' the spotted lion said. The big birds picked them up and brought them to Sparta, to the halls of the spotted wolf.

20. 'We have called for the wrath of Sambara,' the spotted wolf spoke. 'Rhodes III will die. There is only one way to survive : the road to Orion.'
21. 'Where is that road ?' Tara asked.
22. 'Come,' the wolf said. He pushed a button and his throne moved away while an enormous hole in the floor appeared. 'Jump,' he said. Tara slid into the hole, together with Abarsa and the spotted lion. It would be a long trip through tunnels and pits, finally leading to Orion. The spotted wolf was on their side.
23. When they came in Orion it was burning. 'It is Sambara's wrath,' the spotted wolf said. 'But here there must be the gate to Mars somewhere.' The wolf hit the ground a few times by a rod, and an enormous hole appeared. 'Here it is,' he said. And again they slid in, and this time they went to Mars in great speed.
24. On Mars they saw all sorts of black guards walking. 'Those are the guards of Sambara,' the wolf spoke. 'We can beat those.' Abarsa jumped forward and slew a few of them, and Tara did the same. In short time there weren't any guards left. They had a great survey from here. They stood on a hill, looking into a new world.
25. 'Can we be free from Sambara here ?' Tara asked.
26. 'Yes,' the wolf said. 'The rest of the universe is under his growing wrath.'
27. 'For how long will we be safe against him ?' Tara asked.
28. 'If we will build our place here, for eternity,' the wolf spoke. 'We need to be on the Martian River of Death, which is the most fruitful area.'
29. At the Westside of the Martian River of Death there was a city called Bear City. Here the soul-swindlers came, people like Sambara. Here the meanest soul-trappers and other sorts of death-dealers came, and many had their homes here. Here the cannibals of the highest grade lived, necromancers, those who played the games of death. They had their boats along the Martian River of Death. 'Our prophecies say here we must be,' the wolf said. In the city there were many casino's, and there were also circuses where the dead had to work. There were also a lot of comicshops here.
30. The wolf had a tattoo on his body which was a map of Bear City. A red line led them through the city to another hole. This hole led them to Tartarus. 'There were days when parts of Mars were one with parts of Orion, which was the planet Wickfin,' the wolf said. 'In the depths of Tartarus, there is a desert, and behind that there is a sea holding the last piece of this planet like an island. There was a huge explosion in history. By my tattoo we get access to that place.'
31. Then the wolf showed another tattoo of him, which was a scar. The wolf showed his tattoo-scar in the air, while big birds came to pick them up, to bring them to the island of Wickfin. There were only skeletons here.
32. 'We are here for the wrath of Sambara is after us,' the wolf spoke to the skeletons.
33. 'We do not need you here,' the skeletons said. 'You carry the curse of Sambara with you, and you will be a threat against us too. Die in the sea with your Sambara.'
34. 'We ask you for your help,' the wolf spoke.

35. One of the skeletons came forward and gave a pale green stone to the wolf. 'This is the last stone of Wickfin,' the skeleton said. 'Wickfin is melting. We do not know what is happening. Even our bones are becoming softer and softer. This stone is the only gift we can give you. Please, remember us, and remember Wickfin. The island is getting smaller and smaller. We have nowhere to go, for outside Wickfin we will die. Make yourself safe.'
36. 'Where can we go ?' the wolf asked. But the stone was melting, and the skeletons started to laugh. 'We will all be gone, as there is no medicine against the Wrath of Sambara.'
37. Tara drank from the water of the sea but it was salty. 'There must be a way out,' she said. But the skeletons were melting before their eyes, and also the island was getting smaller and smaller, while the birds were gone. Suddenly a huge wave grasped them. There were explosions everywhere. The sky was dark and bloody. Finally a huge pirate ship picked them up.
38. The captain was a cruel man. Some pirates chained them at the wall inside of the ship. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked.
39. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' they said. 'Those skeletons.' And then they laughed. They were the sorcerors of death. They brought Tara and her friends to the first island, where they sold them as slaves. Soon they ended up in the arena as gladiators. Abarsa smiled. He had hoped for this.
40. All went so fast. Abarsa and Tara were unconquerable, and soon they made Abarsa king of the island, for they all feared him. Abarsa gave freedom to Tara, and she chose to live in the jungle. She started to live close to a volcano always bringing forth blood. These were strange eruptions. Strange white skeletons seemed to live in the volcano.
41. 'We are the pirates of Wickfin,' she heard every night.
42. Finally she could have some conversations with them, and they wanted to make a pirate of Wickfin of her as well, for that would be the only way to get rid of Sambara's curse. They wanted to show her their captain, and Tara was in a shock when she found out it was Sambara himself. 'Life goes on after death,' he said. 'Actually we never die.'
43. 'Why grasping at things, while you know they will melt in your hands ?' Sambara asked.
44. 'In my hands everything is stone,' he said, 'but in yours it melts away. Poor you. The knife of black time cannot be grasped. It can only be earned. See all those stupid souls, these pirates of Wickfin. They still think they can gain something by robbing and stealing Fools They always melt away And everything they take melts away Poor souls They all hope for my almighty touch to grant them the knife of black time by which they can live forever, and hold something forever Would you want that ? There is only one price if you would finally earn and deserve the knife of black time. You will be stone forever, just like the things you hold, and you can never get rid of it anymore. It will haunt you forever. Is that what you wish ?'
45. 'Then why do you want it ?' Tara asked.
46. 'I have it, and I am the only one who can handle it,' Sambara said. 'You see, I use the necklaces by which the energy of black time conducts itself.'
47. 'I have worked hard for these necklaces,' Sambara said. 'I am an honourable master.'
48. 'I want to be free, free from all this,' Tara said. 'You have built these worlds, and you keep us all in the grip. That's why I returned to Rhodes, and that's probably why I am here.'

49. 'Well, join the army,' Sambara said. 'Be one of my pirates, and when it's your birthday I will wake you up.'

50. 'You are a sorcerer, Sambara,' Tara said, 'and I cannot do anything about that. But I won't be your beggar. I will find my way.'

51. 'How, Tara ?' Sambara asked. 'As you know I hold all the worlds in my hand. All ways are mine.'

52. Tara took the amulet from her forehead, raised it against the sorcerer and spoke : 'In the Name of the Cat, let me and my people go.' Green radiation came out of the amulet, striking the sorcerer. But this time the sorcerer stood up and walked towards Tara to put a snake-necklace around her neck. It was like Tara was losing her mind. He pushed her into a hole like a pit, and after a deep fall she fell into a desert. The sun was burning in her neck. Strange guards came towards her, attaching a chain to her necklace to connect her to the other slaves. There were lakes of fire everywhere. Here they could drink to receive painful strength. Months of heavy labour in the desert followed. Tara lost all her dignity. She became a savage more than ever. The sun was burning her skin every day, even in the nights.

53. They led her to a city in the depths of the desert. It was a gladiator city where she had to fight for her life, but she conquered, and everyone feared her. Fight after fight she won, and soon she became the queen of the city. But she had still her necklace. It brought her much pain always.

54. The more she tried to get the necklace of Sambara off, the tighter it became. It was almost strangling her. 'Be glad, Tara,' the necklace suddenly spoke. It was like a snake. 'Why would you break the curse of black time. You have seen where it can lead you. It lets everything melt.'

55. 'Yes, when I take the knife of black time without breaking the necklaces, then everything melts,' Tara said. 'The power of Sambara is in the necklaces. They are conductors, but when they are broken, then Sambara will turn into stone.'

56. 'It will be a disaster,' the necklace spoke. 'For then everything will turn into stone.'

57. 'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

58. 'I am also a slave of Sambara,' the necklace spoke.

59. 'How can I free you ?' Tara asked.

60. 'As I said, everything would turn into stone when you would free us,' the necklace said. 'There is only one way : red time.'

61. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

62. 'It is the only thing making us safe against the melting and the turning into stone,' the necklace said.

63. 'Where can we find it ?' Tara asked.

64. 'In the depths of the desert,' the necklace said, 'it is like clay.'

65. The necklace knew a way to get underground, and showed Tara the place where the red clay was. She had to cover her body with it. She also had to smear it on the necklace, and it started to move again, becoming flexible like a snake. 'Don't return, Tara,' it said. 'The others need to find out for themselves. Just go deeper through these tunnels, and search for the core of it. Here you will

get totally free from the curse of Sambara.' Suddenly it was gone. Tara moved further into the depths. There was red clay everywhere. She could breath again.

66. She was in the land of the red clay now, and she would never return. She got finally free from Sambara's influence. She sank away in the red clay, again and again, but by holding on to some branches she could move forward. The air was thick here. She was in the underground like never before. She was free from slavery.

9.

The Beasts of Elysias

1. She was a warrior on a ship, with high sails, all in white, all like torn, but still in pride, like feathers was this ship. She stood tall, like she had drunk too much, drunk of the blood of her fallen enemies, the beasts of Mars. 2. She had a smile, undescribable, like she had survived death and torment, and now she was here. She stood there in victory, this woman. The picture was of fire, of winds. Would we see the beasts of Elysias start to fall. 3. Tara from Rhodes, the light of lighters, You daughter of the rain and light, driven by the fight that will unite us tonight, You daughter of the seven lights, Leading us to Jungle City so deep in the night, You have Chosen us out of the Nowhere, You have devoted us, you have seen our light, Cleansing us by an Eternal Fight. 4. By eternal lights falling down, to wash so many of our dreams. Like the Fire of Mars she's standing in the tall Python Gates. 5. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. 6. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst, where all his dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to him. While he's descending along all these layers, he pierces himself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.

7. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much, only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies of golden years, letting no one tearing them apart.

10.

The Dog-skeletons of Lokdok – The Invitation

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was walking on a market on Lokdok. Here she would buy some new things for her house. Most of the time she bought weapons and skeletons. Lirlit of Kaapsia believed that by the dead she would have magical powers. When she got home she found a letter on her bed. It was an invitation. She didn't know from who it was, but she knew the place. She didn't trust the letter at all, but she was very curious, so she went there, with her spear. Soon a wolf came out of the bushes and attacked her. It became a long, long fight, but finally she conquered the wolf and took his

skeleton. But she didn't know that it's skeleton was still alive, and it began to speak to her : 'Don't you know, far away on the hills, the dog-skeletons live, and when they hear about what you did to me, they will come to get you.' Lirlit said she didn't care, as she was adventurous. 'But first you have to deal with me,' the wolf-skeleton said. And then he rose up to strike her. He had hit her in the cheek, while blood was flowing forth from it. But finally Lirlit smashed the wolf-skeleton against a rock. She decided to take the skull with her, while the rest of the body she left.

2. When she got home she smashed the wolf-skull on her bed. She was a bit angry. It was like she had hit an alarm-button, and now she had to pay for that. The skull couldn't do anything, but it told her that the dog-skeletons would smell the death of their friend, and they would look for her for sure. Lirlit got so angry, and shouted that she would go to the hills by herself to look for them. She wanted to find out about the invitation. The wolf spoke about the dog-skeletons like they were his big brothers, like they were higher than him, like they were his bosses. She had to find out, instead of waiting for them to come while she would be asleep or something. She left the village, and found her way to the hills. The dog-skeletons were sitting on a rock. Lirlit started to shout at them : 'Hey, who of you fools have sent me an invitation ?' But the dog-skeletons acted like they didn't know anything of it. Lirlit came closer, aiming her spear at them. 'Oh, ohoh,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'I see it is serious to you, but not to us. We do not know what you are talking about.' When Lirlit told about the wolf and it's skeleton, they said they didn't know him. Lirlit didn't know what was going on. Why did she feel so much anger towards them, and why did she feel they were lying to her ? Or did the wolf lie to her ?

3. 'Relax, lady,' another dog-skeleton said, 'you believe in fairytales and fables, and I can see you are superstitious. Why don't you come with us into the rock ? There's a huge area there.' Lirlit was still on her guard, but she wanted to find out. Carefully she walked with them into the rock. Inside there was a large room. There were kettles with blood and on the wall there were many bones, while in front of the walls there were shrines made of bones, with ornaments and jewels decorated by organic things. There was a strange smell here, and in a sense Lirlit didn't trust them at all. 'How can I trust you ?' she asked. But the dog-skeletons didn't answer. A door behind them got closed. And one of the dog-skeletons came closer to her. 'How do you like it here ? This is a better invitation than the invitation you talked about.'

4. 'How do you know it's better ?' Lirlit asked distrustful. The dog-skeleton bent a bit towards her, and smiled, saying : 'Because we do not attack you, we believe in peace.' Lirlit sat down and looked around her. 'I must say it is beautiful,' she said.

5. 'Oh yes,' another dog-skeleton said, 'very beautiful.' Then another door opened and some more dog-skeletons entered. Lirlit shivered a bit inside, but then she took a straight attitude.

6. 'Well, you have company here ?' one of the incoming dog-skeletons asked. Some others nodded.

7. After a drink Lirlit fell asleep. She was very tired. The dog-skeletons took her to a room deeper in the rock. Here she could sleep. It was like their baby was home now. They had searched for her such a long time, and now they had found her.

8. Days went on, and Lirlit got a good friendship with them, but they never told her about who she was in their eyes. They asked Lirlit to stay with them, but after awhile Lirlit wanted to go home again. She thanked the dog-skeletons for their friendship, but she really had to go now, and told them goodbye.

9. So they let her go, with pain in their hearts, but now they knew where she lived.

10. On her way home she got struck by another wolf-skeleton, and this time it was a bigger one. She was about to lose the battle but suddenly a dog-skeleton showed up. He had followed her, to keep a certain eye on her. In a minute he conquered the wolf-skeleton, and broke the bones from each other. Lirlit was very grateful. When she got home she thought about the dog-skeletons a lot. Maybe they were her protectors. She also knew that the wolf-skeletons didn't have friendship with the dog-skeletons. They didn't speak about it, but what had happened spoke for itself. Maybe there were things going on the dog-skeletons didn't want to talk about.

11. One day an older dog-skeleton came to Lirlit's house. When he went in he told a story to Lirlit. He told her that she was a princess in her younger days, and that they cared for her the first few years of her life, until two wolf-skeletons kidnapped her. They brought her here, where the village took care of her. The older dog-skeleton also said that they didn't know that until she had beaten the first wolf-skeleton. Then they got visions that she would return to them very soon.

12. Lirlit was confused and asked the dog-skeleton how she could be a princess then. Then the dog-skeleton answered : There is a palace in the North behind the hills where you got born. But there was war in the kingdom, so we went there to save you. We offered you a good home, but the rest of your family died in the war. If we wouldn't take you away from the palace, you would have died also.

13. Lirlit asked if she could go to that palace again. The dog-skeleton nodded, but it would be full of wolf-skeletons. The kingdom of the North was the kingdom of Kaapsia. It was in the hands of Lirlit's bloodline, but since a foreign king took control, everything was different, and soon he introduced the wolf-skeletons. The members of the palace died all, except Lirlit. The rest of the land had to live in captivity. Lirlit became very sad, but she wanted to know everything about it.

14. The old dog-skeleton said they had visions about her gathering an army to invade the palace again. Lirlit felt a bit excitement when she heard that. The old dog-skeleton was satisfied that Lirlit was enthusiastic about their visions, and she accepted the role in it. For years the old dog-skeleton had trained an army for the big day, the day that Lirlit, who they still called 'their princess' would invade the palace of Kaapsia again.

15. Lirlit went back to the place of the dog-skeletons again, with the old dog-skeleton, who showed her the room where the soldiers were. They had all sorts of sharp knives and spears, in all sorts of shapes. They had strange jewels in their skeletons, spreading a magical light over their bodies. Lirlit asked how many wolf-skeletons there would be in the palace. But no one seemed to know. It was something they needed to find out. Lirlit said she didn't feel anything for being a princess again, but she wanted to invade the palace to free the land. Maybe the dog-skeletons could rule it then. Some of the soldiers nodded. One of them told about the old king. He was a mean traitor, but no one could exactly tell how he came into war against Kaapsia, and why. In a sense Lirlit wanted to know, but first they needed to take the palace back again.

16. On their way to the North an old man appeared to them. It was like he came out of the nothing. One of the dog-skeletons said it was a witch-doctor. 'What is your purpose to come here ?' the man asked. 'All what you do here will fail.' And then he was gone.

17. But Lirlit didn't let herself become discouraged. Finally they came to the palace, but it was empty. There was no one there. Inside there were a lot of dead skeletons, bones, skulls and other

organic stuff, often in the form of ornaments, or as decoration for jewels. There was a strange smell here. 'Go away !' someone whispered loud. None of the dog-skeletons was speaking. Maybe it was a ghost. There were a lot of rooms in the palace, and the dog-skeletons desired to live in this place. Also in the other parts of the land there was no living being. It seemed like death had already struck this place. They found a lot of magical objects and strange advanced weaponry in the land. It seemed like those who dwelled here were very superstitious, because they also found a lot of shrines. Lirlit knew it was very easy for them to take over the land, but one of the dog-skeletons didn't have a good feeling about it. He thought the land had become bewitched, and they had to take what they needed, and then leave as soon as possible. Lirlit thought it was a good idea.

18. Full of stuff the dog-skeletons returned home, and also Lirlit returned to her village. The palace and its land only had to be a memory, nothing more, nothing less. The dog-skeletons stayed in their part, and Lirlit stayed in her village.

The Witch-Doctor

19. Lirlit thought a lot about the witch-doctor they met on their way to Kaapsia. She didn't think he was an evil man, but she had troubles in her head since he spoke out that everything she would do there would fail. Was it a curse ? The dog-skeletons had taught her that she shouldn't be superstitious. They had their own shrines, but they said these were heritages. They didn't believe in magic, although they had visions. It was like they were very paradoxal in a sense, or didn't she just understand them. Could she trust them ? She couldn't get the words of the witch-doctor out of her head. At a certain moment she started to scream. Suddenly the witch-doctor showed up in her room, as coming out of the nothing. 'You woman,' he said, 'why have you taken away so many things from our land and palace. Now you have to pay for it deep in yourself, seeing your twisted self, yes, inner battles are in you now, and there is no medicine to stop it.' Lirlit bowed down before the witch-doctor. 'What can I do ? Can you please stop the pain I have ?'

20. 'You must bring all that you have taken away from Kaapsia back to it, so that the pain will also flee from you,' the witch-doctor said. So that was what she decided to do. It was for her relief, and then she asked the witch-doctor, who was still with her : 'Isn't that which is from Kaapsia not from me, as I am coming forth from Kaapsia as the last survivor it seems.'

21. But then the witch-doctor started to laugh. 'We have lived there for thousand and thousands of years as ghosts, so it is our right to have it, above all flesh and blood.'

22. 'The ghosts rule,' he shouted. Lirlit didn't feel well, and asked him what she would have to do further to find peace. 'There is something I need to tell you,' the witch-doctor spoke. 'Your father has captured us for a long time. By the hand of Lokdok's king we could be set free. But now we seek for revenge, for you are indeed the last survivor. You are the last block in our attempt to reach freedom.' Lirlit started to scream, as she felt like she was burning inside. She ran outside, but the ghost jumped on her. There was no one around, but soon a few dog-skeletons came. They jumped towards the ghost and started to cut its appearance by a strange edged and shaped knife. The ghost started to scream. 'Well, you want to bring her back to superstition ?' one of the dog-skeletons asked. And then he spoke to Lirlit : 'Don't believe in those fables of magic.'

23. 'I try not to do,' Lirlit said, 'but it has me in the grip.'

24. 'You need help,' the other dog-skeleton said. They brought her again to the hills, where they had their place. The ghost had been gone now, but Lirlit still had problems. 'Here, drink this,' one of the

dog-skeletons said, and gave her some strange juice. Immediately Lirlit fell asleep. When she woke up she was in another room. An old dog-skeleton stood before her. She didn't meet him before yet. He said : 'Don't be superstitious, but believe in your only fantasy. You don't need them, those witch-doctors. They shouldn't control your life. They actually did that since your birth, but now it is your time to come free.'

25. 'But I can't !' Lirlit shouted. 'It's in my feelings.' Suddenly there was all knocking on the door, and soon a lot of wolf-skeletons came in. They killed the old dog-skeleton and kidnapped Lirlit. They brought her back to the palace, and put her on a throne of bones and skulls, decorated by other organic stuff. Lirlit didn't know what was going on, but it seemed they wanted her to be a princess. 'I do not want to be here !' Lirlit shouted.

26. 'Why not ?' one of the wolf-skeletons asked.

27. 'For you have killed my land,' Lirlit said, 'and now you killed one of my friends.'

28. 'Oh, and what do you know about it,' another wolf-skeleton said, 'You do not know what you're talking about.'

29. Lirlit jumped away from the throne and tried to escape, but finally they bound her to the throne. 'Now you will listen to us for awhile,' an older wolf-skeleton roared. He seemed to be a leader of the group. 'They have lied to you,' he spoke. 'We have sent you an invitation, but you never came ... Instead of that you went to the deceiving dog-skeletons.'

30. 'Oh, that's not true,' Lirlit said, 'I came to that place, but a wolf was attacking me. I had to kill it. I thought it was a trap.'

31. 'No, you never came,' the wolf-skeleton roared again, 'we have sent you an invitation, because we wanted to tell you about who you are and what happened.'

32. But then an army of dog-skeletons arrived in front of the palace. The wolf-skeletons all ran outside, but a few stayed to guard Lirlit. 'If I am so important to you, why do you do all these things to me ?' Lirlit asked. But none of the wolf-skeletons answered that question.

33. Soon also the other wolf-skeletons went outside, until Lirlit was alone. After an hour or so two dog-skeletons came to her. They delivered her. The rest of the dog-skeletons and all of the wolf-skeletons had died in the fight. Lirlit was confused about what happened. 'They tried to confuse me, these wolf-skeletons,' she said.

34. 'Well, they are confusers,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'The witchdoctors use them to keep their victims in superstition. By the superstition they control their victims also.'

35. Lirlit nodded. She remembered the words of the old dog-skeleton who had been killed by the wolf-skeletons who kidnapped her. He said : 'Believe in your own fantasy.' How could she do that if she would be a princess, or a believer in some sort of spiritual government. It would control her life.

Hard against Hard

36. Lirlit was confused. What was her role in Kaapsia now ? She knew that the more wolf-skeletons had been destroyed, the more power the witch-doctors would lose. For her it would mean : she need to lose all her faith in them to replace it by her own fantasy. The dog-skeletons would help her in that.

37. She chose to return to her village again. She always felt best in her own home. She was adventurous, but it would always lead her home. To her it was : home, sweet home. There was no way for her to forget about home. It was like everything started from here, and everything always ended here. There were always some dog-skeletons around to keep a certain eye on her, and she felt safe with that. She needed some guards. Espacially when she was sleeping, it was an amazing feeling. It made her warm and soft inside. She would also protect them with her life, as she saw them as true friends.

38. There was nothing making her more happy than the feeling that she had friends. And these friends were her friends since her birth. She was so glad that she found them back. Friends are always life-savers, letting you feel good when they are around loved cared for protected Even when it is hard against hard

11.

The Wolf-Crown

1. Lirlit of Kaapsia was on her way home. She had made a long journey, and now she came back to her village. When she came home there was a man sitting on her bed. It was a sort of sorcerer dressed by all sorts of small skeleton-skulls. He was like a necromancer or something. Lirlit smiled. It was a surprise. It was her uncle.

2. 'Lirlit,' the man said, 'I want you to come with me, I need to show you something.' They had to go to a tall hill where the man lived in a sort of old tower. It looked like a castle in a sense, but it was like a den of a wild animal. When they were in the top of the tower they had a good survey there. Lirlit could see her village in the distance. It was so small from here. Then the man shrieked, while a bat showed up. It was a huge bat and it floated down on his stretched hand. Then it crept to his shoulder.

3. 'I want you to have it, Lirlit,' the man spoke.

4. 'But why, uncle ?' Lirlit asked.

5. 'It needs to help you, as there are a lot of dangers in life.' the man said. Lirlit knew that it was just a gift from his warm heart. He cared for her a lot and didn't want anything bad to happen in her life.

6. At the same time her uncle asked her to stay for awhile. He missed her, as she was the last survival of the family. Lirlit got a room somewhere high in the tower. It was very dark here, and skulls were all around. But Lirlit never had problems with that, as she believed that the dead watched over her.

7. In the middle of the night her uncle entered in her room. He was looking for something. Lirlit asked him what was going on. She had heard sounds around the tower. 'I think war is already beginning,' her uncle said. He was looking for certain weapons. Suddenly they heard wolves coming in the tower. The uncle murmured something about a wolf-war. Lirlit stood up, and took her own spear. When she went out of her room there were three wolves jumping on her. Why would wolves wage war against them ? Lirlit shrieked, and all of a sudden the huge bat entered, while he struck the wolves immediately. Blood was spouting like fountains. The bat had hit them hard, fast and deep.

8. Other wolves entered in, while they were calling : ‘We are looking for Lirlit of Kaapsia, sorceror. Hand her over to us.’ But Lirlit’s uncle who had finally found his weapon stood already behind Lirlit. He had a sort of whip with a sharp knife at it’s end, and in a few seconds he had hit the other wolves to the ground. But then hundreds of wolves entered the tower in roaring. ‘What do they want from me ?’ Lirlit asked.

9. ‘You are the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline,’ her uncle said. The bat was shrieking, while some of the wolves fell down. They could kill some of the wolves, but they were with too many. They ran to Lirlit’s room again, and had to jump out of the window. Fortunately they fell into a river. Lirlit’s uncle was the husband of the sister of Lirlit’s mother. He was from the Lokdok-bloodline.

10. In the forest they found a sort of palace, full of bones, skulls, skeletons and organic decorations, shrines, weapons and magical objects. They decided to stay here for awhile in the hope that the wolves wouldn’t find them. The wolves believed that when they would kill the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline they would dominate so much more. Then they would have power over Lokdok, Lirlit’s village, and further the whole realm of Kaapsmerh. They wanted to have the throne and the crown.

11. Later Lirlit found out that it had to do with the fact that she was a princess of origin. If they would have her blood they would rule. In the palace they decided to stay they found an old skeleton-crown. Lirlit didn’t want to have anything to do with governmental positions. She wanted to be free. She thought that monarchical positions would bind someone to superstition to block their own fantasy. She brought the skeleton-crown to a shrine. It was a beautiful crown, and they would honour it as a sovenir, as a heritage and as a memory. Her uncle had already found out how powerful the objects in this palace of the wilderness was. It seemed like no one had been dwelling here for a long time. There was dust everywhere, and it was a mess. Maybe there was a war here, and the owners had left the palace because of that. Lirlit was afraid of the magical beliefs of her uncle. She thought it could harm him. She was of the opinion that superstition was a way of evil spirits to take control in someone’s brain. It was a prison, and they had to leave it. A crown was in her eyes nothing more than a subtle chain of a prisoner, something which controlled their minds, and by which evil spirits could work and rule.

12. One day her uncle went for a walk, and he pierced deeper into the wilderness. Suddenly she heard a shriek. Maybe her uncle was calling for his bat, but Lirlit didn’t trust it. She ran towards the sound, and after a long run she saw smoke coming behind an open field. When she came into the next area of the forest she saw her uncle standing there between wild men having bones pierced through their noses. They had killed the bat, and they held a knife against the throat of Lirlit’s uncle. Lirlit didn’t hesitate for one moment and threw her spear through the head of the one with the knife. Her uncle jumped away, while Lirlit took her leg-knives to throw it into the hearts of two other wild ones. The rest of the wild men were in a shock and ran away. ‘Don’t let them escape,’ Lirlit shouted. ‘I know them, they are the ones spreading so much superstition. They have objects by which they rule the minds of so many in this area. They have even tried to zombificate our village.’ But then her uncle fell down. What had happened. There was a strange sting in his back, and it was moving. It was like a small red iron feather. Lirlit took it out, while her uncle started to talk in a strange language. ‘Oah, you’re into delirium,’ Lirlit said. That was a good sign to her. It was the sign that he didn’t die, and that he tried to deal with the poison.

13. But to Lirlit it was very important she would follow the tribe, as they had suppressed her village for such a long time. Lirlit knew them. She ran and ran, while she could still track them. After minutes of running she saw smoke, and after awhile she entered the area of the tribe. She didn't feel any fear, only strength. She shouted and shrieked, while another bat was coming. This was a huge one, and quickly he attacked the members of the tribe. Lirlit saw that only some women and children were running away. She believed that they were nothing but prisoners of these evil men. It was a long fight, and afterwards Lirlit's uncle entered the area. There was no any man still alive. They found a lot of strange objects here. But then the wolves entered the village.

14. There were more and more bats in the air, and they all helped Lirlit in her fight. It was a great slaughter. The wolves couldn't win the battle. But suddenly a much bigger wolf showed up. He had the crown with the skeleton-skulls. Lirlit asked herself if it was the crown of the wild palace, or was it something else. All of a sudden headaches started to come over Lirlit. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself. 'Believe in your fantasy, girl.'

But the pain got stronger and deeper, and she fell to the ground, as in delirium. The wolf started to roar : 'Indigo, princess, it is time I will feed myself with your blood to become the king of Lokdok and ruler of Kaapsmerh.' And he jumped towards her, while he bit in her arm, sucking the blood out of her. Her uncle had found a weapon in one of the tents, and attacked the wolf from behind. He crashed a sharp iron blade in a strange shape into the neck of the wolf, but the wolf turned around and attacked him. Then Lirlit kicked the wolf in his back, and shouted : 'Oh, you dumb one, now you have the crown and my blood, only ghosts will control you, as they have lust to use slaves like you to dominate the atmosphere. Let the skies fall upon you.' Then the wolf ran away, and disappeared through the bushes. Lirlit's uncle had been wounded, but Lirlit took care of it. He would survive. Also Lirlit's arm was still bleeding, but she would also survive.

15. After awhile women and children of the tribe entered the area again, and they were glad they were delivered from the men now. Originally they were from another tribe, and once they had been captured, while their own men and even a lot of their children got killed. Since then they had to be the wives and slaves of the invaders. They told Lirlit and her uncle that they knew where the wolves had their shelter.

16. Lirlit wanted to go there. The women wanted to go with her too, but other women warned them that they wouldn't survive. But Lirlit's uncle would go with them. It was a long walk, and first they had to move along stakes with skeletons tied to it. Some of the skeletons had been hung. It was a dark atmosphere. Suddenly they saw a warrior in a wolf-skin. He ran away, and then he disappeared by creeping into the bushes. Now they knew that there weren't only wolves there, but also warriors. But some of the women told that these warriors could sometimes totally turn into wolves. They came into a sort of center. Everything looked quiet. Stones had been laid here, and there were some small temples, piramids in layers, shrines, and an indian man slowly walked towards them. His arm was stretched out, like he wanted to shake hands with them. But one of the women started to shriek. 'I have seen him in my dreams. He is the one who raped me, and he will rape us all.'

17. The indian man started to smile. 'This woman is confused,' he said. But Lirlit asked him who he was, and what his purpose is. Is he a part of this ? But the man didn't say anything. It really pissed Lirlit off. She took her spear, but suddenly she couldn't move herself. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself, 'believe in your fantasy.' And then she could move her arm again. She started to hit him by the spear, but the man was too quick, and then he ran away. 'What is this for strange behaviour,'

she asked herself. Also her uncle was coming closer. Suddenly he started to roar, like he was in fire inside. Then he fell to the ground. Again he was talking in delirium. 'There is witchcraft here,' one of the women said. 'This is the way they always tried to confuse us.' But then Lirlit said : 'Let us not believe in witchcraft and all this superstition, for when we believe in it and practice it, the spirits who made it up will have control in our minds. We must use our own fantasy.'

18. 'Oh, but it is too strong,' another woman said.

19. 'Will you shut up now,' Lirlit shouted, 'our fantasy is stronger.' But other women started to shake their heads. 'You do not know the powers you're playing with,' an older woman said. 'The women who are still in the camp have warned us, but we didn't listen to their advice. Let's go back, for strange things are happening here, and we do not have control. What can we do ? We do not know with how many they are here ? I do not want to die, let's return.'

20. 'Okay,' Lirlit said angry, 'all cowards can go home. But we must deal with it.' And since then a lot of the women returned to the camp. The anger towards Lirlit and her uncle started to rise, although they were the ones who had saved them out of the hands of the evil tribe. Then suddenly Lirlit started to shriek while the air became black of bats. She was calling for her friends, something which she had learned from her precious uncle. In quick rhythm the bats began to invade the temples, the layered double-decker-pyramids and the tents, but they couldn't find anything. It was like a ghost-city. No one was there, but they knew that some were hiding.

21. The bats shrieked, and the sky became darker and darker. They had to pierce this city in the wilderness, this wolf-city. And so they invaded it deeper and deeper. Lirlit's uncle was still talking in delirium. He was calling for some names, or it was only looking like it. 'Uncle,' Lirlit spoke, 'I want you to stop now with all your superstition. It is too dangerous to do that here. Let the bats do their job, and let our weapons speak. We must use wisdom now, and our fantasy.' But it was like her uncle was too far gone, and he spoke on in a delirious language. Lirlit got more and more angry at her uncle, and suddenly she hit him in the face, and screamed : 'Now you shut up, or I will cut your head off here, in the sand.' She knew she had gone too far now, and one of the bats, a huge one, came down to her, to bite her in the face. Blood was spouting like a fountain. The bat didn't want to let go of his bite, while Lirlit was bleeding all over. But then suddenly they heard the sound of a dull kick. Lirlit's uncle had killed the bat by his weapon. He had always sworn to his family that he would protect Lirlit by his life, no matter what circumstance.

22. Slowly they walked on, while more and more women were leaving them. These women knew that the curse was so strong that when they would go further they would probably kill each other. 'Lirlit, you are losing your mind by the wolfspell,' a woman was shouting, 'return !' Even the bats started to attack them now. They were in rage because they had killed one of them. They were shrieking higher than ever, and the hugest bats came down. It was a long fight. Now they had to fight their friends instead of the enemy. But Lirlit knew that it was the sacrifice they had to bring. Suddenly there were lights all over. There was thunder, and lightening, and a wolf in a black garment stood like a warrior before them. 'I am the ghost of the ancestors,' he spoke. 'Why do you challenge me.'

23. Lirlit tried to explain about what happened, and what the wolves did to them, but the wolf started to laugh. 'Oh, you dumb dumb mortals without a soul, only enlightened to right your own crimes. Do you know history ? Do you know both sides of the story ? Oh wanderers of the mind, do you not know that you can only escape the powers of the mind to control the minds of others ? I do

not bear a crown. I have given them to my servants, my wolf-king.' Then the appearance left again. Lirlit looked at her uncle. They found out they were both very wounded because of the bat-attacks. There were no bats to help them anymore, and there were no women with them anymore. Now Lirlit and her uncle were at their own, not knowing what would happen, and where were their weapons ? In front of them there was only fog. But Lirlit's uncle took her by the arm, and they walked forwards. Suddenly they didn't feel ground below their feet anymore, and they were falling. They fell so deep like they never fell before, and suddenly it was all wet around them . They had been fallen into the river. The river was wild, and in speed they were moving towards a waterfall. They would die when they would fall from the edge. They both started to shriek and fell from the edge. They both thought this was the end, as the waterfall was very deep. But suddenly two huge bats grasped them to fly away with them. They still had friends there, it appeared. They brought them to a huge batnest high on the mountains.

24. The bats here were drinking out of eggs, and Lirlit and her uncle also had to drink. Suddenly they both fell asleep. When they woke up, they were in a cave in the mountain. The ground was very slimy, and huge eggs laid all around. Most of the eggs were broken open, while strange fluids were in them. Some even were full of blood, while it streamed out of it. One of the bats entered the room. He stood erected, like he was half a man, half a bat. Suddenly he turned into an old man. He looked like a necromancer. He had a very wise radiation, but also a confused one. It had a delirious effect on Lirlit and her uncle. They felt very dizzy when they looked at him. 'I am here to warn you,' the old man said. 'You must lose all your superstition, or the wolves will lead you back to your previous life, in which you were dominated by your mind.'

25. Lirlit and her uncle both nodded. They knew how important it was what the man said.

26. Then the man continued : 'The battle against the wolves is a hard battle. If they win our minds will be controlled again.'

27. 'What can we do about it ?' Lirlit asked. Then the man started to shriek, while two bats flew into the room. Then he clapped in his hand, while the bats floated down on the bench. 'You know,' the old man said, 'parts of us are bats. And we must use them well. They have the weaponry to destroy the wolf-domination.'

28. 'But how ?' Lirlit asked.

29. 'Come,' the old man said, 'I will show you.' Then the man walked out of the room. Lirlit and her uncle followed him. They came in a narrow corridor with a strange smell. Then they came into another room, with a lot of dust on the ground. Lirlit started to cough. There were slimy eggs around, and from some of them snakes were coming forth, and much of slime dripped out. 'Come,' the old man said, 'this is not what I want to show you. Walk on.' Then the man opened another door. The doorhandle was decorated by very small skeleton-skulls. High sounds like shrieks came out of their mouths, and even out of the holes of their eyes. Then again they had to walk through a narrow corridor, but later they found out it was a bridge. Below the bridge there were smokey fluids, and wet towels like sheets were hanging in the air like walls. The towels were very hot, and steam was coming from them. A strange huge yellow rock stood there at the end of the bridge, and they had to climb over it. It was like burning sand under their feet. They were entering a sort of desert in a huge cave. The sand was burning. All sorts of feelings were climbing over Lirlit's body, trying to enter her head. 'Au,' Lirlit said. It was like something had burnt her. In the distance there were a lot of silver rocks mirroring so many things. There was a soft breeze. On the rocks bats appeared. They

had mirroring weaponry, and while Lirlit was watching these mirrors she couldn't see the bats anymore, only herself in terrible ways. It was like her mind was taking over again, and she couldn't use her fantasy.

30. Suddenly she couldn't move again. It was like something had frozen her. 'Grasp the bat-weapons !' someone was shouting. But Lirlit couldn't see anything anymore, so she started to grasp in the air. Suddenly she felt like a velvet handle in her hand. And then something in her other hand. She opened her eyes and could move again. Now she could see the bats in the mirrors. But these weren't bats, but boys. They looked like princes, but they had poor clothes in such beautiful colours. When they opened their mouths fantasy was climbing into her head. She had now received the bat-armour. She also saw her uncle in the same armour. But suddenly wolves were all around them. Now they had to use their new weapons. Within a few minutes they had slain all the wolves. It was easier than ever. The old man was applauding. He had a white garment now. His tall beard was very shiny, but suddenly he was changing into a bat again and flew away. Also the boys were changing into bats again and flew away. 'Follow us,' someone shouted. But how ? 'Just shriek,' another one shouted. And while Lirlit and her uncle shrieked, they were changing into bats, and could fly away.

31. High in the sky there was a palace. It was full of crowns, but they didn't use these crowns anymore. They had been laid on shrines. There were also flowers on the shrines. Upstairs there was a hall with old thrones, but they weren't in use anymore. They looked like shrines now, and some weapons were laid on them. But suddenly someone was shrieking, and flying wolves were coming out of the walls, and through all sorts of doors. Now there was a battle in the air. 'Use your fantasy,' the old man spoke. 'Use your fantasy.' And suddenly they were sitting in the room again, where they had slept. 'What happened ?' Lirlit asked.

32. 'You were in my fantasy,' the old man said. 'and it is all real. But now you have to develop your own fantasy.'

33. Lirlit asked herself if she could do that. There were so many things they had to solve yet. But her fantasy would lead her in that. That was what the old man had said. They stayed on the bat-castle for a long time, and then they had to return to their own homes again. 'Practice your fantasy,' the man had said. 'Make it your own, and let it be your home.'

12.

The Wolf-Skull

1. Lirlit had been going to the market in her village. She had bought some stones called eagle-eyes. One she had put on her cupboard, and another one she laid next to her bed. Some had said the stones would attract good luck and contacts with the dead and extra-ordinary spirits, but Lirlit wasn't superstitious. She just liked the stones, and found it would be worth as good company. But in the middle of the night someone was waking her. It was like the wind was speaking to her, but then she saw an eagle close to an opening in her house. The eagle spoke to her that she needed to come to snake-mountain, as he wanted to show her something. When she stood outside her house, the eagle was very big. He took her in a good grip and flew with her to snake-mountain. He brought her in through an opening. 'Do you see all the treasures here ?' he asked. Lirlit could see a shimmering hall full of misty treasures. 'I know you like stones,' the eagle said, 'and I know you will like some of the stones here.' Lirlit was very grateful towards the eagle. He took her in a grip again and flew with her inside the huge hall. The stones were beautiful, but when Lirlit touched one of the stones, it

was like there was an alarm switched on. Something in her head started to shriek, and from all sides snakes came towards her. 'Why didn't you tell this ?' she asked the eagle, but the eagle flew away. 'Hey, take me away,' Lirlit screamed.

2. Suddenly all sorts of snakes were sliding over her body, but they didn't attack her. And after awhile Lirlit found out that these snakes didn't wish any harm on her, but were her friends. She took the stone again, stood up, and walked towards a door. The snakes were following her. In another hall there were more amazing stones. Lirlit asked herself what would be the meaning of it all. And where was the eagle ? 'I am not superstitious,' Lirlit said to the snakes, 'but what is the meaning of these stones ?' But the snakes didn't speak to her. Suddenly a man and a woman entered the hall where Lirlit was. For a moment it was like Lirlit had to vomit. The man had a tall beard, and the woman was dressed in fragile white. It was because of the smell that Lirlit was a bit upset. They smelled like snakes and slime, but also things she couldn't describe. Suddenly they started to turn into tall and thin snakes. It looked like they completely ignored Lirlit. Like they had other things to do. Lirlit appeared not to be one of their priorities. They slid towards the stones, and then they moved them towards the door they came from. Lirlit got very curious what they would do with the stones. So she decided to follow them. When she stood into the door-opening the smell even more overwhelmed her, but this time it was even luring her deeper. She saw snakes here with very big beaks, and when they opened these beaks other snakes went in, and sometimes they even took stones with them. The snakes weren't huge, and Lirlit wondered what happened to the snakes who went inside. It was a riddle to Lirlit.

3. Deeper inside the hall, where many snakes were moving to, an enormous statue lay on the ground. It was cut off from it's feet, enormous feet which stood next to the statue, still erected and intact. It was like a complex of doors through which the snakes slid in. Lirlit decided to follow them inside the enormous feet of the statue. Inside they saw the stones growing here. They looked like eyes, and there were even stones coming forth from them. But when the stones were separated from the others, it more began to look like stones, and it didn't grow anymore. Some of the stones were very wet, but that also seemed to stop when they got separated. Most of the stones were very shiny.

4. There was a tunnel in the halls of the feet to come into the fallen statue. When Lirlit came into the halls of the fallen statue there was a lot of darkness and fog. She couldn't see much, but suddenly lights turned on, and she saw snakes hanging in the air or on the walls like bags. Often these snakes were brown-red with white stripes. It was a very pure white. These snakes were very huge, and suddenly some of them fell on Lirlit. Now it was all dark, and she almost couldn't breath anymore. She tried to shriek, but couldn't get any sound out of her mouth. Then she fell into delirium. But soon the grip of the snakes wasn't tight anymore, and she could wrestle herself a way out. Then they left her alone. Still she had the feeling they didn't want to harm her, but they just wanted to test her, or just feel her. They had been sensitive to her trouble, and then they had let her go.

5. Suddenly the eagle appeared to her again. The eagle was glad to see her. 'It is amazing here,' she told the eagle.

6. 'But did you find some stones you would like to have already ?' the eagle asked. But there were so many stones and so many halls, that Lirlit had the sense she wasn't done with it yet. Then she asked the eagle what exactly the use of the stones is. 'The stones protect you against superstition by

which lower spirits want to dominate the mind,' the eagle said, 'these stones inspire you to have your own fantasy.'

7. 'But don't you think that is also superstition?' Lirlit asked. 'Why do I need these stones?' But then the eagle flew away. It was like he was telling her to find that out for herself. She felt attracted to the stones, that was a sure thing, but she didn't want to have a new superstition. Or were these stones just her guards? Some said stones could speak to the layers beneath the mind, to the unconscious. What if these stones were just forces of nature? Were they made to protect the souls of those who lived in nature? Lirlit had many questions. And it was like these stones were speaking to her in so many ways.

8. Deeper in the statue she found doors out of it. Now she came in halls behind the fallen statue. Eyes were watching her. Was this the domain of someone? A wild man in a bearskin watched her, while two women were lying at his feet. 'What is it you come to do,' the man roared. Lirlit could see it wasn't totally a man. He was also a sort of dog, or other predator. Maybe she needed to be at her guard now, for the women didn't look so friendly either. 'Lirlit,' the man was suddenly saying, 'I have waited for you, I missed you.' And then he came forwards to her.

9. Lirlit stepped backwards, and shouted: 'Who are you?'

10. 'I am your father,' the man said.

11. 'Oh no,' Lirlit said, 'that can't be true, you liar. My father died in war.'

12. 'They said that,' the man said, 'but that wasn't true. They made a mistake. I had been kidnapped for a long time by imperials, by wolf-warriors, lived my life lonely in a prison deep underground, but finally escaped. I didn't wish to live in the empire anymore, and didn't want to be king of Kaapsia anymore, so I started to live here, with my friends, the snakes who let me escape.'

13. But Lirlit still wasn't enthousiast. 'If that's true, then I have to say: You did a lot of evil things in your life they told me.'

14. The man bowed his head, and spoke: 'I have to admit, I was wrong many times. I was king of Kaapsia and wasn't always righteous in the use of my powers, and that is why I have laid them down. The pressure it too big, and I lived under a strange force.'

15. 'And who are these women,' Lirlit asked rude.

16. 'They are snakes,' the man said. Then he clapped in his hand, and the women turned into snakes again, while they slided away. Then Lirlit stepped forwards and fell into the arms of her father.

17. 'There are many things I need to tell you,' Lirlit's father said. 'I'm breeding the eggs of snakes here, for one day I will return to the empire to take revenge.'

18. 'Well, I'm on your side dad,' Lirlit said. The man smiled. He was glad he found his daughter back.

19. Lirlit found out that her father had many women here. But as he said: He needed to breed a new and powerful generation to take good vengeance.

20. 'Your life is such an ornament,' Lirlit's father told her, 'and also the things happened in your life which you do not understand are part of this treasure.' Lirlit smiled. It was the first time in her life

that she had the feeling of having a father. And it was a good feeling, especially because he was so caring.

21. Her father told her a lot about the power of the wolf-skulls, that these were the objects by which the imperials maintained their control. The wolf-skulls could speak and could easily take over the minds. In one of the halls an old sorceror, a necromancer lived. Lirlit's father often went to him for advice, and this time he wanted to bring his daughter with him. They had to go to a higher place within the mountain. It was almost like a tower. It was even called the tower, or more : the Boa-Constrictor Tower. The wizard was glad to see them. He looked at Lirlit and blinked to her. Then he made a movement with his hand and asked them to follow him. On top of the tower they could have a survey as it was almost outside the mountain. It was a very high place, and from here they could see the whole empire. The wizard told them where the wolf-skulls were, and where the most powerfull wolf-skulls were, but Lirlit told them that she wasn't superstitious. She didn't believe in all that. She believed in using fantasy. And after a long talk with the wizard she got a bit pissed off. And she shouted : 'Okay, go on with your magic, your superstition full of fables to see how it will bring you down. I'm out of here. It's unbelievable that an old man like you never grew up, and it's even more unbelievable that my father searches for advice in you. Goodbye.' And then she ran away. She took some of the stones she had found and then she called for the eagle, who took her immediately to her home.

22. When she got home she remembered that she had a wolf-skull by herself for one time she slayed a wolf who had attacked her. She thought it would be a good present for her father and his wizard. She didn't want to have anything to do with such powers. She knew that to have part in any government would break you down and control your life. It was all superstition made by ghosts and spirits to dominate them all in secret. So she gave the skull to the eagle, and asked him to bring the skull to the mountain, to her father.

23. Her father was very glad with the present. And of course he wouldn't use it to make a new government. Her father didn't want to be a king again, also not as a sorceror. He would hide the wolf-skull deep in the snake-mountain so that no one could do harm with it anymore. It would be nothing more than a sovenir and a memory. Lirlit was very proud of him when she heard the story.

13.

Zebra-Mountain

1. Lirlit awoke by a hand taking her in grip very rude. She opened her eyes. Two leaders of her village stood in her room, commanding her to come with them to the old chief of the village. They took her very tight and went outside. 'What's going on ?' Lirlit asked. But none of them said something. When they got to the tent of the chief they pushed her inside. 'Hey, don't be so rude,' she said loud to them.

2. 'Go, sit down on my bed,' the chief said. He had a tall beard and was bald. Lirlit sat down, and then the chief started to tell. He clapped in his hands, and then a servant came inside the tent. He showed her all sorts of small things made by zebra-bones.

'I don't know what your point is,' Lirlit said to the chief. 'I didn't make those things. I didn't kill any of your zebra's. I always enjoy going to the zebra-reservate to feed them and to have friendship with them.'

3. But then the chief said : ‘They found the zebra-bone-figures in your home, so you must know more about it. I’m telling you again. Sixty-six of our zebra’s have been killed lately. They left their skins, but they took the bones away.’
4. But Lirlit became panicked and said : ‘I do not know these figures, and I would never kill such a zebra. Why would I do that ?’
5. But the chief wasn’t convinced and made the decision to lock her up. At the side of the village she had to live in a cage like an animal. Lirlit wondered how the figures would come in her house. She didn’t trust the leaders. She had troubles with them before, and she thought that this could be all an act of revenge.
6. Everyday the old chief came to her cage to talk to her. ‘Honestly, I am very disappointed in you. I thought you were such a good and skilled woman, but how wrong I was. You have taken the life of that which was most dear to me,’ he said. If someone would do any harm to his zebra’s, then he always said he would die. And the chief became very ill. He couldn’t eat nor sleep because of what happened to his zebra’s. It was for him a disgusting sight to see the figures made of zebra-bones. And after a few weeks he died.
7. Lirlit didn’t have any hope. Maybe they would kill her finally, or she would have to live in this cage forever. But one day another leader came to the cage. They had another chief now, and they had decided to ban her to a slave-island, where she would work the rest of her life.
8. Lirlit didn’t know if she had to be glad with that or not. She would find out. Soon after the decision she was planted on a ship, and after a few days she came on the island. It was a beautiful island, but she knew she had to work here. She came to live between criminals, murderers, assassins, witch-doctors, and other evil men and women. A lot of them she knew from the past. She never could get along with them, although a lot of them she only knew by face.
9. She had to do hard work, and she didn’t get enough time to sleep. It was like it was all slowly driving her crazy. She had the feeling she would lose her mind if she would live here any longer. It was hot here, and there was always a lot of noise here, even in the nights. One day she couldn’t take it anymore. She began screaming and talking deliriously. Everyone thought she had gone crazy, and that would mean she would be banned to an even worse island where the sick and crazy ones lived.
10. This would be hell for her, for there would be even more noise, and they said slavery would even be harder there. They dropped her on a ship again. The island was very dirty and a lot of them died by all sorts of diseases. She had to sleep with a hundred sick and crazy ones in one hall. There was too much noise to get sleep, and they had to wake up very early to work a whole day in a factory. Lirlit was scared of a lot of types here, for they didn’t have control over themselves. Everyday there were a lot of murders and other sorts of crimes.
11. However one of the leaders here got a passion and weak spot towards her. She always told him she was unguilty, and he believed her. But he said she could never return to her village, because the ones who had lost their minds could be a danger to the city. However, he was willing to let her escape. He only asked her to spend the night with him one time. But this she refused. She would escape at her own. But after months and months she found out there was no way to escape. She was always chained, and there was no way to get it loose.
12. So she went to the leader again, and talked with him about it, but he was like struck in his honour. He told her he had found another woman to let her escape in her place, so everything was

done now. But in a strange sense he felt compassion towards her. He decided to refuse her request to sleep with her for one night, but she would get her freedom.

13. Lirlit was grateful to him, but she hated her village now. She didn't have anything to do with the zebra-murders. And when she would show up again, they would ban her again. It was better for her to search for a new life somewhere else. She wanted to find out who murdered the zebra's. She didn't trust the leaders of her village. She thought that they had done it themselves because they wanted another chief. In her eyes it was nothing but a big conspiracy. So in the night she went to one of the leader's house. She broke in, and started to search throughout the house. Everyone was asleep, but she had to be careful. The house was full of zebra-bone-figures, and she thought that was strange. She went to the reservate and found out that there wasn't any zebra there anymore. Later she found out that after the chief died, and after she got banned to slave-island they killed all the other zebra's. They falsely spoke that this was the wish of the chief so that he wouldn't be without his zebra's in the afterlife.

14. But in the reservate there were more snakes than ever now, and some were white, and looked very strange. She had never seen such snakes before. It was like they were penetrating her mind. She got scared in a sense. And then she got the shock of her life, for in the distance they saw how such snakes attacked an ox and started to eat it. Were they the ones who also killed the zebra's ? Lirlit took her bow and an arrow to shoot one of the snakes. But then they came after her. Lirlit ran away, but they came after her. She took another arrow from her quiver and shot the second one. But then the others started to shriek in rage and in speed they jumped on her, almost reaching for her throat. They tried to strangle her, but she took a leg-knife and slayed them one by one. She got bitten horribly, and the poison was already reaching for her brains. It was like she was gliding into delirium. When she woke up a white small man with a tall white beard was staring at her. He had a very high voice, and he grasped her throat. She knew she was now fighting against a ghost also, fighting for her life.

15. 'What did you do to the zebra's ?' she asked, while she could hardly breath.

16. 'Don't you like the figures I made of their bones ?' the little white bearded man said.

17. 'No,' Lirlit roared, 'for it took me to slave-island.' The man started to laugh. Suddenly he was vomitting. The skin of a zebra came out of his mouth. 'Don't you like these skins ?' the little man asked. Lirlit tried to kick him, but she couldn't reach him. When she woke up the snakes were gone, but she was very sick now. It was already morning and she saw some of the village walking in zebra-skins. She was in rage now. She wanted to see the chief. The new chief was one of the younger leaders, but Lirlit told him what she had seen this night, about the white snakes eating an ox. And here they said that they had killed the zebra's themselves as it was the old chief's wish. She told the new chief about the condemnation that she would have killed zebra's, but the new chief said that it wouldn't matter anymore. It was now legal to kill zebra's, so whether she was guilty or not, it was an old law, changed after the death of the chief as that was his wish.

18. But Lirlit knew the old chief and that would never be his wish. 'Can you prove it to me that that was his wish ?' Lirlit asked. But the new chief couldn't.

19. Lirlit was shocked. She could now live in her village again without any problems, but now there was even a tradition of hunting zebra's to honour the old chief. It seemed that to wear zebra-skin was also a sign of honour to the old chief. But Lirlit thought that was disgusting. And she still wondered about the part of the white snakes in it. One night she broke in at the house of the new

chief. But the new chief was still awake, and she saw that he was whispering some words while reading in a book he slowly started to change into a white snake. Now Lirlit knew enough. And she was pretty sure that the new chief was the boss of all the white snakes. So she took her weapon, jumped towards the snake to slay it. It was already legal in her village to slay snakes, so she didn't have anything to fear. The next day she took the skin of the killed snake and went to the center of the village. She raised the skin-snake and spoke : 'Your chief has disappeared and will not return. He has been eaten by this snake, but I have killed it.' No one had heard about the disappearing of the chief, but soon they found it out, and they believed Lirlit. Because Lirlit was a hero now, she was allowed to make a wish. So she wished that the killing of zebra's would stop. The law had to be changed again at this point. And so it happened.

20. But in the mountains, there was still living a small white man, collecting zebra-bones to make figures of it. And one day he came to the village to give some of his figures to the children, who thought these were nice toys. Lirlit followed him to his place. He still had the need to take over the minds of the villagers to fulfill his evil plans. He had painted the bones in all kind of colours, and it wasn't easy to see that these were zebra-bones. Then Lirlit jumped forwards and a fight started. From all sides white snakes came to attack Lirlit, while the little man tried to get away. 'I warned you,' the little man laughed hysterically, 'I told you not to come here.' Lirlit saw he walked through a door to enter a room full of zebra's. It was like he was breeding them there. After Lirlit had slain all the snakes by her legknives she went inside the room. It was only a room leading to a huge hall, a zebra-breeding.

21. Behind it there was a strange toy-factory, all made of zebra-bones. Lirlit was almost vomiting. It had such a strange smell. In the distance she heard the little man laughing with a high voice. The voice got higher and higher. 'Haha,' he laughed in joy, 'how I control all the minds of these dumb villagers, giving them toys from birth on made of zebra-bones. They cannot use their own fantasy, as the toys will do that for them. Hahaha, how good I am. I'm smart, hey, I'm smart.' And then he started to talk to himself further. As quick as she could Lirlit tried to set the zebra's free, but they were tied by strange leather belts. Even her knife couldn't get through, and the little man was only laughing harder in the distance. 'I'm going to get you !' he shouted in full joy, almost like he was teasing her.

22. She knew that the only thing she could do now was following the little man to erase him first. She took an arrow, aimed, but couldn't see him. Then she saw him standing on a platform in front of a huge kettle. White steam was coming from the kettle. When she aimed again an iron arm was moving a wall before him. She started to walk around the wall by following some aluminium stairways. She could see the kettle again, while it was in some sort of liquid cocon, which looked like a fleece or transparent plastic. She saw ghosts coming forth from the kettle, rising, they looked like the souls of zebra's. The little man was laughing and shouting loud : 'Haha, you dumb souls will now be imprisoned in the toys forever, to be the guards of the childrens' minds, so that they can never really escape in their fantasies.' Lirlit aimed again, but another time an iron arm was moving another wall before the kettle. There was a stairway under the kettle-platform by which Lirlit could reach the other side of it. Quickly she aimed her arrow and shot into the head of the little man. The head started to spin like crazy, while the little man started to blast everything. He started to roar, while slime was coming through. Now an iron arm was moving towards Lirlit, and pushed her from the stairways. She got wounded, but she stood up again, but now the iron arm got her in it's grip. 'Hahaha,' the little man shouted, 'hahaha,' while he mocked her, 'Now you will be nothing but a

soul in the kettle, hahaha. To be locked up in a toy will be your new toy.' And then the iron arm moved her upstairs again and brought her above the kettle. 'Now wait a minute,' the little man said, 'I want to enjoy this sight for awhile.' The little man's head was still spinning, and Lirlit got the expression he couldn't see much of it. Quickly she took another arrow and shot it into the body of the little man. Now the little man fell from the platform. She was still hanging above the kettle, while strange white slimy fire was coming forth from it. It was boiling, and Lirlit thought she would die by the heat. 'Stop, stop !' she was screaming. But suddenly a lot of zebra-ghosts rose from the kettle and took her out of the grip of the iron arm.

23. Quickly she took the little man, who looked like a doll now. There was a light smile on his face. She stepped on the platform again, and threw the doll into the kettle. Suddenly there were explosions everywhere. The platform was moving away, and she looked right into a room where zebra's had been tied to stakes, and some even looked like trees. She took her knife to free them, but she couldn't get it done. Suddenly a lot of white snakes entered the room. They stood erected, very aggressive. And again Lirlit had to fight them. They bit her very horribly, and Lirlit felt very sick all of a sudden. This time there were so many snakes. What could she do ?

24. And suddenly the burning doll entered the room again. 'Hahaha,' it shrieked like it had drunk a lot. Quickly Lirlit took two of the iron arms who had broken away since the explosions, and by the arms she took the doll and pushed it to the strings by which the zebra's where bound. Immediately the strings burnt away, while in shocks the zebra's got free. But the head of the doll was moving wildly, so by one of the arms Lirlit smashed the head off. Now she could also help the other zebra's. But more and more things started to come into the fire. She tried to save as much zebra's as she could, also in the breeding, but then she had to go away, as there was too much fire. The zebra's were following her.

25. In the village everyone was very glad. Now they could have zebra's again in the reservate, and it would be like the old days.

14.

1. She thrones in Orion, where She has her bow. Together with hyenas she hunts. Her laws of predestination keep us bound.
2. In Orion She thrones. The enemy bleeds before Her. They had raised their man empire, but now their hands are cut.
3. Their arms are burning before Her, and she cuts their heart muscle.
4. Tonight is the night of hunt again, the red night.

15.

Coco

1. Coco was swimming in the river. She was washing herself, while crocodiles moved closer. They wouldn't harm her. They trusted her. In the white sand along the river some monkeys were playing. Coco felt at ease here. The jungle had always been her drug. She was raised by hyenas in the fields, and now she was here. She had her own hut. She smelled the fresh, intoxicating flowers in the river, while she took another dive. Crocodiles followed her. She wasn't scared of them. They were her friends. She stared at the tall flowers and trees at the other side of the river, and decided to swim to there. There were also some big snakes hanging in the trees. They were resting.

2. She licked the flowers there. They smelled so good. Then she lay down in the sand for awhile. The sun was shining on her body. She smeared herself in with some coconut milk. She also put it in her hair. Some big snake was sliding over her, but she didn't care. Then she fell asleep. She was up early the next morning. She started riding on a small elephant. Monkeys followed her also. She was the queen of animals.

3. Lions, panthers and tigers, they all loved her and listened to her voice. On a day a hyena came to her, very big, and a fight started. The hyena tried to kill her, but Coco took her knife and slayed the hyena. Once in a while there was a red night. These were certain nights in which Coco felt like she was losing her control. Then she just had to go to the fields, to hunt with the hyenas. The red nights were like the call of the hyenas on her life. Wherever she went, she never got rid of that. The red nights were usually longer than normal nights, much longer. Once in a red night Coco was like struck by lightening, and started to wander like hypnotized. In the distance she saw a castle totally made of bones. An old man came to her from the distance. He had a long white beard, and was half naked, dressed in some white wrappings. Coco felt like she was in fire. 'I have waited for you,' said the old man.

4. 'Who are you ?' asked Coco.

5. 'Come,' said the old man, 'I want to show you something in the castle.'

6. Coco walked together with him, still hypnotized.

7. He dressed her in some thick raw white fur which looked like wool. Inside of the huge castle there was a small lake. He went into the lake and asked her to swim with him. She had still her wrappings on. He had also given her savage boots of the same soft fur. They swam to the other side of the lake.

8. 'I have to tell you a secret,' he said with a wet beard and mustache. He was almost bald. His blue eyes were staring at her very intense. He took her hand, and helped her on the other side. They stood on the border of the lake now.

9. 'What is it ?' she asked. He sat down. She sat down also. He was still holding her hand. 'Now,' he said. He took her in his arms. 'I need you to help the children of Mitante.'

10. 'Who are they ?' Coco asked.

11. 'They live deep underground, far away from here,' said the old man. 'They are captives.'

12. 'Who is their captor ?' Coco asked.

13. The old man said nothing. He just gave her a key. 'Go to the gate of Frikit Sea. There on the beach somewhere is the shaft underground to the children of Mitante. I will reward you richly when you will bring them back to me.'

14. Coco said nothing. She just took the key and went on her way. It was a long travel to Frikit Sea,

which took a few days of walking. To her surprise she saw the old man again at the gate of Frikitea. 'I can tell you more now,' he said. 'The children of Mitante take fruits from the Totokmana-tree, which are tall, thin fruits almost like herbs, which empower females and weaken males. It's a sort of drug. When taken once, you have to take it your whole life, or you die.'

15. Fruits from the Welchter-tree could neutralize it. Coco had to go to the native tribe who guarded this tree. It was a very rare tree. It was not far away from the gate. They also guarded another tree, the Simrin-tree, which had fruits to empower the male and weaken the female. There was also a third tree they guarded, the Torg-tree, which had big white berries which empower the native woman, and weaken the white woman. When a white woman would eat such a berry, she would slowly turn into a white pig. The native women guarding these trees used these pigs to ride on. These pigs were also used for food. In the bones of these pigs jewels seemed to be stored. These jewels were used to make necklaces for the native women. They also guarded a fourth tree : the Krale-tree, whose fruits empowered boys, and weakened adult men.

16. And two burning trees formed her breasts, two burning skulls. She was in the flames, but it was just her breasts, the veil of fire. And her buttocks were two fruits between which the hunted got trapped. She was the land. And her sisters surrounded the machinery to watch the skulls and the cross, which had on its top a grilled chicken. And these faces were burning in the wind, these days of december. The children of Mitante will never be free.

17. Coco fell down. She had been struck. She became one of them. There was no hope anymore when she saw the tribe. Hypnotized she lay herself at their feet. She knew it was just a matter of time. Then the tribe would have possessed everything. She didn't care anymore. It was good like this. There was nothing she could do, and it didn't matter anymore. She was fine with it, for she had seen the mystery of time and eternity.

18. The hand of the old man was on her shoulder, but it was more and more burning away, fading, until she couldn't remember it anymore. She only remembered the hyenas with who she used to hunt. They had raised her, and they would stay in her memory forever and ever.

16.

1. She is the huntress throning in Orion, where she has wrapped herself in white fur like wool. She looks down on sinners. She thrones high above them, in a hut made of bones. She calls her children back to nature and traps them by grace.
2. She starves them, so that the world cannot enslave them. They run through the wilderness, free, but they are collared by starvation. They are marked by depression and fear. They cannot escape. She saved them forever in the perseverance of the saints.
3. She leads them to barren land, where they have to live by hunt. She will show them what the war is about. Every night is a red night, a night of hunt, until she leads them to the land of the night.
4. They follow her to her tent. Hunger is their shield. They see the rich turn into cattle. The hunt starts.
5. Rejection is their bow, depression their arrow.

6. Humans are always searching to satisfy their lusts. Pray for starvation as that is the only way to please Mother God.
7. Those who live to satisfy their lust will become cattle.
8. Pray for depression, so that you will not have fun with the world and come under the Judgement of Mother God.
9. Pray for fear, for it is impossible to please Mother God without fearing Her.
10. Pray for rejection, to be safe from pride.
11. Pray for weakness, to stay safe from slavery to the world.
12. Mother God wages war against the saints, to save them forever, in the perseverance. They are Her captives of salvation. She will teach them how to pray. They do not have to fear the enemy, for Mother God is their worst enemy.

17.

Hell's Bakery

1. In the realms of hell there was no slayer but Tamar the horrible. She had a bloodlust like no one else, and her breath was like pure fire.
2. She was the softest woman existing, but at the same time the hardest. By certain jewels called the dakuster-jewels she had enslaved so many to be her gladiators in the wars of hell.
3. These jewels were like chains surrounding their wrists and ankles, and these made them drunk, so that they wouldn't be blocked in fighting by the false spirits of shame and guilt, which had been sent out by the enemy to paralyze the warriors.
4. The jewels would also take away the fear which was another strategy of the enemy to hold the warriors down. Tamar's sword was abundant in slaughter, spoiling so much blood, as blood she wanted to see on the killing fields.
5. It was the blood which made her men drunk, and by that they could reach their dreams again, dreams which had been taken away by the enemy. Tamar taught her men that they shouldn't fear suffering, as suffering would make them drunk, and would change their visions.
6. She taught all her men to be ascets and to search for the treasures of hell. The most horrible beasts of hell were at her side, and she taught her men that everything existed by the paradox, and that something could only survive by the paradox of the extremes.
7. Only those who could be the meanest could be the most graceful, and only those who learnt how to be the most hatefull could handle the tools of eternal love. Only the extreme and eternal paradox could heal hearts, but could also break hearts like nothing else.
8. Tamar the Horrible was an enslaver of hearts to lead them to the eternal freedom. Her dakuster-jewels were notorious and feared, but also desired by many.
9. Many were waiting for her enlightening touch in hell, but she was very selective. Only the best would be a part of her army, and the rest would suffer under her bone-breaking hands.
10. Her initiations were most cruel, and not many could handle it.

- 11.The inhabitants of hell warnt each other not to approach her, only when they had considered the cost, or in hopeless situations when there was nothing to lose anymore.
- 12.She had the winds of hell as her chariot and she was searching for nothing but blood.
- 13.She taught that all life was in the blood, all knowledge and every stone of hell.
- 14.They said the seven winds of hell were seven wolves who had defeated the seven lions of hell.
- 15.Seven lionskulls were in the carriage of Tamar the Horrible, and these skulls had been covered by their own skins, while these skins had been covered by the skin of a zebra.
- 16.Tamar the Horrible knew how to live in domination.
- 17.She was the nightmare in the heads of so many, keeping them under the heavy weights of hell, her giant swines, her giant pigs and her giant lions.
- 18.Many begged to have a day off in hell, but she kept them all merciless under her heavy chains.
- 19.She built cities of their blood and bones to make her dreams come true, the dreams of the eternal paradox of the extreme.
- 20.She didn't listen to dreams of others or to prophets, as she was the rule herself.
- 21.She was like the temple of hell, or even it's arc.
- 22.There was no one who could more silence and shrieks but her.
- 23.She was the woman of twisted extremes.
- 24.Dark animals were always surrounding her chariot when she was hunting : the meanest panthers, and her mocking hyena's.
- 25.She had her domain in Persiot, in the East of Hell, but most of the time she lived in Grugdia, which was the South-West of hell, where the hottest and highest fires were existing.
- 26.Here she ruled over those of no hope, also taking their last hopes away.
- 27.Tamar was the doom of the huntingfields of hell, like hell's altar of eternal loss.
- 28.She was the one who had raised the hellgates of Tantalos high, which was the frontportal.
- 29.Deeper in hell there were places like Tartarus, Atlas and Prometheus, the place of evergrowing suffering.
- 30.None would easily enter her domains, as they would meet her invisible whips.
- 31.These whips would torture their minds in all forms, and would make them drunk to take their minds away so that they would become the subject for more suffering when they would wake up.
- 32.She would whip them into sleep only to let them slide in her traps.
- 33.She would chain them by strange jewels made of goatskulls having strange evil buttons like the marks of hell which would them make a subject to the eternal torture she inflicted on them.

34. She didn't believe in final destruction. She believed in everlasting damnation.
35. Damned souls would be subject to torture, and this would be without an end.
36. If there was any sleep or drunkenness, it would be to let them wake up in even worse suffering.
37. That was the goal of all her so-called mercy. She was the personification of Evil, of evergrowing, everlasting Evil.
38. Many brave men tried to destroy her heart throughout ages, but they could never find her heart.
39. The problem was they searched for it in the realms of hell, but her heart had been stored in a place called Evil, the core beyond Hell.
40. Here her heart had been stored behind strange glass made of the tormented eyes of the damned.
41. Everyone coming close to this glass had to pay by anger and inflictions of self-rejections to become more or less twisted spirits.
42. The glass would always lead them astray in mindwebs of confusion where they would lose all their grown-up behaviour to become children of evil.
43. For Tamar it was only a fragile, tender spiderian snack. They were so helpless in this killing womb, that it would only drive them further away from their goal.
44. She was the mistress of Evil, of all Evil, all heartless evil. She had a heart, but it was frozen, having a strange flame letting it all burn in a strange fire.
45. She was the world beyond hell, and anyone coming near could only fall away in paralysis.
46. All the dreams she gave led them to greater nightmares, to the eternal ones.
47. No one would ever awake again. It was a bottomless pit in which they would be eternal fuel for her heart.
48. Those who tried to get close to her got struck by a strange disease in which their minds melted away into demency.
49. Many went insane in their attempt to approach her, and thus she became the most dangerous instrument of hell, a strange merciless machine of evil, an evil beyond all sense and beyond all understanding.
50. It was by her cruel ways she let the spirits and souls of the damned clot until they were her tormented jewels of evil by which she ruled. The process of clotting took eternities.
51. There was no medicine against someone like Tamar, and this is why the rules of hell got tighter and tighter like a cruel unchangable law of evil.
52. It was like a heavy weight pulling them all down.
53. But one day a group of children found a young lion in the desert.
54. The lion had the hairy skin of a giant spider,

55.and it seemed the animal was carrying strange powers.
56.It led the children through the glass behind which the heart of Tamar was.
57.Tamar was upset that these children seemed to have found the key.
58.It was a strange biological key, this lion.
59.And it taught the children about an eternal sleep in which their hearts would be safe,
60.and in which suffering would fade away.
61.This was what the children needed as they suffered from insomnia by the curse of Tamar
dwelling in their heads.
62.It was like Tamar's eyes were always open,
63.and it seemed she suffered from insomnia too.
64.When Tamar saw the lion she felt some compassion,
65.and also a little boy seemed to have compassion with her.
66.'You can caress the animal,' the small boy said to her.
67.'It will heal you.'
68.When Tamar did she started to cry.
69.She could close her eyes,
70.and fall asleep.
71.That day the winds of eternal sleep and eternal drunkenness went through hell like winds to
make an end to so much suffering,
72.and to set free so many slaves.
73.Also the river of forgetfulness started to scream to bring healing.
74.Tamar slept for three days and when she woke up she was another person.
75.But after awhile she started to do the same things she always did.
76.It was like these things were too deep in her,
77.like they belonged to her and she belonged to them.
78.There was no one who could prevent her from going this road.
79.She had been touched by a dream only to call forth a greater nightmare,
80.pushing the flame away to inflict an eternity of icefields like the fields of glass.
81.It was like hell was freezing over this time,
82.triggering an even darker flame of evil,
83.a flame streaming from the deepest of her heart,
84.possessing them all.

85. She inflicted so many sour, salt and bitterness on them, so that they started to produce sweetness from deep inside to survive. She made living gingerbreads of them on which the birds of hell would float down. She became the bakerwoman of hell, raising man and women like cakes and tarts, like icecreams to be the fuel of her heart. There were many unknown predators she had to feed, coming from the depths of her heart.
86. There were living bakers in her heart, while she was the bakerwoman. These bakers were predators, different parts of her. One of her most evil and cruel creation she created by using these bakers was time. By time she could lock everything up, to control everything. She created time by tormenting the minds of her victims. By her whips she split their minds and actually in these splits the isolated parts got frozen by which time could rise. Time was an instrument she used to dominate hell. But she also needed time as a jewel for herself.
87. The pigs of hell were time-masters standing in her way. That was why deep in her realms of Evil she had temples where she sacrificed pigs. She had all kinds of ways to turn them into gingerbreads. No one was allowed to master and inflict time but her. But also numbers were objects in her hand which she could cause to rise in the minds of her victims by the invisible whips. The goats of hell were number-masters so she also hunted them. And the combinations between time and numbers caused language to grow, all to lead them further astray in their cages like bow-nets. The oxes of hell were language-masters. For a baker there was a lot to do. She was a mistress of illusion. She knew that time, numbers and letters were just strange diseases. She had her own jewels to let them rise.

18.

The Mark of Evil

1. Tamar woke up in her dungeon. It was a hard night where nightmares tortured her mind, and now she woke up to this black snake who held her in prison for such a long time. The arms of self-pity were almost strangling her, when she was there, chained to the wall, and her inner screams seemed to burn her from inside out.
2. 'Come on, black dove, not so sad,' the black snake whispered. 'I know this is what you want, for you gave it to so many, and what you give out is always your desire to get, isn't that so right ? Well, I have a surprise for you : It will only get worse.'
2. Tamar was cursing, as the black snake was tightening her chains. She almost couldn't feel her blood flow anymore. 'You know why I am here, black snake,' she blasted. 'I will find my way in this dungeon of yours, I will take your sword and slay you.'
3. 'Hey, not so fast,' the black snake said. 'I know you like this party.' Then from all sides strange animals came to bite her and eat from her flesh. There was nothing she could do, but she had asked for it in the evil night, in which she sold herself to get the power to rule the underworld. She wanted to rule hell, and it's world beyond called the place of Evil. She didn't know that the sword she asked for would lead her to such a place, but it was certainly the price she had to pay for bearing such a power. She now knew she would only have to defeat this black snake who had kidnapped her, and to take it's sword, so that she would come into balance again.
4. 'Oh, evil morning,' a witch was screaming in the distance. 'I wake up after a thousand years, and see what I get on my plate, brought to me by my faithful and lovely black snake. I once

killed my own raven for it to get such a precious being. Girl, I know you have the power to rule hell and all its places beyond. You are wearing the seal of delirium, and I will wait here until I have sifted all your powers out of your chest, as young women only deserve to die, and not bearing such forces. You have brought others down to get where you are now, but look and see you are in a dungeon, as that is the price of all your powers.'

5. She came closer to Tamar, and Tamar got pale. 'Oh, you're a beautiful black woman, caught by a black snake, my snake. Did you really think your trip would lead you to nowhere ? This is something. I am somebody, and I will show you in a few. I know exactly what to do to take your powers and how to destroy you. Don't worry, my child, don't worry.'
6. There was nothing Tamar could do. She knew she had to pay the price, and she was persisted to get the sword of the black snake, and maybe even the treasures of this old witch. This woman seemed to be the evil goddess of all elphants, and she held the treasure of all gravity in hell in her hand, a treasure by which she could cause doom and hopeless feelings everywhere.
7. Tamar prayed inside, something she only did when she had to. She didn't know how to deal with this situation. Her walls were sinking lower and lower in hell, even beyond the backgates, into a place called Evil. A raven was staring at her. She had never seen such a styled bird, and he was so big. 'Woman, I will have some mercy on you, as my master replaced me without mercy. I know this place like my own body, so I can guide you in it, and lead you to its backdoors.'
8. 'Offer accepted,' Tamar whispered. 'Get me out of here. This woman is insane.'
9. The raven smiled and looked at her with an undescrivable stare, while it moved its head. 'No worries, my dear. No worries.' By its beak he cut the chains of Tamar, and soon she was sitting on its back. He knew the way out of this dark place.
10. 'Wonder why this is going so easy,' the witch screamed. 'You both will have nothing to say anymore when your trip will end. Every escape here will lead you deeper into my ovens.'
11. 'We won't be a piece of your meat anymore, witch,' the raven shouted, while a fierce tall flame came out of its beak to devour the witch and her black snake. 'Where have you been, dear raven, and why such powers ?' the witch screamed.
12. The raven took the treasure of the eliphant in its beak, while sealed doors seemed to open up. 'Hell will swallow you deeper,' the black snake roared.
13. Tamar took the bird tight by its neck so that she wouldn't fall. She took notice that the bird wore a necklace around its neck to which a stone had been attached which looked like an eye. 'It's the eye of the raven, woman,' the raven spoke. 'It's an amulet given to me when I made my journey through the underworld, and it brought me back. They spoke to me about a woman I had to give it to. Now take it, it is yours.'
14. Tamar took the amulet and attached it around her neck. It brought her immense powers to see, which was merely the power to consume. It was like the invisible flame. 'These eyes are merely the transformers and creators of these worlds beyond hell, and they are the powerswords of the gladiators here,' the raven said.

15. 'Oh, I knew the eyes aren't to observe, but to dominate. It brings the mark of the slave,' Tamar said.
16. And by the eye of the raven Tamar raised her slaves and gladiators, for she was still in a war, an everlasting war. There were so many powers who wanted to possess her, and one would be even worse than the other. She knew she had to dominate her own skull, and she could only do that by dominating the skulls around her. In this the raven was her understanding friend.
17. It was in these ages Tamar could raise the invisible fire to its heights, and she loved this fire. She bore the eye of evil now, a strange song in the middle of her chest. The invisible fire was moving along the tight rules of this song, which always seemed to be the same. It was the song of freedom she bore in her heart, a song she could sing all day long, and in the nights she whispered it.
18. The raven and the song brought her to Hasor, one of the major cities in the place of Evil. Here the spirits were like blankets and clothes, and they all seemed to have their place in the citywalls. She loved this place as it resonated with her heart. The raven knew this place as the place of its rebirth. Here the raven could shapeshift into a man. It wasn't strange for Tamar to watch her friend being a man now. She knew about these things. Together they walked on a market in the depths of Hasor. There were many slave-markets here, cattle-markets, and most of all gladiator-markets and weapon-markets. They treated her like she was a queen now she had the eye of the raven around her neck. They feared her for they knew she was bearing the invisible fire. Ratun and Irank were two men selling wild hunterdogs on the market. These hunterdogs were white and hairy with strange diamondlike spots on their bodies. These spots were hard and looked like jewels. Ratun and Irank wanted to buy her amulet, but when Tamar turned them down they said she could take some of the dogs as a gift. Tamar got about twenty dogs, and she knew she could use them, as the raven had said to her she needed to go to the royal house to slay its king if she wanted to dominate Hasor. It was a must for her to dominate Hasor or she would never be the ruler of Evil.
19. She had never seen such mean dogs, such slayers, so she could use them very well. It was like many around her expected her to slay the king, so this gave her strength. They knew she had come here for a mission. The king ran outside the royal house when she came closer and closer and lay himself at her feet. 'Spare us,' he said. 'We know we have done things wrong, but we tried our best.'
20. But Tamar knew he was a hypocrite. 'It seems you only listen to one side of the story, but okay, I will have mercy on you, when you and yours will work in the depths of Hasor's underground. I will free your slaves who worked there, and I will place them in your positions.'
21. 'Whatever you say, woman,' the king said, 'but have mercy on our souls.'
22. With her dogs and the raven she went into the royal house, called the slaves from the underground and gave them the positions of the upper class. The king and his aristocrats had to descend into the underground of Hasor to do heavy slavework for the rest of their lives. It was the day Tamar raised a dogthrone in Hasor, and she chose one of the best slaves to be the new king. The same day Tamar went with the raven and the twenty dogs to Chesbon, another major city of the place of Evil. Here the same happened, and soon Tamar became the

new ruler of the place called Evil. These are her chronicles of her early days. The raven played a big part in settling her throne, and of course the mighty treasure of the eliphant. Tamar was a ruler like no other. She was the darkest, but she bore an unknown light. Here, in the depths of this place of Evil she would lay her heart, here she would give them all a different mark, a mark above all marks, the mark of evil.

19.

Army of Eagles

1. *'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'*
2. Tamar slayed herself a way through the stubborn Filistines to the desert throne of a ghost terrorizing the spheres of Evil for such a long time. He looked like a blanket, and Tamar could nothing but mock him, while she held her sword, the spiritslayer, against his throat. 'Do you wanna live, bastard ?' she said with an ironical tone. 'Do you wanna live ? Live in my sword forever.' And then she beheaded him while he slid into her sword for eternal slavery. He would be another spiritslayer living in her sword, only coming out on her command. It was good life for the ghosts in her sword. They had food in abundance and all the other pleasures of the place of evil. She cared for her ghosts like no one else did.
3. She slayed herself a path through the Amalekkites and the Moabites to do the same things to their ghostkings. She was the ruler of all evil, and they would all meet her sword, the spiritslayer, to live in it forever. It was another tale in a princess' headjewel of death. The princess loved to hear about how Tamar slayed the Hethites and what she did to their kings. But it was all a story. Since the princess died she listened to nothing but stories, as the reality was too much for her. She didn't care the stories were evil, as she didn't know the difference between good and evil anymore. She had been betrayed by her own family who called themselves good. If that was good, then what was evil ? It got her confused, and she found her way on the barbarian path.
4. But one day Tamar really came to her. The princess was shocked. She didn't know if she had to laugh or cry, to be scared or to be open. Tamar stood there almost naked with some belts across her body. 'Wanna go with me, woman ?' Tamar asked, and reached her hand out. 'You repress so much of yourself. Offer yourself to the eternal paradox of extremes and get alive in hell. It is not what you think. Your family you trusted and who were like heaven to you since you were young appeared to be messengers of hell when you figured them out. But now I will show you what hell really is.
5. The princess nodded. She took off her clothes to get some skins and belts to cover herself, and then she descended with Tamar into the depths of a vortex.
6. 'First we are going to get a sword for you, a spiritslayer,' Tamar said. 'Whoever you defeat will be a gladiator of your sword, a slave, but take care that you will treat them well. They will live in your sword in abundance, and they come out on your command.'
7. 'Will they be rich then ?' the princess asked.

8. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'very, very rich, you will bless them with all the goods of the place of evil.'
9. 'But I wish death and suffering on my enemies,' the princess said. 'I have a revengefull heart, like I want to pay them back, so don't you have another sword for me.'
10. 'No,' Tamar said. 'You must start with this one. You see, you can't be evil when you never learned how to be good.'
11. 'I will be good to the ones I love, my friends, and those in need, but not to those who did harm to me and others,' the princess said.
12. 'That's too easy, woman,' Tamar said. 'You must first learn to love your enemies, to bless them, to help them, to save them, or everything will be without any value.'
13. The princess bowed her head. This was too much to ask from her.
14. Then Tamar showed her a needle, and said : 'If you want to go to that place called Evil and to rule it all together with me, then you first need to go through the eye of the needle. When you don't get yourself through this hole, the needle will finally get you.'
15. The princess spat on the ground, took the needle and tried to break it, but she couldn't. And slowly the needle started to turn itself against her.
16. Tamar wasn't disappointed. She knew the royal ones, who weren't useful for anything. It wasn't the first one she saw spiralling away in captivity of the needle. This pin could only be handled when going through it's eye. It was the pin of evil bringing all those down who would be too good, too holy and too beautiful for the place of evil.
17. The stench of the place of Evil was unworthy in the eyes of those driven by perfumes. They always said horses smell bad, pigs too untasty, and dogs too wild. And thus Tamar was a savage on a lonely path, as even the savages were often too royal and too civilized.
18. One day she came in a fight against a Roman giant. It was such a horrible fight and it took such a long time that they had to make a compromise, and they became lovers. It was like this love was the price of war, and just a war undercover, and it didn't feel right. And thus it came to another fight one day, and she could finally slay him. Still she loved him, as the price of their encounter, and she visited him in the realms of death. It was here she could finally have some true sort of friendship. He begged her if she wanted to take him up to hell and the place of evil again, and she gave him the needle. Would he come through the eye of this needle, or would the needle bring him down ? He had a horrible fight against the pin of evil, in which she finally left him alone. The pin brought him to life in the good world, where he became king. It was there Tamar finally lost his love for him, and she got relieved, but she still felt the pain. It was like a red trace in her head, like a vein.
19. She also had such an experience with a Greek giant, and she knew that only in the depths of the place of evil she could heal. One day from the depths a new pin started to show up, sharper than ever and with the smallest eye. It was a fight for her to get herself through the eye, or the pin would drag her all the way down to the good world. And it would be a hard fall, for she was high on the rock now. Finally she survived, but the pin had wounded her very much. In the unknown depths of the place of Evil she saw more Roman and Greek giants, but this time she didn't dare to fight them, as she knew where it could lead to. These

giants could take their spines out of their backs to use them like swords. But when the pin returned to her, she knew that it would help her. She went to the giants, and gave them the pin. Not long after that they were all slain by the evil pin. Because she had overcome the pin she could mold it in her hand. Sometimes it was like a thin snake-jewel around her arm, or around her head, and it could also turn into a feather. She loved to wear it in her hair, as it made her dreadfull. She could come deeper and deeper in the depths of the place of Evil by it. It dragged her to the sources of the invisible blood from which she drank, while visible blood started to cover her body. By the invisible forces she could make things visible again, and it became the secret of her creative powers. Often she encountered groups of giants, which she gave the pin. No one seemed to survive the pin, but one day there was a giant called Ruben who could get through the eye of the pin. Ruben told her that he invented the pin and that he had sent it to her to take her to him. The giant told her that there were many of these sorts of pins, and that they had the mission to turn them into predators. Only the predators who could dominate the pins by getting through their eyes would survive. The rest would go down under to become the captives of the pins. The pins would lead them to the good world which was merely a breeding.

20. Ruben told Tamar also that one could only become a predator in the sources of the invisible forces, where the pins would lead the survivors to. 'Real giants know what it is to be small and even to be little dwarves. And those who are visible know what it is to be really invisible,' Ruben always said. And these were wise words to Tamar. Ruben told her also about his sons who were even bigger than him. All these giants could also take their spines out of their backs to use these as their swords. Pallu had the tallest and largest spine, and he even used it as a spear. Ruben told that he was really a pinmaster. One night Tamar had a lot of nightmares about the pins. She was exhausted when she awoke. She saw Ruben before her, who had taken his spine out, and he was putting it in his throat. 'You must master sleep,' he said to Tamar. 'You must take it out of your body and use it like your sword, and you must put it in your throat and then take it out again, like your spine.' Then he taught her how she could take her spine out of her back and use it just like him. He could also take certain bones out of his leg to use them like weapons. Ruben taught her that her body was pure armory. She needed to learn how to use it.
21. The night after she had nightmares again and this time she really had to wrestle against the pins. She first needed to accept their ways so that they would swallow her inside, as going through their eyes, and thus she could get them in her hands. Ruben taught her that sword and pins would first be her stakes, and later her weapons. She needed to accept suffering. She needed to be an ascet-warrior. It was not a simple way to victory. Ruben told her that she could only ride a beast after it had swallowed and digested her. This was like going through the eyes of the needle. And she discovered that some needles had many eyes, but when she finally got through, it would be the keys in her hand. It was all to open the Book of Evil, the book of so many locks. If she could set it's spirits free, it's invisible spirits, everything, yes, everything would get in line again.
22. These were rough nights, nights in which she thought she would lose everything, everything she had built herself on. Until she felt the soft and wet hairy walls of evil in her mind telling her all she needed to know. These were the pillars of a new world, the voices of the unknown finding their ways to the hearts where they could live forever. These voices were

the invisible, yet so vibrant, full of potential, full of direction bearing the program of creation, for in a flash they would be visible, like evil red marble, and in a flash they would live forever. She had found the jewels of evil below her feet, and she could stare through the eyes she went through. She was a rider of the beasts now, a yielder of the swords, as they first rode on her and pierced her deep by their teeth. She now understood this cruel paradox, like a flaming wheel in the night, why without this there wouldn't be any life in eternity.

23. And also these wheels of paradoxal understanding had to be broken, their flames to be taken away, to make room for the invisible fires leading her to the greater wheels. She found the perfect car of evil after all these nights, which was merely a slayer. There was nothing she could do about it. Only the slayer would bring life, while it tore the present realities apart. Only the slayer would bring her to the depths of potential to the awakening of mental explosions. She didn't want to live her life in jokes anymore. She wanted to open this Book of Evil, the world beyond everything. She wanted to take its mask off and read, read, until she would reach eternal life. Only the Slayer would be able to read this book, and she was willing to let it flow all through her, through all the barricades and blocks, through all the stones and dikes. She wanted to be the watcher on the walls, to bring all these walls down. She knew it would only happen under the weight of the opened Book of Evil. All these letters were the pins she had to deal with. It would swallow her first, and then she would rise in it, and ride it like a car. It was an arable land, not a battlefield, in which she had to sow herself and nestle herself.
24. In the depths of Evil she would finally find the meaning of all this and come to a rebirth. In this she was nothing but a grape under the feet of evil, waiting to be drunk and to come alive in somebody. First she needed to come into someone, and then she could be someone. The Feet of Evil rested heavy on her until she would be one with the invisible forces streaming through the land. It was a land she didn't know much about, but the giants were more than willing to tell her. They had waited for her for so long. Not in a womb was her place of rebirth this time, but there where the Feet of Evil would tread her. So many pins seemed to pierce her, but it would be the only way to open the Book of Evil deep inside her heart. As long as it would stay locked it would be a tyrant to her.
25. The pins stung deep in her brain, but she knew it was the only way. It opened her up to the invisible forces inside. Her body wanted to connect to her brains, but her brains were locked up. They had to break it open, and they used the pins for that. So many giants she met who were making the pins. And they could only do that because they first dominated them in their minds. They went through the smallest gates, through the longest journeys under the Feet of Evil. They had spent their time to figure it all out. They taught her how to be a pinmaker herself, and how these pins would serve her as her armor. She became a pinmaster, and soon they led her to a place called invisible jewel. Here many other women like her were, and they all had gracious manners. She didn't know such dignity could exist. This place was truly like an invisible jewel. But soon she came to the understanding that these women all had secret pins, and soon it turned out into a fight. There was nothing Tamar could do against those pins. These pins were decorated like the most beautiful ornaments from all sorts of jewels, and soon she gave up all hope and sunk into despair. It struck her like nothing else, but then she remembered the paradox of the pin. She first needed to go through the eye of it. 'If you want to sacrifice me, then sacrifice me,' Tamar spoke to the

women. They tied her, and brought her to a temple-like atmosphere below their realms, and it was like a garden. They tied her to a stake, and said : ‘We as women of the invisible jewel have all been initiated like this. If you want to be one of us : face the pins.’ And then they skinned her and ate from her like cannibals. Tamar was almost a skeleton now, but she remembered she could use all her bones like weapons. What was it she needed to do ? She knew she first had to be swallowed. A fire from above came to devour her, and she started to burn, while the fire stayed and became invisible. New skin started to grow on her, and she looked more and more like the women of the invisible jewel. ‘Are you my friends or my enemies ?’ Tamar asked.

26. ‘That’s what you decide,’ the women said. ‘But we know that it all works by the paradox. You can’t be our friend if you can’t be our enemy. But you must always be the best.’

27. ‘Well, I do my best,’ Tamar said. She seemed to get a high position now under the women, and soon she was their ruler. She was a pinmaster now, and a damned good one. She got an own horse now, and the women said that the horse was made of all the pins she had survived and defeated by going through their eyes.

28. But the more she stayed in this realm of the invisible jewel the more she discovered about it’s nature. She found out that these women could change into pins themselves. She saw how the women lured giants to their places, and whenever such a giant was in their private domains they would lock the doors and turned into pins to take whatever they wanted. They would even move across the borders of the place of evil, hell and even death to do such things, and they deceived many from the good world. They would also go across the borders of heaven to deceive angels and spirits, and those ghosts who called themselves ‘god’. To them it was a good hunt, so that they could build their spiritwalls. They wanted to build their own heavens, and they wanted to test anyone to see if they would be worthy to live with them.

29. To Tamar love was already a strange thing, a strange war, as it always seemed to show up where the fight became too painful or exhausting. War and love were like the tides of evil, in a very complicated way. Tamar didn’t want to play with these powers like the women of the invisible jewel did, but she wanted to open the Book of Love to know what it is all about, and what would be the rules. So this time it would be a war against the women themselves, and not just against their pins. They were pins themselves, and Tamar knew she had to get them there where they would be completely without weapons, without armory, so that they would show her how they were a weapon themselves. It was like they accepted from Tamar that she didn’t do the things they did, because she was their new ruler. It was quite normal to them that she was different, and they trusted her. They would be in her surroundings almost naked without any weapons as helpless lambs. Tamar finally used this situation, and one by one she got them shapeshifting into the pins they were. She could break them down to the bottom, as she could throw her threads through their eyes to bind them tight. It was by this she found out about the mysteries how to turn into a pin. Tamar became the pin of evil and dominated all other pins, until she broke them down to the bottom. She sacrificed these deceivers of love to open the book. But it wasn’t what Tamar expected. The Book of Love seemed to be merely a book of hunters, and it slowly brought her down. She didn’t know about the price of opening such a book, and she became a paranoid creature. It made her very small, as she found out it was nothing more but a bunch

of scorn. It got her so far that she wanted to destroy this Book of Love, before it would destroy her. By all its cruelty it was turning her into the worst predator existing, letting the shadows of fear fall on everything. She wished she would never have opened this book, but it was already too late. And she more and more became a prisoner of it. The words were possessing her, making her drunk, and its spirits filled her with an undescrivable hunger. It tore her apart, and turned her into the meanest pin to get what she wanted. Nothing mattered anymore but to quench this flame of hunger. It drove her wild and insane.

30. It was like the women of the invisible jewel were applauding in her head, like they were saying : 'You are now really one of us.' Of course : They had opened this book before, in the same way she did. There was no way back, as she slid in the deeper initiations of the place of the invisible jewels through this book. It was like the portal to its depth, a vortex sucking her deeper like never before. She got that paranoid stare in her eyes, full of self-deception and seduction, all to get it done. She needed to lead the sheep astray just to protect her heart against all those swindling forces, all those undercover wars. And if she would run away, it would only come closer, and there was nothing else she could be but to learn how to battle in the War of Love.
31. She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.
32. The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before. She saw someone hanging at a cross, while a large butterfly was flying around him. 'Who are you ?' Tamar asked. The man bowed his head and said : 'I'm the crucified one.' Tamar asked him if he needed any help. 'You have done this,' he said. 'You have crucified me, as I am the personification of the Book of Love. Open the book again to set me free.'
33. 'Never will I do that,' Tamar said, 'as if there is any evil, it is that. You have to live with it, as I'm not going to open it anymore. Do you know what suffering is ruling there within its papers. Love-slaves.'

34. 'You wanted to open the Book of Evil,' the man said. 'I am the first chapter, and you have defeated me, consumed me. Now read the second chapter, or the Book of Evil will turn itself against you.'
35. 'And who or what is the second chapter?' Tamar asked.
36. 'You will only see if you set me free,' the man said.
37. 'Oh no, I won't,' Tamar said persistent. Then the man and the book started to fall apart, and so many butterflies and other winged creatures became free. A smile fell on Tamar's face and a great peace filled her like honey. 'You have set us free,' a voice deep inside spoke to her. 'We will be grateful to you for eternity.' Tamar still wondered what the second part of the Book of Evil would be, and she asked it some insects who seemed to stay close with her. 'The Book of Love was merely the frontportal of the Book of Evil. Come closer, and we will let you see, and let you in,' a voice spoke. But Tamar became very afraid, as what could she expect? Another chapter leading her to destruction? She didn't want to be bound again like that. 'Through the eye of the needle, is that what you really want?' another voice asked her.
38. 'Who are you,' Tamar screamed. Then there was silence for awhile. A big butterfly started to show up before her with wings of fire. Tamar almost fainted. 'You need to run away, Tamar, as the pages will get you,' the butterfly said. Then it turned into another book, but Tamar couldn't read it. It was an unknown language. 'It will stay unknown,' the butterfly said, 'as I do not think you want to go through the eye of the needle.'
39. 'I have been through so many eyes of so many needles,' Tamar said. 'I'm like a needle myself now, like a high heeled boot, I'm the treader of evil. Through which eyes do you want me to go now?'
40. 'Ho, ho, don't get so irritated,' the butterfly said. 'Do you desire it, or you won't get anything to know about it.'
41. 'I desire it,' Tamar said, 'I'm hungry for it, and I'm begging for it.'
42. Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. 'Step into the water,' someone said. But there was no water. 'These are the invisible pins,' another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. 'How can I read an invisible book?' she asked.
43. 'Don't ask too much,' they said. She felt like she was in a bakery becoming gingerbread, and like an invisible sweetness was staring at her. It was smelling so sweet, and she could almost see the smell. 'Watch the smells,' someone said, 'as these are the rays of the heart. The good world believes in the visible, as they are hypocrites, but the evil world is a world of smell, a dogworld. Do you know that a dog can smell forty to hundred times better than a usual soul? His smell is so advanced that he can even hear it, see it and feel it. That is the power of the invisible. Do you want it?'

44. 'Oh yes,' Tamar said, 'I know these are the pins of smell, and it's breaking me down, to build me up again. If I can trigger my other senses by smell, then that will be good.'
45. 'It is the best part of the book,' the butterfly said. 'It will let you enter the world of feeling. It will make you drunk, and it will make you high, it makes you fly. You will be a feather girl, for if you will defeat the pins of smell, they will turn into feathers, and you know how to defeat them right ?'
46. 'Yes,' Tamar said, 'that is an old story. So you're making an indian of me, right ? Well, I'm already an indian, but I know what you mean.'
47. And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.
48. The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. 'Open the fourth part of the book ?' Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. 'Drown in me, woman,' it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. 'There is no fourth part,' the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. 'Tamar,' one of the birds said, 'the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.'
49. Suddenly Tamar woke up. She saw a chained book lying close to her. Clouds of delirium were surrounding it. She saw clouded arms grasping around them, and she suddenly jumped further away from the books, why she almost shrieked of paranoia. Never again would this book have a grip on her, never again. 'Go away,' she screamed. But it was like the arms now knew where she was, so slowly they started to move themselves and the book towards her like they were some sort of creeping and swimming on the sand. Suddenly she heard some shots. Behind her three gorillas stood. The book was sinking away in quicksand.
50. 'You are safe, my dear,' the gorillas said. 'You have come from a long journey through the book, and now you are here. We will never let you go. Protect yourself by all means, for everything around you is evil. The good is just a swindler, trying to chain your soul, and the best is just a hypocrite, a mask, for they are both nothing but the rogues of evil. Don't let

anyone fool you ever again. 'Then what are you ?' Tamar asked. 'Then you must be the rogues of evil too.'

51. 'We all are,' the gorillas said, 'but we have a license to be evil. That's the difference.'

52. 'From who did you get that license ?' Tamar asked.

53. 'From the Dog Throne,' the gorillas said.

54. 'Well, I just came from the Dog Throne,' Tamar said.

55. 'Oh, but then you are licensed as well,' the gorillas said.

56. 'I think you are but a strange company,' Tamar said. 'I guess everything works by the paradox. As long as it is torn it will be safe.'

57. 'The splinters will get you,' the gorillas said. 'There's nothing above being licensed, or you need to puzzle your way through.'

58. 'Well, damn those puzzles, I'll take the license then,' Tamar said.

59. The Dog Throne brought her closer to her goal, the ultimate domination, and this all by a license. She would never get this by puzzling her way through, for sometimes you just had to stop all the puzzling or it would lead you further astray. Sometimes you just had to fly on the wings of the unknown, trying to make the best of it by a sort of license, like a license to fly. But more and more Tamar started to hate the license. She wanted the adventure, the danger, for all the safety gave her the feeling she was locked up, and it bored her. She wanted to break away from this Dog Throne holding her heart, for the glass splinters seemed to find her way deeper and deeper. For a part she had to live with this, but sometimes she chose just to fly back to hell again, or even to death and the good world. There was so much to do there, and what about discovering heaven ? Heaven was to her the greatest conspiracy of all hypocrites together. Sometimes she wished to be a good old woman of the invisible jewel again, and she found out she still could be. And although the Dog Throne called her back many times she felt some good safety in that, some pleasure. It was thrilling her and exciting her in a sense. It was not like the early days. She felt a good chain in her back like a red rope pulling her back when it got too much or too dangerous. It was the paradox who gave her pleasure and made her feel good and safe, and she could never choose one side of the story anymore, as that would lead her to destruction. She was a jewel of many sides now, and still so invisible, sometimes showing up with so many flashes, bringing such powerful hooks to tear all their worlds apart, as she was a monster sent out to devour and re-create, by a license and a wild escape.

60. She more and more became like a dogthrone, the ultimate license, so savage and wild. It was almost eating her heart now. It was awakening the invisible fires in her, such strong fires to devour worlds. Her heart was like a volcano now, with invisible eruptions. It was her stairs to the heights of the place of Evil, where she could breathe and think, where her mind was nothing but an eruption of her heart. She loved to dwell on these eruptions, to ride them and to float on them, and most of all : to be invisible with them. That was not so difficult for her, as she often went to the good world just to throw the sands of pins into the big eyes. She was the spreader of scary dust making them all blind and letting them all fall asleep. She was in a war against these eyes now, as they never went through the eyes of the needle. They were

just bragging. So she thought it was time for them to have an encounter with the pins. These eyes had created all things, and they were like the agents of heaven. These big eyes of heaven she hated more than anything, but they couldn't escape the teeth of the dogthrone. There were an invisible world and an invisible sword waiting to break through, and through the big eyes of heaven they would do that. These big eyes were the swords of heaven, where all it's gladiators got their fire from. In cold rage Tamar got there to slay these eyes who were just in drunkenness and sleep because of the sands of pins. It was easy for her to slay them now in the armor of her own drunkenness. She was sleepdrunk now, and that was her protection against this machine. She called forth the invisible ice to quench the fires of these eyes, and lightening started to break these eyes down. But there were so many splinters now, like high shrieking predators of the wildest forms. It was breaking her head, as she had challenged the worst powers of nature. This wasn't evil anymore, and neither the worse. This was the worst thing which could happen to her. These were the powers who could laugh when they would see the forces of evil march. They would mock them, and scream at them, while the forces of evil would tremble before their thrones. This was the worst. And it was the worst strike in Tamar's head she ever had. It made her sick. She fell down, and she was in fear. Did she challenge eternity and all it's unknown almightiness ? She couldn't think straight anymore, like she had challenged a throne higher than her dogthrone, but nothing was less true. The dogthrone started to bark like all thunder combined, and struck heaven's throne of eyes in a flash. The eyes started to melt, and got confused, and angelic watchers started to fall down to get devoured in a flash. It was dinnertime for the dogthrone now, and Tamar felt her blood flowing again. Stench was now taking over, by the brightest lightening blinding them all. Stench was now like a sword in Tamar's hand, and she yielded it against the last flashes of heaven's throne of eyes. Suddenly there were eruptions in the throne, and lava came forward. One big eye came forward from the melted throne of eyes, and started to scream. Without any hesitation Tamar pierced the Sword of Stench through it.

61. Then many many small eyes seemed to come forward from the big eye. What then happened Tamar couldn't recall, but the dogthrone took complete possession. She woke up in the arms of a dogman. There was no heaven anymore, and even hell had been faded away because of the explosions. There was now only the place of evil, while the world of the dead and the world of the good were two candles in front of the dogthrone. The dogman caressed her and comforted her. 'It's over, Tamar, we have won,' he said.
62. Tamar slid away again in a big sleep. So many slaves of heaven and hell could escape with her now in this big sleep, as the dogthrone was taking possession more and more. It was a new drunkenness coming to the world of the death and the world of the good now, and the pins settled themselves in the eyes of these worlds like flashes. The dogman took his woman and carried her to a cave where he lay her down on a place of skins. Tamar was drunk now, as everything seemed to stream from the place of evil. She felt some hands on her which seemed to wake her up. She saw the women of the invisible jewel standing around her. The dogman was holding her hand. 'Now you are truely one of us,' one of the women said. She was bearing a strange shield with a face on it. She knew this face, but she couldn't remember. 'The one of heaven has fallen,' the woman said. 'It's face is frozen now, and it's eye pierced. He cannot harm us anymore.'

63. 'Does civilization have smell ?' another woman said. 'No, only the rose, and it will create our world. You have defeated it's thorns and the stings of it's bees.'
64. 'Smell has a much higher fire to consume than the eye, and it is an invisible fire to heal your heart. Nothing else can heal you like this,' a third woman said softly.
65. 'Smell has it's own eye,' a fourth woman said, almost whispering, 'it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don't hesitate to drink from it.' Then she laid her hand on Tamar's chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. 'This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it's finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.'
66. Then the women disappeared, leaving the shield with the face to Tamar. The dogman was still holding her hand. 'I cannot rise up now, as I am tired.' Tamar said.
67. 'Take rest,' the dogman said, and left also. The Eye of Smell was burning on her chest. It was a new form of sight, only by smell, and only registering smell, and triggering it. It was a higher fire, invisible, but producing flashes. It was like everything had been faded away. She felt like she was blind and deaf, like there were only sounds in the distance. It was the Dog Throne coming closer. When it came closer Tamar could see her own heart, and new joy started to spread itself around her. 'I can see, I can see,' she was almost shouting. Everything was brighter since the Eye of Smell had struck her, and the sounds were higher and lower, much softer, but louder, like she had been wrapped by it. But then everything was fading away again. Until the Eye of Smell struck again, and she felt like she was a rose, an evil rose, like she had eyes all around her.
68. She stood up, with a strange stare, rose her sword, and went out of the cave. There was a new sun like a giant nipple, like the Eye of Smell, and milk was floating down like a waterfall, like veils. It was like she could climb in these veils to come to it's sources. So many roses were growing around her, roses with feathers, and when they had been grown up, they flew away to the new sun in the sky. Also in those feathers were the eyes of smell. There was still an invisible fire streaming, and it seemed to stream from the roses also, making everything so bright. It was like everything had been touched by something. Tamar could see the arms of the invisible fire, like ghosts. Tamar remembered how the key of smell could open the world of feelings. And that was what she felt. It was like another sun came out of the sun and floated down to soar above the fields. It was the Eye of Feeling, spreading so much peace and rest, so much silence. Tamar tried to grasp it, and it fell on her, it pushed her down in the grass below her. It empowered her like nothing else. It was such a devouring fire that she could only see passion. It was like she could jump out of her body to throw her skin away, and to be renewed by fire. She was fire now, the fire of feeling. She could watch by feeling now, seeing feeling all around her, and triggering it. It was like the fields were all exploding, and so many small eyes spread themselves on her forming a new skin and armory. She was almost naked, dressed by some belts and skins. She had a hairy shield, and heavenly jewelry seemed to fall upon her. This evil paradise was her heaven now, and she would be it's princess. In drunkenness she crept to her Dog Throne, and lay herself on it,

while she almost fell asleep again. It was raining sunrays now, and she started to cry, no tears but sunrays.

69. The second sun was almost luring her to step into it, and that was which she finally did. It brought her to the other sun. There were flashes everywhere, and the sun started to speak. She gave birth to many children, who were all carrying the eye of smell and the eye of feeling like precious jewels. The children fell down from the suns into the veils, and rolled towards the fields below them, where the roses were waiting for them. Tamar sat on her Dog Throne, smiling from the sun, and she remembered that the feelings would bring the letters. They were rising from the fields to the sun like roses, and they finally reached her heart. She could read them, but most of all she could smell them and feel them.
70. It was in these days the Dog Throne started to fade away more and more, and she became a Dog Throne herself. She was the Angel of Wrath, a Dog Machine, after all these adventures she had. They had led her through all the cocoons, and now she had become them. She had striking wings now, yielding the winds of Evil like a new heaven. Here she throned as the princess of heaven, and here she was the throne, like the arc of evil who had possessed it. There were no wings like her wings, as she could strike like an army of eagles. She knew where she was coming from, and where she was going to. Whenever she spoke she almost blasted, and whenever she raised her voice she was almost barking. She was an army of dogs, and she knew where it was coming from. She had a history which couldn't be denied. She had fought for this license, and she had fought against it, but it had possessed her merciless.
71. If she could chose where she would set her feet on, she would set one foot on the world of the dead and one foot on the world of the good. And this was which she finally did. She was now the Angel standing Tall.
72. In a world of Feelings and Smell she dwelled, the place of Evil, where she had uncovered it's depths, and she had pushed her legs deep. She had so much invisible sweetness, and the women of the invisible jewel were proud of her. She was one of them, more than ever, as she had proved it. She worshipped the Eyes of Smell, and all those who carried it were welcome in her mighty kingdom. She let them dwell on the wings of heaven, and on it's clouds. She let them swim in the surroundings of it's islands, and she gave them the wealths of it's feelings. Also the Eye of Feeling she worshipped, like the womb of all Evil. It made those who carried these eyes so beautiful. She would paint the ones carrying these eyes by her colours of war, as there was still a mighty war. It was the war of evolution, a primeval scream.
73. One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.

74. 'Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can't move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It's coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren't we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?'

20.

1. Your wounds contain poison to paralyze the enemy. Come to the arsenal of Mother God. She is the jungle.
2. Let Her show you how to win the eternal battle. First you must lose the battle from Her.
3. If you are not Her captive, you will never win.
4. Be glad when She has struck you down, for it is to raise you in a higher battle.
5. She will teach you to pray, fight and hunt.
6. Her loin cloth is for priesthood. It represents Her pillars. The Pillar of Knowledge is close to the Pillar of Children. Vur is hunting in the night, to take the children to knowledge.
7. Vur takes the children in the night, and leads them through the wilderness.
8. Vur is here. Mother has sent her, to initiate.
9. She drags them to the temple, for the eternal battle.
10. Yes, she drags them to the arena, to find the fruit.
11. The fruit makes them hunt.

21.

1. Vur shows them the fruits of eternal life. She shows them the fruit and the milk of the eternal hunt.
2. Vur leads them to the Pillar of Longsuffering. Close to it are the milk falls, where the Pillar of Emptiness is.
3. Here the white beast of hyperactivity was caught.
4. Talkativity is a sin. Only those who have found the Pillar of Emptiness will find Vur.
5. Here Vur will reveal herself.
6. She will drown you in the pools of milk, to find emptiness.
7. Her heaven is behind the Pillar of Emptiness, the devouring beast. She thrones in Ham.
8. No one can enter except those who have been devoured by her beast. She guards the Pillar of the Children.
9. And all children will be led to the Pillar of Longsuffering.
10. Here they receive the Holy Tear.

22.

1. They are washed in the milk of Mother God and the blood of the enemy.

2. To Her pillars they are bound.

The Book Of Wrath

1.

1. She is the red sun turning black. She is the Mother God, She reigns. She sits high in her temple, on the mountain of Sharak in Turio. In Lobo she has her ships of war and hunt.
2. She brings her enemies down and nails them at stakes. She is the Mother God.
3. High on her mountain she thrones. She sits in Tarak, and counts the fallen soldiers. On beasts she rides.
4. She brings her enemies down and buries them. On their blood she builds a new empire. Even the righteous she strikes down, for they have all sinned.
5. She burdens them with guilt. And there is no one taking their guilt away.
6. They deserve everlasting damnation in which She leads them to Her honey. Yes, everlasting damnation is one of her graces.
7. Those who do not have it will die, and they will be forgotten.
8. She initiates her disciples in Hell. Her prophets will not be spared. Her priests are tormented by Her. She is a God of Wrath.
9. They will flee to Her daughter, but Her daughter is Wrath too.
10. They torment the saints, taking their hopes away, until they are totally dependent on the Mother God.
11. When they speak they have Her Words on their lips. She is a volcano in her power, and her caves are many. She comes to the surface to slay. She fights the male tribes and their gods. She mocks them. A God of War she is. In Her great Wrath she brought forth children.
12. She didn't spare any of them. She raised them for war. Like a stone she throws the father god into the sea. Can the heads of her children be delivered from him ? She pierces him by spears, and turns him into an ox. His sons she turns into pigs. Yes, her arrows are pure poison.
13. She brings them down at young age. Her children don't say anything.
14. She captures the children of the father god, to save them out of his hands. She paints them for war.

2.

The Lost Women of Tergate

1. As Golem entered the fields he found after a long trip through the wilderness, he saw women riding on horses in the distance.
2. It looked like they were hunting or something, but Golem wasn't sure.
3. The women of this land were strange, not like other women Golem met in other districts.
4. They were still in the distance, but Golem could already see that they were different.
5. He took his bow and an arrow, while some of the women had already taken notice of him, and came closer.
6. One stepped from her horse and decided to walk towards him.
7. The woman didn't talk, and she looked like she was far away in herself.
8. In the distance some women were screaming.
9. They had caught a young deer, and tried to kill it.
10. Golem aimed his arrow at one of the women and shot her from her horse.
11. The other women started to get in rage towards Golem, but Golem just didn't like to watch hunters.
12. Suddenly strong arms took him from behind, and pushed him to the ground.
13. Another one kicked him a few times hard in the head, and soon Golem lost consciousness.
14. When he woke up, he had been tied to a stake.
15. A few dark eyes watched him tight, and then she spat him in the face.
16. She was rubbing with her hand over his body, and then she put some mud on his body.
17. Another woman laid a knife against his throat.
18. The young deer lay somewhere close to him, bleeding to death.
19. Some of the women drank from it's blood and had red mouths and faces by it.
20. Golem spat one of them in the face while she came close to him.
21. These women were lost, and probably damned by the usual life.
22. Who were they, and why were they living here like this. Had they been banned ?
23. An old woman came close to Golem. She was mocking him, and raising her hands making strange movements. 'You will die tonight, captive,' she said.
24. 'What if I will kill you all and burn your strange camp ?' Golem said as an option.
25. Then the old woman spat in his face, and left.
26. After that she came back with a knife, and soon Golem was bleeding all over.
27. Then suddenly a group of women came home from a hunt.
28. They had caught a bison, and soon they started to slay the bison for it's meat and skin.
29. After awhile they forced Golem to eat from the meat.

30. Golem didn't want to eat, but then they hit him so hard on the head that he got dizzy, and in delirium he started to eat.
31. The women made a lot of noise, but Golem was far gone, he almost didn't hear them anymore.
32. One woman stood before him, and smeared bison-blood on him, while she also smeared it on herself.
33. Golem didn't know what kind of games they were playing, but he assumed that this was their tradition.
34. When it was evening they started to dance around his stake, raising their knives, axes and tomahawks.
35. Never before Golem heard such shrieks and yelling.
36. The moon appeared, and some of the women were bowing.
37. Golem had headaches.
38. Suddenly he heard a few shots, and some women close to him fell down.
39. A hunter with a beard came forward.
40. Weeping and screaming the other women ran away into the bushes.
41. The hunter untied Golem.
42. He told Golem that he lived close to the women-camp to keep an eye on them.
43. They feared him, thinking he is a sort of god, because of his gun.
44. They used to call him the thunderman. The hunter took Golem to his home, and said he was lucky, as the women wouldn't have any mercy to him.
45. Golem asked the man why they couldn't root them out, as they were dangerous in his eyes.
46. But the hunter said that the women were sick.
47. They had been banned out of their tribes because of mental diseases, and they formed their own tribe.
48. They are bitter towards all living beings because of what their tribes did to them.
49. Most of the time they first had to live in rejection, mocked by others day in day out.
50. Even when they wouldn't be mentally disturbed in the beginning, they would become it later because of the scorn.
51. Now most of them had to suffer times of abuse before they finally got banned, and that's why they are full of hate now, and very bloodthirsty and full of cruel tricks.
52. Usually no one survives falling in the hands of these lost women.
53. Golem could still feel the hate breath in his neck.
54. He wished he could help the women.
55. But the hunter told him to give it up.

56. These women had been wounded too deep.

57. They would never change.

58. All they wanted was revenge, to destroy all life around them.

59. One night Golem returned to the camp. He crept in one of the tents where a woman slept. He crept under the skin she was sleeping under and began to warm her. The woman embraced him, and whispered : 'Who are you ?'

60. 'That doesn't matter,' Golem whispered, 'I just want you to know that you aren't rejected by me.'

61. But suddenly the woman kicked him away from her very hard.

62. Golem became dizzy by the strike.

63. It wasn't such a good idea to help the women like this.

64. The woman started to scream, and Golem had to leave the camp very quickly or they would hunt him down.

65. The day after he told the hunter what he had done.

66. The hunter rebuked him, and warned him that if he would do something like that again, it would be his death.

67. But the next night he went to the camp again, and now he went into another tent.

68. There were two women lying there, and again he crept under the skin they were sleeping under, but this time he didn't do anything.

69. He just had to take care that he wouldn't fall asleep.

70. Suddenly he felt an arm of one of the women.

71. The arm was very warm, and Golem enjoyed it, but at the same time he became afraid.

72. After awhile the woman took her arm back, and Golem could breathe again.

73. Slowly he went out of the tent, and left the camp.

74. The night after he went again, and this time he took also another tent.

75. Here many women were sleeping. It was a bigger tent than the others.

76. He could feel the atmosphere of hate threatening in this tent, although they didn't know he was in.

77. He lay down between two women and soon they were rolling over to him.

78. It was like they felt the warmth, but they didn't know he was an intruder.

79. Golem knew he was in a dangerous position.

80. He felt their legs sliding over his legs, and their heads moved closer to his head.

81. Suddenly one of the women laid her head on his chest.

82. Golem's heart was beating fast.

83. After awhile the women rolled over to the other side, and slowly Golem crept out of the tent, to finally leave the camp again.
84. It was like they were getting used to his warmth and energy like this, but if they knew he wasn't one of them, they would probably kill him by their cruel ways.
85. The hunter explained about the rituals of these women, which was a long tradition helping them to deal with their past.
86. It was very cruel, but they didn't have another way to survive their trauma's.
87. The hunter told him that he could never become friends with them, as they hated others and themselves too much to enjoy something like that.
88. Golem knew that he could only come close to these women to let them enjoy his warmth when they were asleep, when they wouldn't be aware that he wasn't one of them.

3.

1. When we watch the Eurydicean paths into the underworld, all caused by a snake-bite, by a snake as her abductor, we can also see the parallels, the echoes, of it back in other cultures.
2. The things which happened to Eurydice, that she was taken away from her lover, that she was kept hidden in the underworld, made her more or less the Goddess of the Underworld, under Hecate, who can be seen as Her mother, the goddess of darkness, witches and sorcery, the Great Greek Goddess of Death.
3. Both are linked to Persephone and Proserpina (Roman Goddess of the Underworld). It is all to illustrate and illuminate the mechanism of Hell and Death.
4. These two powers are not just negative and evil. They should be put in their right frame. Even when we watch the christian greek roottexts of the Bible (the apocalypse, Revelation) the word for sulphur of hell, of the lake of fire, was not just for punishment, but also for healing. It had medical qualities, so even those who were in christian viewpoint 'doomed to hell' had a witness and advocate in the Greek Roottext of this damnation, meaning they would be healed.
5. This led to the more fair viewpoint that hell could be seen as a purgatory, a period to reach purity.
6. When we prick through the levels of orthodoxy we come to deeper truths, which might change our viewpoints again, or just refining it, as still all religious material is very useful, when you know the right code of it.
7. It is like a nuclear soul energy having much potential to lead you through, and the magic is in the combination with it's parallels, where we can find the keys of explanation.
8. In Iroquois myth we see Eurydice back as Onatha, the goddess of fertility and harvest, who was abducted to the Iroquois underworld, Hahgweh, by Hahgwehdaetgah, a demon god, who would live on the bottom of the abyss (underworld).
9. Onatha was the daughter of the earth goddess, Eithinoha.

10. In Aztec myth we see Eurydice back as Xochiquetzal, who was abducted to the underworld by the serpent god Tezcatlipoca.
11. It made them more or less goddesses of the underworld.
12. In Jewish myth we see Adam and Eve getting abducted to the underworld, the lower earth, by eating from a demonic fruit.
13. In Aztec myth this happened to Xochiquetzal, who took blossom from the sacred tree, a flower, and was taken to the underworld by Tezcatlipoca.
14. We do not have to watch this in negative frame, but in gnostic frame as a christic potential as these are the stages fertility goes through.
15. We are talking about universal harvest principles here, how things are organized, how they are working in nature and in and throughout the spirit worlds.
16. We have been shown the cycles of eternal life, but in this we need to find the center of it all.
17. Adam and Eve went through a lot of condemnation, as the scribes of the Jews often put them down as sinners, who had eaten from something which supposed to be forbidden.
18. Adam and Eve became a symbol of regret and guilt to parts of the Jewish community.
19. Anyway, in many ways we can compare them with Orpheus and Eurydice.
20. Behind the abductions there were gods of the underworld, and goddesses, having their own laws, often deeper and unknown.
21. Hades is the Greek god of the underworld, Pluto the roman form, connected to Februus and Orcus.
22. The Hopi indians know Maasaw as their god of the underworld, holding the tablets of law, and gifted with many christic characteristics.
23. There is also links to Moses, the guide through the wilderness, as a symbol of the underworld.
24. In Navaho myth the female substance has been subscribed as a black cloud,
25. representing darkness and the underworld,
26. and the male substance has been subscribed as a white cloud representing life and dawn.
27. The underworld is the holder of all knowledge,
28. and is the principle of fertility.
29. That is what the woman is,
30. bringing forth the man.
31. So all the present day male gods have been derived from deeper primeval and even pre-earthian and pre-paradisian female gods.
32. Maasaw can be seen as derived from the Aztec goddess of the underworld, Xochiquetzal.
33. Even when we see Adam as a deeper,

34.more perfect Christ,
35.because of his depth in dualism,
36.playing both parts of the game,
37.he still has to bow down to the Mother Goddess behind it all,
38.his lover,
39.his source,
40.and at the same time his potential enemy.
41.She has played the part of being his weapon,
42.but she also tempted him,
43.and co-assisted in leading him to the underworld,
44.which some described as his fall,
45.and even the fall of mankind.
46.Xochiquetzal was the mother of Quetzalquatl,
47.the Aztec Christ,
48.the feathered serpent,
49.who would return at the end of times.
50.She was also his lover at one point.
51.In gnostic writings we see not only Mary as the mother of Christ,
52.but also as his lover,
53.in the form of Mary of Magdalen.
54.Apparently in the underworld there are different sorts of laws,
55.and gnostics usually reflect on them.
56.There were the man is the enlightening principle,
57.the woman is the endarkening principle,
58.also taking a lot of knowledge away,
59.in order to bring new knowledge.
60.She is the transformer,
61.and she can be seen as the positive element of hell,
62.as a transformator.
63.The female should be seen as a dark riddle,
64.a cryptic substance,
65.and as essential for the man to return to his source and to gain eternal life.

66. In the upper world the male might rule as in an illusion,
67. but in the underworld it is the female who definitely rules as the Great Goddess.
68. And based on Navaho myth it is for the woman important to return back to her black cloud.
69. The fall to the underworld is an important returning theme.
70. We see this in the myth of Adam and Eve,
71. and even in the myth of Christ.
72. The difference between Christ and Adam was that for Adam there was no simple resurrection plan.
73. He had to stay in the underworld,
74. the lower earth.
75. From this viewpoint one can view the often bloody Old Testament of Jewish myth as a book about the underworld and not necessarily as a historic book or a book about material life.
76. Often the stories were derived from earlier cultures,
77. and these writings literally had to do with myth and the underworld.
78. From Iroquois perspective Adam and Eve entered Hahgweh,
79. the underworld where overwhelming fear, guilt, regret, despair and failure ruled,
80. because the demon god (Datga, Hahgwehdaetgah) had called them.
81. Onatha was in that sense their Eve,
82. and became more or less the Queen of the Underworld.
83. In this sense Christ has also visited this world,
84. but Adam stayed much longer,
85. together with Eve.
86. Further on David can be seen as a wargod defeating the enemies in the underworld,
87. and same counts for Moses.
88. They all have their native american parallels and sources where they have been derived from.
89. In Aztec myth the underworld was the womb of Xochiquetzal,
90. where Coatlique,
91. the Aztec Mother Earth,
92. devoured everything which lived.
93. It was a drawing, calling force,
94. like the voice of Hecate,
95. for initiation in hell,

96.the original primeval place of transformation.
97.Hell-fire is in the Greek Roottexts the same fire as the fire of the Holy Spirit,
98.and hell is a tool in Her hands to purify the saints.
99.It is something we all have to go through,
100.and in Ancient European myth Hell was the guide of the dead,
101.together with her dog.
102.This is why we have to search for mother Hell,
103.In that sense also the good go to hell,
104.to become even better,
105.and it is their reward,
106.so it should be viewed as an even more important and more beautiful place than heaven.
107.For Adam it was a reward when he slided into hell,
108.although it was entitled as his damnation.
109.It was an honor for him to enter Hahgweh,
110.the place beyond paradise,
111.although he sunk down in regret, guilt, and failure.
112.He had to cover himself as he felt ashamed,
113.and partly a miserable life was waiting for him,
114.but this was for his initiation in the deeper laws of existance,
115.the hidden ones.
116.This is why the aztecs worship the gods of duality,
117.and there is a world beyond myth.
118.It only has meaning as cryptic art,
119.as soul technology.
120.A woman became the cause of his fall,
121.in order to bow down for his source again,
122.which was not a man,
123.but a woman.
124.It is not fair to the spiritual world to just stick to the code and language,
125.the mythic etiquette,
126.of a certain world order,
127.of a certain government which took the victory once.

128.If we want to play the game fair,
129.we will have to go beyond it,
130.and find the path of syncretism and origins,
131.and in this finding the transcendental gnosis (hidden and higher knowledge beyond all things).
132.The greeks used also the word 'daimon' or 'daemon' for knowledge,
133.and demons were to them the personification of the gnosis,
134.as in intelligent,
135.divine beings.
136.The Old Testament of the Jews is a different mythic world than the later New Testament,
137.added by the Roman Catholics.
138.The Jews often do not recognize the New Testament because of the many differences,
139.so these are two worlds on their own.
140.In the Old Testament Lucifer,
141.the morning star,
142.has been thrown out of the Jewish heavens,
143.because of breaking Jewish law.
144.In the New Testament Iesous (Jesus),
145.also called the morning star,
146.falls out of heaven,
147.and comes in his crucifixion period under the Wrath of God,
148.as in a rejection by Jewish law,
149.both on earth and in the heavens.
150.This is why in depth Iesous is Lucifer,
151.and in the New Testamentic Texts it is also written that at one point Iesous turns into Satan and becomes Sin,
152.and by this he gains the victory which results in his resurrection,
153.and his acceptance by Roman Catholic law,
154.which is a form of neo-hebrewism,
155.having it's power by many pagan items put together,
156.by which the roman empire became big (semi-syncretism).
157.All this is saying that there has to be a fall,

158. there has to be a syncretism of some sort,
159. in order to resurrect and become the saviour of many.
160. Again we see the importance of the depths of dualism.
161. In Aztec Myth Tezcatlipoca can be compared with Lucifer.
162. Even more important in this context is the story of Adam and Eve,
163. as now this fall gets female qualities,
164. in order to bring us back to the Mother God,
165. the source of all fertility.
166. As we have seen she can be found in the underworld.
167. In the pre-paradisian Naka myths about the lower underworlds it is often about the Great Goddess of Hunt,
168. and her attributes are fear, guilt, scorn, strife, despair, hunger, failure, lies, regret and remorse.
169. In this she is the trickster goddess.
170. But this is nothing but the security for her kingdom as in the cryptic complexity of all things.
171. It is devoted to secure a tight path of initiations into Her existence.
172. In our descension we will find that in the higher underworlds it is much about snakes,
173. and in the lower underworld,
174. where the Great Mother thrones,
175. it is more about hyenas.
176. There are many rituals to get from snake energy to hyena energy.
177. The serpent is a mighty veil in the underworld where every shaman has to go through in order to awaken his deeper powers.
178. The mark of the great mother can only be received in great fear,
179. as fear is a mighty guide for the shaman to get into the deeper frequencies of the underworld.
180. Fear can also be seen as one of the legs of the divine (demon) hyena.
181. Fear is a hormonal drug to cause visions, and is a sense of security.
182. The other legs are guilt, remorse and sin.
183. This is all to keep the duality alive, the art, which is the energy of eternity.
184. You have to be in the claws of something to preserve yourself,
185. to be transformed and to reach a strength to reach eternity.

186. In this sense hell is the only path to eternity.

187. The heart of the hyena is hunger, and its mouth is strife. Strife is also the root-meaning of the word daimon, as in 'divider', which is an essential force in organizing and analyzing, so in a sense a demon is a hyena's mouth. The neck or spine of the hyena is scorn, which is also an important christic element, as scorn is to expand syncretism. In this the parts of the hyena form the pillars of hell. Shamans who attempt to enter hell can get headaches because of these pressures, but they should understand that these headaches are actually tuning them into the frequencies of hell.

188. In the rituals, art, of becoming clean, it is very important to become 'unclean' first, all for the sake of syncretism. Uncleanliness was necessary to get rid of false gods, as in false cleaning systems, and it was important to plug into other frequencies, to get into contact with beings from another plane, as a form of getting information. In Aztec myth this duality was manifested through Tlazolteotl, who was a Justice Goddess who not only forgave sin, but also inspired sin. It is therefore of undescrivable importance also to become 'guilty' in our process of initiation. Tlazolteotl is the mother of Xochiquetzal.

189. There are several veils of guilt shamans and gnostics have to go through in order to reach places. This is standard, none of them can really escape from that, as it is a natural initiation process provided by the several goddesses of fertility. In this Tlazolteotl is not only the temptator and seducer to sin, but also the transformer and digester of sin, and is therefore an important trickster of law. She has complex ways to deal with sin, and even to give it a place in creation as a veil of security in her place. She is the goddess of sin and filth, but also the washer and the eater of it. In this she works together with her daughter.

190. She is holding a broom and a snake, the symbols of transformation, and in this sense also referring to Moses. She is this gigantic machine of the transformation of sin, by complex divine law of hunt and trickery, as she has her own ways to do this. In the Aztec month Ochpanitztl she is celebrated as the Sweeper of the Roads, as a doorway in the underworld, which also refers to Moses. Moses, like her, held a snake, which was the symbol of the divine, and under this sign he led his tribe through the wilderness, and established law. Ochpanitztl was the announcer of the war season, and war was on one line with birth-giving. Tlazolteotl was also known for preparing warriors for battle in the underworld, where also war-captives were sacrificed to her. In her role as war-goddess and as the One with the Two Faces she can also be compared with David, the hebrew war-king, who was both a saint and a sinner, and by others regarded as a god.

191. Hercules had to serve Mycene in the twelve labors, as a slave to receive punishment for his sins. One of these tasks was that he had to steal the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides. It shows another side of the myth of the garden of Eden. The apples could bring eternity, but also strife, as in a descending to the underworld. It worked the same as the hebrew tree of knowledge. For this Hercules had to approach the guard of this garden, which was Atlas, who carried the earth and the heavens on his shoulders, and also the underworlds. Hercules had to take over this job from Atlas in order to get the golden apples, as then Atlas would get them for him. By this Hercules got full possession of the apples. In the root texts of the hebrew creation story it is not just a tree, but a box, which can be compared with the

box of Pandora, when opened it brought hell (transformation). The curse came free, but 'curse' is not necessarily negative, as also the god of war, Ares, means 'curse'.

192. It is a tool of clearing, security, and a faithful guide on the way, when used carefully and thoughtful, as a medicine. It is a given fact in life that venom, another meaning of the name Ares (ara), when used properly, it is to save lives. The root texts of the Hebrew creation story showed that the tree of knowledge made of the first man a servant of the ground (Mother Earth), comparing it with a marriage. Even the garden of Eden itself, where life began, the word 'gan' means in depth a defended, fenced garden of a bride, protecting the source of fertility. The first man calls his wife there Chavvah, Mother of Beasts, Mother of Hunger and Mother of Lust, which is the drive of healthy, natural fertility, untamed and savage. The first man or tribe was described as the captive of a natural dirt, aphar, which also means swamp, as a captive of Tlazolteotl, the goddess of filth and justice. The act of taking is in the root texts also described as a marriage and as a capture, that is why the parallel story in the myth of Hercules is so important. A war act is taking place, the god of Ares gets released, and then the Hebrew root texts show that the tribes realize that they are naked, as in a lack of armory, and they start making the armory. Actually Adam is struck by fear and the act of hiding, chaba, also means 'becoming hard'.

193. In Greek Myth the Gorgons guarded the tree of the golden apples, and whoever saw them turned to stone. Gorgons also represent armor, so this explains why Adam became hard. The Gorgons had a dualistic power as the double serpent (Coatlicue), as from their left side there flew blood to kill, and from their right side there flew blood to save. The Gorgons also guarded Tartarus, Hell, and they were ancient goddesses of wisdom (Libya). So 'turning into stone' by Gorgons can either mean they are arming you, or they just don't want you to come close. Their right side has the power to help people becoming hard for the battle, and their left side is to punish. And either way, they always had to destroy in order to create. Adam reached the Chagowr, which was the belt, the bondage, in its roots also meaning fear and trembling. Also this part has parallels in the story of Hercules, as in another labor Hercules has to steal the leather belt of the Queen of the Amazons, Hippolyte. This was the belt of Ares, the warrior, her father. Hippolyte wanted to give him the belt, but the other Amazons attacked him, so there was a war before he reached it to get armed further. In the Hebrew texts we see that after Adam reaches the belt, the armor, he gets driven to the east of the garden, but it literally means 'eternal bondage' (mikkedem legan), and this to Mother Earth, the ground he came from, so he was finally safe in her womb again.

194. When Adam has gained the fruit of the garden, he gets later on covered by skins. This can be seen as the shell of the fruit. Fruit means also meat in the root text, so it can indicate to a beast as well. In the Hercules parallel which has apocalyptic value we see that one of his labors was to skin the Nemean lion and take this skin, as an armor. The same we see when the martyrs of the apocalypse receive a white robe, when they call upon vengeance. All these events represent the golden fleece, the shells of the golden apples. In another labor Hercules has to search for the red cattle of Geryon, which symbolizes the skinned beasts. It is a part of the process of fertility, also represented by the Aztec Xipe Totec. The predators who are warriors and hunters also have an Atlas task to carry burdens, to bear the underworlds on their shoulders, and this can happen when they get transformed into cattle. It is the call of Mother Earth also to be bound to her, to serve her. The tree of knowledge and the labors of

Hercules represent the same : The path back to the mother womb. This is a very apocalyptic path as veils (shells) have to be cut. In the Labor of the Erymanthian Boar Hercules had to bring a wild pig back to Mycene. Pigs are symbolizing the womb, they live in the womb of the earth. It got finally tamed by ice. This is also what the Ragnarok in Viking Myth represents, the apocalyptic end-scene of darkness and ice is to bring order back in the world of the gods.

195. In Germanic myth the tree of knowledge was called Yggdrasil, the gallows (cross) of Odin. It was the path to the underworld, Niflheim or Helheim, where Hel Herself ruled, the goddess of fertility. As Hulda she was worshipped as the goddess of marriage. Hulda was also the goddess of hunt, the goddess of children, and she was an ancient germanic supreme goddess. She was also called the Mother of Beasts and of the Wilderness, as was Eve (Chavvah). She worked together with the huldres who were ancient hunter-goddesses, goddesses of temptation, who lured lost souls into the depths of the underworld, as initiations into the mysteries of hell. They were also the keepers and wardens of hell. In the Hebrew roottexts the tree of knowledge was also a gallows, as a sort of paradisiac cross where pilgrims could receive enlightenment.
196. The so called snake of the tree, the gallows, in the Hebrew roottext was in origin an oracle, so it did not mean literal drama. Literalism has always been a form of materialism. In every form the oracle had been 'condemned' to eat dirt, as a way of transformation. This was all through the gallows, by which Odin, the Germanic God, lost his eye, and reached the source of wisdom, Mimir. So it takes an endarkenment to reach an enlightenment, from one dimension into the other.
197. This was all to escape from the patriarchal world, where only men dominated. In this sense hell is the womb again.
198. Adam had to bow to Eve. For him this was a rebirth. He needed the Double Goddess, the Coatlicue in Aztec Myth, the devourer in order to make a new creation. The tree of knowledge is a call for the man to return to his female part. This part has to be awakened by the powers of hell, which is Her Womb. She is the woman laying in the river between the flowers, in the mud, slowly awakening, as she has been deeply locked up in the subconsciousness. The seventh day of creation was in the Hebrew roottext also a day of destruction, from where a new creation came forth. The male had now to return to his original wife. In the first creation story he was called the zachar, the bearer of memory, and his wife was called neqebah, the piercer or expresser, which was the same as what nachash, the so called snake, meant : the whisperer, the toxic enchanter, the bringer of future. He had to return to it, in which Eve was an important medium. Both male and female have to return to the original mother source, the womb of all, also sexually. And this is at first by discovering her suffering, and having a part in that, so that we will also rise with her when she returns.
199. She was the cycle of fertility, the menstruation of hell. In her was the eternal life. She is trying to come to the surfaces again, looking for children to initiate them into the ancient mysteries. She is also the call to return to childhood, and she will protect children against the economic games of the patriarchal adult system, the financial insanity.

200. She does not bow for the male, but rather pierces him to initiate him, as was her original meaning as the Neqebah. She is to awaken his deeper memory. Adam was willing to approach this prophetic tree, as the original Zachar. There might have been a fall, as described in Jewish Myth, and gnostically there was this War in which the first Adam, Zachar, tried to make Neqebah bow for him. Neqebah fled, and there was a day of destruction, sabbath. Zachar was an earlier Adam, as a behemah, a savage. So there was also a fall of Zachar, because he tried to rule over his woman. That was the true source of all problems. The tree was really a way to bring balance back again, and to bring the children into a new creation. The suffering was meant to open the deeper senses, and to connect to lost parts of the underworld. It was nothing but deepening the frequencies, digging them out. It is for a man case to find his woman back in this. If there was any sin, it was the sin of Zachar against Neqebah, trying to let her submit to him, in order so that he could rule over her. The tree of knowledge in this sense is the tree of restoration. And in this sense Zachar had eaten from a very bad fruit, in the first creation story, as he tried to destroy his mother, mother earth. Zachar had to go into bondage because of this, and this was why the element of snake was used, as a way to describe the rope, the sabbath of destruction. The third day of creation was in the root texts the day of the children. It was all to root out the threat of the patriarchal age. But the third day was but a ghost in the desert of patriarchy. Always would it suffer. The fourth day meant 'law' in it's roots, and represented the tree of the knowledge and discernment of good and evil, to which man had to be bound. From here She came forth, as a device of punishment and reward. She was a judge, a weapon, and was made so that man could submit to her. The second day had been 'the day of dirt', and the dirt was good to bring forth the fifth day, which was the day of hunger, the Day of Tantalos. The hunger-creatures lived in poverty, in the wilderness, but close to nature, and they did not have the grotesque of the patriarchal threat. They were minimalists, and they were under Her Law, the fourth day. Zachar was the destroyer of Her law and made his own. The Seventh Day was the Wrath, from which a new creation came forth, the second creation story.

201. The Old Testament should be seen as an esoteric, allegoric guide through the underworld. The sixth day was the day of the hunt. Here the male rebelled against the law of the goddess, and through the seventh day one came into the second creation story, the story about the tree of knowledge, which is about how the male finds his way back to the goddess again. It is an allegory describing this journey through the ages, the eighth day. And through the fall, the descending into the underworld, one comes in the ninth day. In every age there is a patriarchal threat against women, and every age deals with it in it's own way. Like in the days of Noah, where the nephilim, male giants, ruled, the flood could be seen as a revenge of the goddess, meaning her menstruation. In the tenth day Moses can be seen as the restorer of Law, directing to the Goddess of Law. In this 10 days creation cycle the goddess will always heal herself. The male, who came forth from Her and who is just another part of her Being, will return to Her. And this all by the power of nachash, the oracle, which some call the snake, but which in it's depth a rope, or Ixtab, the mayan goddess of the rope, the goddess of the hanged men. It is a temptation no one can resist. We all are driven to the cross, as a return to Her Law, the original order of divine Matriarchy, the primeval fertility cycle. From there the divine milk streams to make pilgrims an adept in the mysteries of the Goddess. Esoterically every fall is a deeper initiation into this. In Aztec Myth the month Tlaxochimaco was the month of starvation and hunger in order to approach the goddess.

This period parallels the fifth day (period or age) of creation, the Day of Tantalos. It is She Herself opening up her body when one wants to know more about the gnosis, as she is the Sacred Prostitute. And all Her nudity is just Revelation, Enlightenment, and meant to initiate.

202. It is only through the descension through hell that we can know Her, where we can unlock all the hidden, occult knowledge. The memory (Zachar, Zakar) is there, but has to be pierced open, which is the restoration of Neqebah, the original female. We see the Neqebah in the form of nachash, the oracle, returning with another attempt to communicate with the man. In this sense she is a divine communication device, as the tree of prophesy. By this communication there is destruction and re-creation, like when the dirty waters (mayim) were divided, a spot rose, new land, on which the children could play. The tenth day or period of creation got it's peak in the Davidic Myths which was esoterically meaning the restoration of Her wars, under which Her gladiators were raised. David had a harem of women who all reflected different aspects of the Goddess. In his Psalms he is the Hebrew Orpheus. The goal of Orpheus is to be a medium for Eurydice, who he lost to the underworld. The son of David was Solomon who became famous as the king of wisdom. In the New Testamentic Book of Revelation, a Messianic text, it is about that those who have the wisdom will recognize the number sixhundred and sixtysix, the human number, which is a mark for those of the kingdom of the beast. This is not just meant as negative. The riddle goes much deeper, as through the paradox we can go back to the one who had wisdom, Solomon, and his number was indeed sixhundred and sixtysix. It was the number of his throne, and the number of his yearly goldharvest. It is the number of wisdom, and therefore a number connected to the tree of knowledge as a way of bondage to it. It is a number connecting us to the Mother Goddess of the Wilderness.

203. The number leads us to hell and through hell in a positive sense, as a way of receiving the hidden wisdom, to find out about the healing qualities of all suffering, thus transcending all separation by the law of paradox and syncretism. All the racial differences will suddenly make sense. We do believe in the eternal war in that sense, but also in the eternal peace and harmony of all things, from an artistic point of view. The paradox, the contradiction, needs to be help up, needs to be accepted, and then we have to watch the deeper layer of it. The Eternal Gospel sais that even the Spirits of God fight each order in order to give birth and create. It is a Divine Game. Receiving the mark of the Mother of Beasts is a Solomonic miracle. It is the creation of land in the midst of the wasteland, in the depths of Ben-Hinnom. When the Goddess hunts after us and marks us, three times the sixth day, the day of hunt, which is three times to enter the third day, the day of the children. The yohm shelishi is also the fork, the triad. In this the wisdom is revealed to children. It is the day of zera, which not only means seed, children, but in it's roots it means also scattering.

204. The Solomonic Mark of Her is the mark of marriage to the goddess, the original meaning of hell, as a fertility mark. It is the mark to have further access in her.

205. Also Eve was a mighty medium in bringing Adam back to Her, and she as well can be seen as the Mark of the Mother of Beasts.

206. The beast in the Messianic book of Revelation in the New Testament can also be translated as a savage, which is the primeval repressed age of matriarchy, as a woman rides the beast.

She is called a whore, but this can also mean the Sacred Prostitute. There is an image of the beast, the savage life, which has to be worshipped. In the root texts here this image means empty space, nothingness, as a space of detachment, and the worship of it means to kiss and lick. It was the situation before the first creation story, as the tenth day waiting to switch over to the first day again. In this apocalyptic situation one either had to receive the mark or die. In the root texts it was said that those with wisdom and interpretation, would eventually vote for the savage (beast). It is in their journey to emptiness, in which the keys of enlightenment can be given. Solomon is in this an initiator, as the well of Mimir.

207. The woman on the beast with seven heads is heading for the eighth head, the eighth creation day where the goddess is re-united with Adam. Then it heads for the ten horns who will take the rule, representing the 10 restored days of creation. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, where the mark has led to, to the great emptiness, the void, the well of Mimir. The woman cannot just be watched as a negative force, as she is also in the roottext the woman of the secret doctrine (musterion). She is described as the mother of filth and mystery, relating her to the Aztec Goddess of Sin, Tlazolteotl, who was nothing but a goddess of justice. They are dualistic gods. The power of the Aztec pantheon was always the Duality, as in this problems could be solved, mysteries could be interpreted, and negativity and sin could be transformed, as a dirt eater. The dirty whore was a sign of Tlazolteotl's rule, as she was the savage mother, and she came with strategy. She brought people within her temptation in order to show a way out. She was the representer of the age of confusion in which the order of the goddess would be visible. In the root texts the one who had these visions, John, admired this woman. There was written something on her forehead as a mark, which in the roottext not just says the mother of the secret doctrine, but also the mother as the source, the well, the motherland (meter). Then she conquers as the Bride. The mystery of the Whore of Babylon was that she was a Duality of Syncretism, the guard of the secrets, the root texts and the esoterism of it. She was the tester in order to become a proper justice goddess, as a keeper of the mark. Therefore she can be seen as the day of Tlazolteotl, the fourth day of law. She had created the dirt, she had created the mark, and also the solution. Therefore she was an important part in the cycle.
208. The Mark is for the shaman a way to enter into the depths of hell. The mark has three parts, three being the number of children, the triad. In Greek Myth Cerberus was the initiator of hell, a three-headed dog. We have to be pierced by the fork to enter hell, the sign of fertility. The woman in her restored form is the piercer, to awaken us to the deeper interpretations by synthesis. It is the work of the weaver. In this we can finally make a solid ground in hell, through the art of eternal war.
209. The beast was put in power by 'Drakon', a mythological monster in the root-text, also a watcher. The mark can be seen as a divine inspirator, a device of communication and law, as the guard of hell. The mark is meant to bring the duality inside of us, the synthesis. Coatlicue is the Aztec Double-Headed Goddess of Hunt, as the portal to the underworld, and therefore she guards the sixth day, the day of hunt. The mark came to proportions when Moses received the Laws in two tablets, and where he received the horns, or rays of light. Also the duality of the ark of the covenant refer to this, as a device to have communication with the Goddesses, which it originally was. In the root texts the tablets of law were to monitor and warn it's receivers (luchot ha'edut), as a security device. In Aztec Myth the

Double God is also named Ometeotl. Related to this we can also mention the Double Goddess of the Greek Underworld Medusa, or her and her two sisters being the guards of the underworld as the three Gorgones. From them two sorts of blood flew, one stream for salvation, and one stream for damnation. They were the judges of the underworld. In the Esoteric Gnostic movement Charagma is the three-headed goddess of communication. When someone watched the Gorgones they turned into stone, they became hard. Sometimes this was for warrior armor purpose, to raise an army. That is what the mark in depth is all about. It is also related to the Adamic (Heracles) receiving of the Belt. In the Messianic book of Ephesus this belt is described as the Belt of Truth, which is the Goddess Aletheia in the Esoteric Gnosis. The Breastplate of Justice is the Goddess Dikaione.

210. The Goddess who rode the beast with many heads was Meter, who brought them all together, as the Sacred Prostitute. In the confusion and chaos the beast brings there will also be the tight order of the Goddess. The woman riding the beast is in the root text a wife. To drink from her cup of filth means to interpret, and is to become an adept in her mysteries.
211. The filth was the menstruation blood. It was the power of the second creation day, where the dirt was divided in two parts, in order to bring in a third part, that which was covered and hidden. This was also the reason why the Sea of Moses, was split, and this was also the reason why the ark of the covenant had two parts, two guards, and it was why the Law had two tablets. In the split the Sea of Moses could create the wilderness holding the promised land. In this sea there was a dimensional shift going on in the underworld, leading them in deeper. The Island leads back to her source. The first day, the day in which duality was created, was the day of Meter. Everything was divided into time, and that's why she became the Goddess of Time.
212. The tenth day is the day of the abyss, the age of war. It is where the eternal wars are restored. The Key of Solomon can be used to open the sixth day, the day of hunt, the temple of Coatlicue. Then the balance between hunt and war will be restored, as the two servants of law.
213. From the split in the menstruation blood, a children's world will rise.
214. The tree in the paradise represented the female cross to return to the goddess by initiations, and to have access in the underworld.
215. In Mayan Myth the goddess of the gallows, the goddess of the hanging, is Ixtab, as a guide through the underworld. The terrible overfocus on male gods has repressed the goddesses. It has repressed childhood, but goddess worship has stayed throughout the ages. The Christic Element has plagued them in their dreams, focussing the attention on the male all the times, the sufferer, instead of the Law of Suffering, the Initiation Truths. This was why they first had to switch over to the christic females, in order to come to the source, the Law itself, as the Truths of Fertility.
216. They have broken the male magnet, by entering into the void. In the age of patriarchic supremacy the male part ruled, abused the female part, and all went wrong. Now how could the male part so wrongly and illegally come to power? It was because of the separation between the female and the male. The female was originally a crucial part of the man, as it should be. But there were suddenly lies spread that men supposed to be stronger than females, and men should be men, without a female part. This was a definite separation, and females

got degraded into slaves and helpers of the male. There was something terribly wrong with that. Also the love between females got degraded as the abusive and dominant male powers feared women would come together to take their rule back. And so the female part got thrown out of the park of the male body, to stay outside, and only the man was allowed to enter her. This is a very tragic and sad story. It all started with the destruction of the female breast and the framing of her genitals, in order for the male to let his muscles grow to store there the stolen female powers. The female was the warrior part of the male. She was supposed to be his weapon and his strategic mind, also to pierce, initiate him, as to protect him from losing his childhood. She had to open him up to the secrets, to reveal Herself to him as the goddess.

217. Her tree in the paradise means the carpenter in the root texts, as she is the one who has to construct the man by her initiations. The fallen male power could get the rule because the male was sabotaging his child part, so it is important to travel back to the third day of creation, the age of the children. The child part had always been the interpreter in the male, a translator, as a bridge. This part was put over him also, under the guide and guard of the Goddess.

The Divine Hierarchy

The Goddess
The Divine Child
The Male

218. In this the Divine Child functions as a mark through which the Goddess communicates with the man. The power of the man is a potentially very dangerous power which can bring deceptive illusions. This is why the man has to stay under the rule of the Goddess and the Divine Child. If not, then there will be revenge in the form of Wars, until everything is balanced again. It is for ages that She has raged against the authoritarian patriarchs, and she has with success exposed their lies. In this age she will continue to reveal her secrets to the mystery schools. Only with respect and honor to the Goddess and the Divine Child, which is the symbol of Truth, a male can come to his purpose. In syncretism he has to find these parts back in himself and to awaken them.

219. The goddess is the only way out, when he finds his divine child back. He has to be reborn in her womb, in the eighth day. She rides the beasts as the Victor, Nike. We can only come through the labyrinth by our guide, and by the war arts. It is a process of weaving and by receiving the menstrual armory. The veils in the temple are shifting like mills. How to deprogram the mind ? It is by discovering the ruler of the tenth day, in Her temple. The arena, the eternal war, the ultimate protection and immunity. It is related to a classic suffering, a necessary disease, as a fire in which the Laws have been revealed. Through Her ark we get access to the underworld of children. In this process we get re-united with the Divine Child and the Goddess.

220. It is important to learn how to recognize Her voice and to discern it from the others. She has ways to imprint Her laws.

The Mystery of Tlazolteotl

1. Guilt is a very cryptic emotion keeping us connected to the goddess. It is her way to bring us into Her law system, to judge our old nature and giving us a new nature. Guilt in that sense is not necessarily negative or real. It can be the playfulness of her initiation systems, in her temptful art to draw us in, very abstracted. There is even spoken about a holy guilt.
2. She can claim us totally for herself by this, as her prisoners of law, in order to protect us against false law. Later her masks will fall off when she shows us the esotery of it, beyond the myth, when her veils will fall off. Surrounded by misunderstanding She created the Old Testament and the New Testament, which was a war at the same time. The voice of the Goddess can be heard in it, and it is all Her code, She owns it all.
3. When we look at the dualistic Tree of Knowledge, it was to bring guilt. Everyone will be tested by this tree. In Her play, from Her point of view, she lured the male in a trap, as he dominated the earth. She led him to the belt of fear in the original root texts, and She, as the mother goddess, became an object of dread, as goddess worship could lead to eternal damnation under Jewish Messianic Law. Of course the trap of the goddess was to help the male. The goddess wanted to bring the male back to his inner goddess being.
4. It is in this eternal war, Eris, the goddess of strife, that Lethe, forgetfulness, comes forth. Eris is the mother of Lethe. By the forgetfulness you see things from another side, as the mirror of Hermes, or the smoking mirror of Tezcatlipoca. It brings dualism, and it brings new polarities. This is how the dual aztec goddess of law, Tlazolteotl, establishes herself. The ritual of guilt is a process of marriage to the goddess. In this she also destroys real sin. And in this point of view, Her view, the eternal damnation needs to stay as an all-absorbing, transforming security force, so she even guards the riddle of Calvin, not as in a literal calvinism, but abstracted, with a completely different meaning.
5. The guilt is a way the goddess uses to get our attention and to let us hunger for justice. In this sense we are Her slaves of guilt, in order to get freed by Her laws. In this the tree of knowledge is very important, as it binds us to a war, to a marriage, a bond strong enough to lead us out and to cause Lethe to stream, forgetfulness. Both fear and guilt is important to get free of controlling mind-traps.
6. The third day was ruled by Lethe-Aletheia, the balance between forgetfulness and unforgetfulness, truth. It was from this form that the male rose, but it became corrupted. Lethe-Aletheia got dethroned by the likes of Saturn, El, Cronos and Moloch, the child devourers. Then later they got dethroned by the New Testamentic Age of Jupiter, Zeus, Jesus and Lucifer. In this process Hell, the goddess of children, got demonized. She was the bridge between the third day and the fourth day, the day of Law, the world of Tlazolteotl. It was originally the Mother Goddess, the Double Goddess and the Divine Child who had the Law.
7. Hell was in European Myth the goddess of children, fertility and marriage. Demons were in old Greek Myth the guardian angels. In the sea of Lethe, nothingness and forgetfulness, one had to fight against the shark of matter which lived there. By overcoming this shark one

could enter in the depths of Lethe to meet the treasures of Aletheia, forgetfulness, memory and truth. The first age was the age of the mother, Lethe, in which the guardian spirits were the lethians. Lethe was the fire-water or 'waters of light', related to Orion, which means Urine. In Hebrew these spirits are called the mayim, which were related to the sources of creation. They were violent and dangerous spirits, and they were related to the fertile seed. They served Mother Earth, they were warriors and hunters. Then the Age of Saturn came, the age of the Old Testament, of El, Jahweh, which was Cronos in Greek Myth, who was eventually dethroned by Zeus, Jupiter, Jesus, Lucifer, in the New Testamentic Age. Saturn demonized the lethians, more or less, and in other esoteric versions he just hid them. The guardian spirits who took the lead were the demons. In Greek Myth demons are usually described as guardian angels, and they fought against the kakos, the evil spirits in Greek Esotery. Since the coming of the Roman Empire the original orders got lost. Angels took the lead, and fought against the demons of the old orders, while the lethians, the original angels, were bound in forgetfulness, which was the curse Mother Lethe bore with Her, as a Goddess. However the cycle will soon connect to Her again. She comes from a deep pit and will eventually flow over into Her Aletheia form.

8. The event of Saturn taking over the Heavenly Order was a classical moment. He was eating the children's world, devouring the children, like Moloch did, as a first step for the male to come to power. The second step would be the Jesusian strike. These events had paradoxal meanings and values. It was the several periods Orion had to go through when he lost his eyes. In Hebrew he was Samson. In his journeys he had to search for the god of fire and paralysis, Hephaistos, who could restore his sight by the powers of Helios, the sun. But the fire he would get to restore his sight and memory, after having been thrown into Lethe, would bear the curse of Prometheus with it, that it would also fetter him and eat his body away in order that it would grow. This is why Orion was sometimes described as a giant. The price he had to pay was that he would have to be bound for Lethe, as in a marriage. But this would result in his encounter with Aletheia. Orion would have to go on the same path as Hephaistos, Vulcan, the crippled path. This was important, so that the Mother Goddess would take control again, by overcoming the fallen male. As Orion-Orpheus Orion would restore the art again, and childhood, the whole children's world, and the control of the Black Mother Goddess, from which all life came forth. It was not just a hierarchy from outside, but it was inside. The Black Mother Goddess, Lethe-Aletheia, was also a part of him, a central part, and should be that of everyone. And by this the male could ascend into a more hermaphroditic presence again. The Age of Saturn flew over into the Age of Jupiter, even falling deeper into an Age of corrupted male power. The cobra had given its torch to a lion. But Lethe had always been the Age of the hyena and the goat, and would get it back. And the lion would bow to this, like Jesus had to bow down to the Holy Spirit, the Mother God.
9. The original evil in Greek Myth was Kakos, who was also an evil fire-breathing giant, and the kakos were the evil spirits. Kakos was eventually conquered by Hercules. The story went that Hercules had taken red cattle from Geryon in Erytheia, Spain, to fulfill his mission. Kakos had stolen a part of this skinned cattle, taking them to his cave by their tails. Kakos was the son of Vulcan. He was described as a thief, who had broken the law of Zeus.
10. In Hebrew Myth Lethe was in depth a child devourer and a male-ensnarer. In the strategy there was place for a patriarchy, as she wanted to set the corrupted male up for some great

expose. She knew that the higher the corrupted male would be able to rise, the deeper he would fall when his kingdom would come to an end. Of course Jahweh and Jesus were in depth nothing more than expressions of Kakos. In the esotery it is well-known that the attributes of Jesus were to veil the attributes of Lethe in the process of initiating Orion in her temples. The thorn-crown veiled the scalping, to balance male power, and the scorn-robe veiled the muscle-piercing, to prevent that male power would ever dominate female power. It was all the fight in Lethe against the shark of matter, the jaws of matter, the manifestation of the corrupted, totalitarian male power, the powers of the kakoses. The demons battled against this, and earlier, in the Age of Lethe, the lethians battled against this in a more pure way. For a demon it was important to return to the lethian form, to not end up in a trap of kakoses. The muscle-piercing was guided by Hephaistos, the crippled smith-god, in order to give Orion his sight back. By these strategies Lethe would throne in Hell, the children's underworld, again, and would turn it more or less into a heaven for many. She would throne as the Hebrew and pre-hebrew Tlazolteotl, the goddess of Law and Seduction, to keep them all safe within her temptation. Here she would show her many faces as the original black mother goddess.

11. It was in his travels that Orion had to become like Hephaistos in order to get his sight back. Hephaistos was married to Kharis, the goddess of grace, beauty and the shining veils. He had to travel to the land of the golden fleece, Colchis, where he would be armed by Kharis and Hephaistos, and where he would be healed by the first rays of the sun, Helios. But in this he would have to overcome the necklace of Hephaistos, which was sent out to kill all evil offspring of wrong contacts, also called the necklace of Harmonia. Also he would have to overcome the throne of Hephaistos, which would kill all unrightful leaders. The prize would be that he would become Hephaistos, to marry Kharis. Hephaistos was the creator of the woman, so he would be the key to bring the woman back in her original place. The divine woman is the weapon and hunting gear of the male, created to guide and guard the male. The approach to the tree of knowledge was the call for a divine hunt and war, in which the male needed the divine woman. The divine child would mediate in this. It is for a man important to seek for the charismata, in Greek Myth called the Graces, the Kharites. These are the senses of love, one of them being Kharis. To come to Kharis Orion had to come to her sister, Pasithea, first. Pasithea meant possession as in a bond, the wedding with the divine. It also meant hallucination, and she was married to Hypnos, the god of sleep and dreams. Pasithea meant in depth the Divine Child. Thalia represented the richness of the charismata, meaning the blooming, and she was related to the banquets, as in a deeper esoteric digestion. The weapons were designed that they would first conquer the male himself, in order that no corrupted male power would rise, and so that he could not be a threat to the woman. The veils of illusion however showed an empire in which the male ruled. It was a trick of Hephaistos, his throne, to lead false male leaders into a trap and let them fade in Lethe. Orion however was armed by this, but became paralyzed, crippled in spasm, like Hephaistos. He became the sun of the world. Samson had been initiated by Delilah, and lost his eyes and freedom, even his life, in order to let the heavens rest on his shoulders. It was the road to Kharis and her sisters. By this he could destroy his enemies. Orion destroyed Kakos.
12. Tlazolteotl, the dualistic goddess of aztec justice, reflected in the duality between the Old and the New Testament, which she had created as Her veils. It was veiling Her dark, native

body. In the gospels it was Jesus holding the cup, surrounded by his disciples, celebrating the Holy Supper. It was a gathering of males, the ruling patriarchy. Nonetheless it was a set up of Tlazolteotl to protect her body. In the Apocalypse it is the Mother God holding the cup. In pre-atlantic myth the mother goddesses were holding the cups by their feet up, which was also represented in their statues and art. In these cups, representing earth, there was rebirth. There is also in the gospels the mystery of the prostitute Mary Magdalene kissing the feet of Jesus, crying at his feet. Through the veil it will become the opposite that the male will fall back at the feet of the Goddess. This is the dualism Tlazolteotl stands for. She had a lust in creating these illusions to protect her kingdom. Nonetheless we will have to find our way back. All the mysteries about a man healing the blind are hiding the reality of the goddess who made men blind, in order that they would not find Her. In the Apocalypse she is revealed as our enemy, and She is. But She is also the initiator. She is a trickster, one who leads us into temptation, to get us out. She is as a mother calling for her children, and uses for that any tool she can find. This is why she is a potentially dangerous and venomous goddess, but not in the negative sense. There is no mercy for those who seek Her face, there is no forgiveness. She marks them with guilt, with an eternal damnation, all to get them out of a false holiness. She doesn't mean to. She is cryptic. In this she will reveal Her justice system. First she makes slaves and captives, first she deceives and tricks, in order to show them the treasures and the truth. It is an abstract art. It is a game. Only esotery can explain the depths of the pits of religion. It is a work of alchemy and syncretism. She thrones in the amazon portals of mexican myth, the Aztec Key, and all the other nations are her clothes. Her body has been well-preserved throughout time, by her dualistic trapperies. She is a hunter, a farmer, a warrior and a trapper. She has created good and evil for a reason, as an art.

13. For a christian mystic it is important to go beyond all the salvation facts given. After being reborn by accepting the Christ, Jesus, and after receiving the Holy Spirit and being bound in the Spirit, it should lead back to a much deeper and long forgotten Christ, Adam. When receiving Adam for a rebirth and baptism in blood, it walks parallel with the saints who have washed their clothes in blood, in the book of Revelation. Adam was in contact with the entity representing the original forms of Everlasting Damnation, which was a positive state of healing and pruning. Hell was in ancient times a Goddess, a Supreme Mother Goddess of fertility, the guide of the dead. Everlasting Damnation is a map for the esoteric saints who come forth through the Adamic Mysteries. They receive Everlasting Damnation in order to get bound by Her. John worshipped this entity in the root texts of the apocalypse, in the book of Revelation. The bondage to Her is described in the Bridal Mysteries. Hell is the Bride. It is the only way for a christian esoterist to return to childhood again and live forever. There is nothing more prejudiced, judged and misunderstood but this Entity called Everlasting Damnation. The martyrs came forth from the Everlasting Torment in the book of the apocalypse, and it was their only way in. Everlasting Torment is a state of mind which has to be understood, in order to let it be heaven. It is just the pain of awakening, the road to enlightenment and detachment. It is a process of evolution. By the Bridal Mysteries she will show what it is, by the wedding gifts, and she will turn everything to gold. She is dualism. There is a work to do for a christian mystic, to work in Her garden, in which she will show the treasures. It is a work of digging her up. In this the christian mystic will find the hellians, the pre-original angels of Her, Her personal guardian pre-demons. She is the pre-original

mother goddess of all. In Adam we will find Her. Adam represented the original dualistic god and anti-god. Adam received Everlasting Damnation when He ate from the tree. His mouth started to burn and soon He was in this precious fire, by which He could descend to the lower realms, going through the veils of the goddess. Even Jesus received Her when He died at the cross and descended into the underworld, which would eventually be the secret of His ascension. Jesus had to receive Everlasting Damnation and marry Her, in order to work. It was the Law of Fertility, the Law of Sacrifice. He had to bow down before Her to be filled by Her, in order that she could raise Him high, through the Easter Mysteries. He had to receive Hell in His heart to be bound by Her, His mother, that which was forgotten. This was the will of the Father.

14. For a christian mystic it was important to receive the Holy Spirit and then to strive after the so called gifts of grace, the workings of the holy spirit. Eternal Damnation is this Work Spirit, the forces of fertility, in order to make life fruitful. This is why the bridge between these two entities is so important. In native esotery hell is related to inferiority as an act of humility. This is why for a christian mystic it is important to receive hell after receiving the holy spirit. In the gospels when Jesus received the Holy Spirit He was led to the desert, to the wilderness, where he was tempted by the devil. He had yet to have an encounter with Tlazolteotl, the goddess of temptation. This came to it's peak when Jesus was tempted in the garden of getsemaneh. He eventually was crucified when he took in the sins of the world, the goddess Tlazolteotl, the goddess of sin, and became sin itself, as in a marriage to Her. He was humble at Her feet, and She eventually graced Him with the gifts of ascension. We see here the necessity of the marriage between descension and ascension. When Adam went through the tree, and in the root text and greek myth the gallows and the box of pandora, he went through the same process. Eternal Damnation is a sweet spirit of knowledge and wisdom. She knows the necessity of pains, troubles, temptations and guilt. In his trip through the wilderness to the gallows, Jesus became aware of this, where he found the womb of the holy spirit he loved. It was a sexual act. And the birthing of a new church was the result. Jesus loved Eternal Damnation, he loved Hell. He knew Her. He would do anything for Her. He fought for Her, but He also feared Her. He found out about the sources and forces of Eternal Damnation in the depths of the wilderness, and it was already too late, as She dragged Him in the depths of her den. He was tempted to stop this process, but He didn't. He could call angels to take Him out of it, but he didn't. He was willing to pay the price. This was His Bride. She would lead Him to the land of the good gold. She would lead Him back to His Adamic nature, through the Adamic mysteries. He was ready to receive His Eve.
15. He poured His Spirit on the church, together with the gifts of Eternal Damnation, Her very nature. It would stir up an eternal war, as she is a warrior. It would stir up an age of martyrs, the age of the Great Tribulation, of the Apocalypse, all in order to reveal the secrets of the ages. He was ready to show Her, riding on a beast. She was the divine mother and whore, and then she would be shown as the bride, as she is this duality. She is her own enemy. John adored this creature, as it would reveal the heavens. It would be a marriage between heaven and hell. Both Adam and Jesus became bound to her tree. She was a cryptic waldance, to contradict and to confuse, in order to create. Also Samson fell in this fate and lost his eye, as parallel to Odin and Orion, as a path to find wisdom. Paul was imprisoned by Her, through

which he wrote his esoteric letters, derived from Greek Myth. She was called to divide people and put them apart.

16. In the Davidic Myths we can see Tlazolteotl in the form of Batsheba the temptress. In Jewish legend Satan comes as a bird to David. David tries to shoot the bird, but shoots the screen behind which Batsheba is bathing, and reveals herself to him. Her name means daughter of the oaths. She seduces David, who makes her pregnant, and she becomes his wife. This has great consequences, as a curse hits David. She represents the Bride, Eternal Damnation, as a justice system. Therefore she is closely related to the apocalypse. She eventually brings forth Solomon, and his number six hundred and sixty-six, the number of his throne and his yearly gold harvest, and the number of wisdom. The myth and legend of this religious event reflect the manifestation of the wedding ceremony between Adam and Eve, but also between Jesus and Hell. It was a creation of guilt, in order to enter the underworld. David, Adam and Jesus all had to submit to Sin and Guilt, becoming mortal, in order for the eternal law to be revealed. There was no escape from that, but with the difference that it was a positive event. There are several ways to approach sin, yet they are not necessarily sinful. There is a divine path in this, as they are multi-interpretable archetypes to describe and illustrate the situations of existence and mankind. Batsheba made of David a slave of his desire, by the marriage, which led to a great downfall in order to gain the victory : the birth of Solomon, the king of wisdom. It was a child sensitive to the art of syncretism, as he took all the gods and goddesses of his wives to give them a place in the temple, and showed the world the wisdom of dualism, parallel to the Aztec religion.
17. The Christian has to fall into the hands of the temptress Batsheba, even when there will be guilt on his life coming from society. It is in order to reveal the syncretic powers of the goddess. To receive the mark of Solomon is the crown on this contact, and it will be manifested by wisdom. It led him to the Solomonic realms for wisdom. Under this sign eternal law would be revealed, like the two tablets of Moses. The warrior, David, was captured by his own lusts, which was the age of the pigs. In this, Batsheba is the initiator of war, the war-seduction, as the hyena of the cross, tempting the Christ to wage war in the underworld. In this she is the Warrior Bride. All soldiers have to be reborn and baptized in the blood of the enemy and in the blood of their war-leader, the Davidic Christ, to be equipped. It will be a war church. Their seed, blood, sweat and tears are essential for the Batsheba Spirit to bring forth the Spirit of Solomon. She is the divine whore and mother of wisdom, of all secret doctrine. Hell is to establish law for the children.
18. A part of Batsheba is Delilah, the trickster and betrayer, who seduced the judge Samson and gave him in the hands of the Philistines, his enemy. They pierced his eyes out and brought him in the depths of their temple, where he was bound to the pillars on which the temple rested. Samson could force the pillars in order for them to break, and although he died by this, he also caused to kill more enemies in his life than he ever did. Delilah is therefore the Batsheban cause of Victory, and expose of the enemy, as a central force of the revelation. She is the unveiler, as the Batsheban sword, the Sword of David. She is the force of order in the temple, a well-preserved part of the Bride of Christ.
19. Before there were any paradises, there were hells, in positive sense, as in children's empires. The pre-paradisian Naka myths are about these hells. Here we can find back the roots of the Batsheba and the Delilah myths. The striders were a pre-amazonian tribe and empire of

women. Hatar, as a proto-type of Samson, was tricked by Tallah, a strider, and was put in a torture dungeon, deep in their temple. Lodit, a poisonous frog, offered herself to Hatar saying if he would have sex with her, he would die, but she would bring forth so many poisonous frogs that it would kill the striders. Hatar refused, but then Lodit raped him, which killed him and eventually the striders by a plague of poisonous frogs. In some versions it was a poisonous fly, or a poisonous spider. A certain version is that Lodit rapes Hatar three times. First as a poisonous frog, then as a poisonous spider, and finally as a poisonous fly, by which he dies. In other versions she sends these creatures to him, as being the goddess of venom. Tallah is the proto-type of Delilah, a much earlier form, and the secret of Delilah's power. Behind Batsheba we see Beher, the wife of a king. Another king, Laxar, once saw her bathing in a lake, desired her, and wanted to marry her, but he first had to kill her husband, which he did. Then the kingdom of the killed king swore revenge, and waged war against Laxar. Laxar brought doom over this kingdom because of this. Because he was very cruel to the people of Beher, she killed him one night in bed by a knife. Laxar was the proto-type of David, the amorous war-king, and the Batsheba curse finds it's depth in the Beher-myth.

5.

1. She is a giant, throning on the mountain of skulls. In Orion She has Her crown. Her crown is a group of hyenas hunting.
2. She is calling Her soldiers. Women lead them.

6.

Brannan Culture Book

Brannan Tree of Life

Hanik

||

||

Vuh ===== Vur ===== Vuhod

(Lionwings)

||

||

Rahm ===== Vuvod ===== Vam

(Pantherwings)

||

||

Vod ===== Vu ===== Viram

(Heartwings)

||

||

Vivam ===== Vuro ===== Pi

(Liverwings)

||

||

Wo

1. Hanik = sensitivity, life (tenderness)
2. Vuh = wisdom (light)
3. Vur = knowledge (darkness)
4. Vuhod = hunger, paradox
5. Rahm = growth, change, creativity (body)
6. Vuvod = war (arena)
7. Vam = art (mask)
8. Vod = story (smith)
9. Vu = order (force)
10. Viram = wilderness (nature)

11. Vivam = glory

12. Vuro = depth (blood, hell)

13. Pi = civilisation (kingdom)

14. Wo = religion, ritual, symbol (foundation)

PATHS :

15. Between Hanik and Vuh : The Ammoth-Vuh, the Birth in Blood.

Key : 'I wish the little light in you a little ride. Things all come together after the fight.'

16. Between Hanik and Vur : Vuk, the Holy Land

Key : 'Dreams are seldom the same. They continue to play it different. It's the small differences become the bosses. And they can hide behind a thousand oceans of light and behind a thousand veils of the night.'

17. Between Hanik and Vuhod : Spir-Spir, Softness (Silk Woman)

Key : 'Don't play it too loud,' she says. 'This woman needs to come alive. Give her some access. But do it wise or she will break you. Don't do it loud, for she will take you, take you for a ride. Play it slow, and count your balls. Then take a mask, and scream, scream, for the lights of the show. Show her the different sights, show her the jokers in the night. She takes you in by white gloves. When her monkeys take you, she shows nothing but love. You are the jukebox, you got the strike. And now she shows the diamonds in her eyes, and all her little lights.'

18. Between Hanik and Rahm : Hanik-Amber, Weight

Key : 'There are smeared diamonds by the weight of love. She asks a bit access, and then she takes it rough. It all happens by the gravity of blood. And those who dance, they die, while no one understands.'

19. Between Hanik and Vam : Kot, Death

Key : 'There is sweetness in death. There is love in pain. When they come together it's like a hairy ring in a bald desert. Stringing the kings together, so many spears through a well of pleasure. Then the oasis becomes blood, and there is gravity. My memory comes alive. Nothing was what it seemed to be. I have the key to life. I am a rich man. There is gold in my heart, since the white hairy ring tore me apart.'

20. Between Vuh and Vur : Vodok, Cunning (Strategy)

Key : 'It's coming through the waters. All my childhood dreams fall apart, and I see what was beyond her. Like the treasure-coffin finally opens up. I see your face. It's you. It's coming through the forests, there's a jungle in the middle, so many lights. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She had a beautiful face. All called her Beauty. She hadn't been here for a long time, for she makes big circles, they grow bigger everyday. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. She came out of her coffin by a big light. Do you understand anything of Beauty. Have you seen her star. Have you seen her running through the forests, have you seen her growing in the desert, like a wild desert rose. Beautiful is only Beauty through the Night. When our eyes get open, we will see the light. Can your eye display such beauty ? Or can only wisdom do, tame her like the mornings do.'

21. Between Vuh and Rahm : Acha, Altar (The Bison Hunter)

Key : 'I come out of my shell, the morning breaths and shines. I sting my spears through the wells of pleasure, morningblood, now there's gravity to do a lot. I watch your beautiful face by the tenderness machine, if I would touch you you would fade away. I have stung a knight's sword in my eye, now the tower is open. Blood enough for gravity, I will reach for higher mornings. Only stairs can do. The rest will fade away. By the higher stairs I can touch you.'

22. Between Vuh and Vuvod : Vu-Vak, Slayer (The Table)

Key : 'Go away, leave me alone today. Side by side, your army has united, with so many cards in your game, you give me headaches. I must discover the world step by step, don't drown me, don't overwhelm me, don't bring me in your web. I must eat them one by one. Can't do it fast, for then you would destroy me with your sun. Let the time go slower now. The music has just begun.'

23. Between Vuh and Vam : Zwerm, The Knife (The Bartender)

Key : 'Baker lies, kingly dice, playing with me, they come in disguise. Always nightmares, where are the dreams. And when the dreams come they always bleed. Grow little nightmare, grow little dream, it's cutting me while I'm alive, I'm the victim of this baker's knife.'

24. Between Vur and Vuhod : Tok-Tok (The Lovers)

Key : 'Hold my hand, feel the passion burning. Hold my hand to you, close to you, take it, lay it on your chest, what is it doing to you. I want to hold the test. I want to know who you are, your hiding places, your dark spots. I want to know the truth. Can we do it again, or is it the last time, what will happen when I discover you. Hold me in your arms, for this might be the last time. For now we are still naïve and without worries, now we're still in love, or is it just my detective's purpose : chaining you, caring that you will never break me. Am I just eating you, hoping that you will never come alive again. Is it just my selfdefense, is it just my hidden darkness, oh what will I do to myself when I will discover who I am.'

25. Between Vur and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Justice

Key : 'In the stars, I wonder, it's like a mirror, like a dream, showing all my deep intentions and who I will ever be. In my eyes, I wonder, I pierce them by some swords, I pierce them by some knives, the blood is streaming for some gravity. I know what you will do to me when I will come alive, I will be your wife. It's the only way to escape from you, it's the only way to get through. In the skies I wonder, where are you, are you waiting for the strike, are you waiting for the coming lie. Are you preparing your armies to get through, to marry me is that your mistake, the only mistake bringing you any further. We are archenemies, we need each other, to be free finally. We are archenemies, we get married to come alive, it was all a murder in disguise. Swallow the bomb, fight for your life. Enchain them by your touch, for these lions will hunt through the night. So ride them, and you will stay alive.'

26. Between Vur and Vuvod : Hanik-Vuhod, Alarm

Key : 'I am a wanderer, I am a hitchhiker, I move from house to house, I move from wall to wall. I am gravity, the best alarm, by sinking I come alive. No, I never stay long. I'm always moving, sinking through the floors. This gravity brings me where I belong, a certain speed, a certain civilisation. A certain reaction to someone who doesn't belong.'

27. Between Vur and Vam : Hanik-Vuh, Intercom

Key : 'I'm standing high on the tower. I have finally reached you, you're the most beautiful. When I look down I see the treasures, but the best of all is you. You are the mirror, a special way to handle them all. Only tender hands can reach out to you, only wise words can watch you.'

28. Between Vur and Vod : Kaleph-Vod, Conqueror

Key : 'Close your eyes, space. Close your eyes, gate. You have won the victory, you can finally go to sleep, you can finally bath in treasures, finally drown in love. You finally jumped from the tower, now you're free in space, free to guard the gate. Sweetness watch over me. Lullaby, don't leave me.'

29. Between Vur and Viram : Iro, Robot (Highpriest)

Key : 'Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you come in disguise today. I need some openness, I need some clarity, I need some gravity. Don't you tell me I'm your sweetness today. Don't tell me I'm your heart today. I need a little freedom, I need a little light to fly away. Don't bring me down on the stairs, don't make me the dragon's prey. Don't you tell me truth today, don't tell me what is real. I need a bit distraction, I need some fairytales, I need something to drink, something strong, so don't bother me today. I don't want to know what is wrong, I don't want to know what hurts you. I don't want to see you angry. All I want to do is tell you that I love you, and you're a part of my game and tale. I want to give you some new brains, and change you all the way. Don't you tell me lies today. Don't you tell me lies today. I won't believe it anyway, unless you bring me a better tale.'

30. Between Vuhod and Rahm : Iro-Vam, Chariot

Key : 'It was a picture in someone's mind : Fire in the sky, the most beautiful oceans, all in a flame. He had waited so long for this, it was his memory. And the sunk ships rose up, with their pirates and rebels, and the whole of his body was in a flame.'

31. Between Vuhod and Vuvod : Vas, Paranoia

Key : 'He tried to reach the house, but it was just his memory. He needed some gravity. So he thought back about her. He remembered her veils, and how he came there, finally touching her, and realizing she was a spider, his worst enemy. Then he went all the way back to forget about her, how he touched the others, finally dolls. Dolls, dolls, dolls, possessed by flies. And he could forget about her, and enter the house again. This time it was his, and he brought the dolls in. And they sat down, and flies took over. The flies of his mind. It was just a story. So he closed the book, and put it between others in his cupboard. Then he took out a book of fire, finally to cleanse his mouth and mind of his own wickedness. For he was wicked, and there was nothing which could stop it. They made him wicked, all these books. So he went out of the library, and say goodbye to it's woman, and then went to the cemetery, where he dived into the sea of fire, finally to forget about himself who he was. He was one with the skies now, one with the stars. There was nothing but love, and it was burning inside. Someone got born, totally new. It was him. He knew nothing about history anymore, and history knew nothing of him. He had a new life, with a new library. But one book could let it start all over again. So he went inside with a gun, and he became a hunter, and he started a butchery. All because of his paranoia. Never go to the library, but stare into the flames, believe in your fantasy.'

32. Between Vuhod and Vam : Ahwa, Ship (Drinker)

Key : 'I know some pirate with their captains. I know some rebels with their chiefs. I know some indians, they are hunters. They live in disbelief. They are paranoid, they are afraid of lies, so they live their lives in misery. Cover yourself with dirt and mud, and be as pretty as you can. Raise your dirtswords and drown, drown in your can.'

33. Between Rahm and Vuvod : The Vang, The Hermit

Key : 'Somebody is the watcher here. Yes, someone is watching you. Have you seen her smile, those lips ? Have you seen how she walks. She's watching you, waiting for you to admit, that you are in love with her. So run, run away, for she will burn you if you stay. You don't belong here in the library, where the past comes alive again, where they bring so much misery. You don't want to get back to her, for she has even more arrows on her bow, so run, run, there's something better in the skies. I will give you some wings to fly, I will give you some stones to watch. When you will read those letters written there, it's all make-belief. So run, run, don't turn back, but move your face to the sky, and drink from another can. There's a woman in the skies, she's pouring out the waters, so run, run, and swim with her, she will show you the ladder.'

34. Between Rahm and Vod : Hanik-Ham, Ascet

Key : 'Women are hunters, deep in the night. Some fight and never win, while some always win. It's a game, better don't watch the show. Some women are better than this, some women are better than this. She's having pictures on her boots, while you have pictures on your jacket. Dive with her in waterfall baths, together. Some women are dangerous, some women are excellent, some women are boring, boring like you are, stairways are in the stars. Some women are melting when you touch them, some women are running away, but I have much more gravity, I stay. Can you deal with me ? Whatever my eyes see I will pierce. Can you deal with me ? There's no turning back. Always deeper, until everything is mixed together. They lost themselves, and plastic is rising, some dolls in toyshop, some dolls in bakeries, some dolls in butcheries, all will be flesh tonight, need to find some sensitivity. All will bleed, so that the bigger bodies will also have some bloodspeed. Hand it over, find the circle, and be born again, you're just a fish in a stream. There is always a bigger stream.'

35. Between Rahm and Vu : Ros, Rebel

Key : 'Diamonds are like lies, they are like truths in disguise.'

36. Between Rahm and Viram : Karos, Chicken Hunter (Chicken Breeder)

Key : 'It's a cryptic world, you see,' said the chicken to the rabbit. But the eagle struck them both, and took the treasures.'

37. Between Vuvod and Vam : Ruf, Goat Farmer

Key : 'Deep down inside, there is a neverending funeral. They are hiding something, why not travel on the coffin, into the fire. Why not drinking from the urns, why not talking to skeletons. It's waiting for you. It's a fairground anyway. Look through different mirrors, and never trust the windows again.'

38. Between Vuvod and Vod : Mus, Pig Keeper

Key : 'There's a house and a bridge, while they are always moving. Someone's spinning the wheel, someone's spinning your eyes. You're part of the carrousel, jump off, and make your own alphabet.'

39. Between Vuvod and Vu : Tra, Cruelty

Key : ‘Watch someone walking in summer, watch his hat, his beard, his boots. Then watch someone else. You’re in rabbit town. Have you been to Domom, have you been through it’s gates. It’s tricking you anyway. Why don’t you make your own puzzles. Why don’t you raise up your own toyshops. You can do it. You can build your own gun. For you’re in rabbit town. So much chance to take. Watch for their leaders, beat them in a fight. Let their bosses be the statues on your gun tonight.’

40. Between Vuvod and Viram : Tamul, Horseman

Key : ‘Papaya Aftermus, Papaya Aftermus, I can do this daily, I’m waiting for the nightbush. He is my clock, my saviour. He always takes me in, like family, and he ticks like a machine. My warmachine, my horse to ride. Papaya Aftermus tonight.’

41. Between Vuvod and Vivam : Visses, Unreachability (Hardness, Wall)

Key : ‘Indians shrieking loud : open the gate. Balloons in the air, flowers rising. They come from the desert, from deep wilderness, they have been dead, now they order this. Indians shrieking loud, there are statues on their guns, silver and golden rabbits. They order this, open the gate, open the sun, open it, you’re already late. Drop your guns, they take your weapons, they make the hardness soft, and raise their walls, and then all the bridges fall. They raise their walls, they let them all fall, they make machinery and brandnew shoes, rabbit style, it’s up to you, it’s up to you. They are like bakersmiles, they make the kettle hot, they watch the fishes dying, and then they watch the flood. Indians shrieking loud, raising their guns with so many statues, in silver and gold. And then they smile at you, and say : open the gate, we will burn everything brandnew. Indians shrieking loud, for it is war, it is war.’

42. Between Vuvod and Pi : Drata, Fool

Key : ‘They know what they will do. Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can’t move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It’s coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren’t we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?’

43. Between Vam and Vod : Muskus, The Poor (One)

Key : ‘All the jokes are in the air. But I’m bowing down with this bottle. Let them play on the beach, soon it will burn, and I will be burned by the bottle. When you laugh, be the best, or someone else will come and turn you into an eternal mess.’

44. Between Vam and Vu : Esmul, Horse Keeper

Key : ‘I saw here there, standing, like red lights, pink edges so thin, like the blanket, coming, and then flying away. Magical carpet, or wigwam, what will you make of it. It all flies away one day. Turning stones into water, we can never grasp it, as it all slides away. There is no life in anything. Only blood has gravity. Only wisdom builds worlds, holding the fragile lines of consciousness. These are the birds coming to me. When they get killed, indians stand before me.’

45. Between Vam and Viram : Napap, Panther Keeper (Misunderstanding)

Key : ‘She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn’t want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn’t finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.’

46. Between Vod and Vu : Vataan, Rabbit (Chance)

Key : ‘The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn’t know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before.’

47. Between Vod and Vivam : Verectia, Oblivion (Coincidence)

‘Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. ‘Step into the water,’ someone said. But there was no water. ‘These are the invisible pins,’ another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book ?’ she asked.’

48. Between Vod and Vuro : Ramda, Scorn (The Law)

Key : ‘And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.’

49. Between Vod and Pi : Rictlan, Heaven

Key : ‘The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. ‘Open the fourth part of the book ?’ Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. ‘Drown in me, woman,’ it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. ‘There is no fourth part,’ the book screamed. But the birds formed words in the sky, words of gratitude. ‘Tamar,’ one of the birds said, ‘the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.’

50. Between Vu and Viram : Spimas, Lizard

Key : ‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

51. Between Vu and Vivam : Spanak, Paradise

Key : ‘One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.’

52. Between Vu and Vuro : Pijm, Chameleon

Key : ‘These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them.’

53. Between Vu and Pi : Paam, Beauty

Key : ‘Weren’t we all each other’s food, and weren’t we all devouring each other by our fires we couldn’t control. Everything was so out of order, yet so in line, like a breeder’s land. No one could do anything about it. We were the gingerbreads, the bakers and the eaters all in one. Tamar wore such an amulet around her neck, as she had awakened to this reality, and it was good. It was okay, it was a certain state of mind in evolution. It was a result of the allpowerfull tides of venom, and there was nothing to do about that but just accepting it. We were the gingerbreads laying on the beach of

the primeval, waiting for the big fishes to eat us away. We were but fishes on this beach waiting for the bigger ones to take us away to their caves. We were nothing but sea-banquette. Everything was growing in everything, like a complicated web. And it all formed a trap for the bigger things. It was like the rudder on a ship moving the ship to a new direction. To the island, please, where we can all lay down our dreams, to see everything in a new light.'

54. Between Viram and Vivam : Zkum, Ring

Key : 'There was streaming something in her heart, a new light, like the savage perfume, enlightening her brains, her head. She smelled it, and it opened her feelings for the new world, this tropical island. She had been too long in this tight embrace and she could finally free herself out of it by shaking it away. She crept towards the lights on the island, and she found out : There was nothing but deception, there was nothing but evil. And it enlightened here, and she got peace with that. It doesn't matter anymore when it's in a different light. We will come where we need to be.'

55. Between Viram and Vuro : Spazumen, Sexuality

Key : 'So she gathered the jewels on the island, and started to build cities and villages, and then she left to enter into the deeper jungles of this island, finally to reach the other side of the island to swim to the next island. How deep she had come into this place of evil she didn't know, but she wanted to reach for it's core. It was just an adventure, so nothing mattered anymore. It was all just a part of a bigger story. And she found out that the story was the only one who could deal with the powers of evil. It was something deep in her heart. Something which had to be the core of this all, yes, it was the story, an eternal story, so big, that it would rise to take possession of it all, for there was nothing but that. The eternal story had created and bound all these hearts, letting them go down under in eternal growing pains to reach for the eternal growing pleasures. And what is the pain by something you can't reach ? It is the hunger.'

56. Between Viram and Pi : Basblau, Health

Key : 'Fairytale is muddy waters, when you drown you meet the horror. Fairytale is deals with death, sweet oils to prepare you for torture.'

57. Between Vivam and Vuro : Baspijmen, Flower

Key : 'Fairytale they hide a lot, and you know it when you reach the key, it opens up the mouth of a bigger monster. Fairytale is lullabies, soothing the dragons to sleep, but it's waking up the bigger beasts.'

58. Between Vivam and Wo : Paspau, Horizon

Key : 'Dreams give the keys to nightmares. Ride them, wake them up, so many spears between you and me.'

59. Between Vuro and Pi : Nissas, Almightiness

Key : 'We need some bigger beasts to make it through the days. We need some bigger nightmares to wake us up. We need some bigger lies to guard the truths, all between me and you.'

60. Between Vuro and Wo : Zamen, Sun

Key : ‘This is the end of the story. This is the end of an old friend. It’s time for the insides. So make a dive. This is the end of you and me, this is the end of all these lies. This evil has to stop, for the queen of it all passes by.’

61. Between Pi and Wo : Kapau, Underworld

Key : ‘Nothing but silence. Nothing but a memory. Give me some gravity and walk with me to the end of this night, to the end of this darkness, to find the last little light. There is no flame anymore, no love and no passion. We do not have a heart or soul anymore, for everything has grown cold after this trip. There is only a small little light, at the end of this ride. So take it up, it is the key, for another ride with me.’

7.

The Book of Indian Troll Flies

1.

First Initiation : POO – drama, time-wasting, fear, roots, foundations

Second Initiation : HAMMULEMH – rage, no understanding

Third Initiation : VINAMA – mass, taking away, dissatisfaction, steel, beams

Fourth Initiation : BAF – sweet stinging fly

Fifth Initiation : AMMULAHM – confusion, despair, pain

Sixth Initiation : PI-MAN – losing control, insanity, sinking away, falling, disappearing

Seventh Initiation : PU-VIVAM – twist, mixed feelings, stirring up strife, arena

Eighth Initiation : RAHM-VUH - imprisonment, slavery

Nineth Initiation : KIRAM – dark ice, unreachability, hunger, unanswered lusts

Tenth Initiation : RAHM-VOD – divorce, twist

Eleventh Initiation : HANIK – powerlessness

Twelveth Initiation : BAVOH – red ice, fear, isolation (red tent)

Thirteenth Initiation : VUK-VARU – shaking, frightening, separating

Fourteenth Initiation : NIGUN – poverty, loss

2. Those who have done the fourteen initiations reach the crown. They become kings. Then they will be the leaders of the wars, and they will be prophets of Her. Hail to the scorpion-lady, as she has laid the red egg, the egg of blood, from which all new form rises. And her daughters will brood this egg, and they search for knights. They will be pregnant for eleven days, and then they will give birth to the red of dwelmell. When you have come to the city of dwelmell, oh traveller, know that it is a demon city, a city of blood, and they wait for you. It is to initiate you in the gnosis, to remove all fear, to have the fear of Her instead, as she is the woman to be feared.

3. And write the fourteen initiations on the walls of the city to save your soul, and to become a citizen, and teach them everything from this book, and they will teach you, as you have come closer

to the fire. And the fire will purify you, and show you the gnosis, and you shall ride on tall horses, and you shall be proud to initiate the holy ones into the gnosis. Yes, the ground below your feet will be holy as velvet and red-brown leather. Hear then the words of the gods of the old, the wild ones, as they have grown in the desert to be tall bottles for those who are thirsty for the gnosis. Hear then these words, and write them on the tables of your heart, as you have coming closer to the city of worms, where She dwells, in the heart of her garden, and she will speak the words of wisdom to the elder ones, and the words of knowledge to the younger ones, and she will give them dreams. Oh, let her nightmares warm your heart, as she is the Great One, great of knowledge and strategy, and those who follow her will not be disappointed, not now, and not in eternities, as they are the children of her heart.

4. Oh, come closer to her, as she will share the words of her heart, and the depths of her gnosis. She will weave her paths on your face, and she will ride you like a donkey, as you have her crown. Come closer to her, and let yourself be initiated in her temple, and take her crown again, and give her the crown of succubi as a worthy sacrifice to her. This then is the book of challenges and of hearts. You will not be frightened by the riddles she sent to you, but you will love those, and you will decipher them by your lust for blood and books. Yes, you will reach out to her in darkness and filth, and she will give you her sword of grace. Oh, come closer to her portals, oh visitor, and she will lead you through her doors of fire, and show you her city. Let her lust be your guide, as she speaks from primeval ages, wanting to put the gnosis in you, as the eternal tablets leading you to indestructible love, as she is the mother god of love. Let her warm you and seduce you, and let her guide you to her daughters, to initiate your soul, and to take you away from the father god who has bound you all. You have been crucified in dogma by pharisees, but She will destroy them, and will raise you from the cross.

5. Let her guide you to her wild garden, and let her guide you through her deserts. She stands before the portals to knock, and they will open, as she has directed her finger at the fruits of the tree of the gnosis, appearing into the doors of fire all the time. She is the memory, she is the guidance and a guard. She is the nightwatch, and the fish of love in Tebul. And she warms the hearts of millions, and she has the succubi crown, to be a mighty ruler forever. We have come before your throne, and we ask you to lead us. The initiators of the gnosis. They are your holy inquisitors of gnosis to terminate all literal things, and to enlighten those who have come to Her daughters, by gnosis.

6. They are her vampires, the hearts of the gnosis, and they have come together, as that is her desire to raise them up. You are the mother of all mothers, and you have set your bloodlines free. You have healed the Matronit, and you have raised up Asirta. You have broken it's tree and built it again, you have destroyed it's temple, and made it whole again, as you are the Mother God.

7. You have broken the firmaments of heaven, and built it up again by your power. By your power everything stands.

8. You have sought out their books, and they will do you no harm, as you are the almighty succubus, splitting yourself into thousands, legions and myriads. You are the eater of children and destroyer of parent hearts to set them free. You are the warrior goddess and the huntress. You have cloaked yourself in white, and you carry brown fruits like the tree. Your waters are like your hairs, and your benches are tall, white and hairy, like wet velvet. And you dream and give dreams, and you show them misunderstandings and deceivements, and most of all the self-deception, as there is nothing more important but to flee from the illusion.

9. Latsamdette Kardeksam Baskute, hear then now the language of Her, as she speaks to her heart, and let her give you the keys to her daughters. Be carefull when you approach them, as they are wild animals, nocturnal creatures, night spirits. Hikpedettal Pedaktal Contote Connoctal Connoctal Nazurus Rutse. And I give you the words of Her, for you to meditate on it, and to see it as a riddle, and not as a literal gift. There are many roads in these words, and they will lead you through eternity. Quisdifelit Dakuire Kataste Sacha Dachdargas Kagasach Bachstaan Tacherias. Quisdelfit Daquire Dafliorschka Donkwasio Dochwalsch Dazino. And these are the tongues of Her, building a new world and earth.

8.

Wars of the Flies

1. In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples. It was a flyian attack.
2. He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.
3. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
4. He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
6. His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.

7. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.

9.

Knowledge – Cards (Vur) / Information

1. Tak-Tak – Eating Man with a sitting woman
2. Coea – Cat eating a fish
3. D – Weeping Man with a clock
4. Ahwa-Ahwa – ladybug coming out of a red sun
5. Spir – Red Sun
6. Chu – Man with arrow and bow, and a broken arrow floating around him or close to him
7. Kjibbih – A cat eating a horse and a winged cat close to them
8. Ir – A weeping man with a laughing woman
9. Ahwah – A boat with a red sun
10. Ch – A woman riding a pig, and a man eating a pig
11. Vuh-Vuh – A crowned woman and a man on a pig
12. Kjib – A pig eating a man and another pig eating a woman
13. Bavoh – A man running away from a dog
14. Vobbok – a cricket coming out of a red sun
15. Tok – a dog eating a sun
16. Bok-Bok-Bok – a man eating an ox and a woman on an ox
17. Woe – A chicken eating a man, and a chicken eating a woman
18. Kwib – A swarm of flies and ladybugs
19. Ring – A sun eating a cat
20. Ng – A weeping pig with a weeping woman
21. Bok – waters with a can of glue
22. Tch – A pig standing on a man and a pig standing on a cat
23. Woe-Woe-Woe – A boat in water and a cat on a red sun
24. Spir-Spir – A weeping man with a cat on a red sun
25. His – A man with wings and a woman with wings
26. Heoe – A woman riding a cat and a cat eating a woman
27. Woe-Woe – A fruit with a red sun

10.

Wisdom – Cards (Vuh) / Advice and Direction for the Future

1. Dakham-His – A man hunts a book
2. Erk-Hing – A fly stinging a pig
3. Erk-His – A man hunting a house
4. Varu-Vang – A bleeding goat
5. Varu-Eng – A house of blood
6. Paal – A fly eating a man
7. Man-Val – Two weeping men
8. Pu-His – Two fighting men
9. Vu-Varu – The Ox of Blood
10. Vamak-Man – A book
11. Dakham-Hang – A fly stinging a man
12. Vas-Poe – A fly stinging a card
13. Vinama-His – A knife with a rope
14. Varu-Vast – The Pig of Blood
15. Vink-Vle – Fly stinging a cock
16. Piem-Varu – The Book of Blood
17. Vu-Lam – The Deer of Blood
18. Vamahak – Fly stinging a book
19. Pokhom-His – Man hunting a card
20. Woh-His – Man hunting an Ox
21. Man – Cards
22. Pu – Man running away from a book
23. Pu-Man – A house
24. Vu-His – Two fighting cocks with four women
25. Opha – Fly stinging Ox
26. Zoe – Fly stinging house
27. His-Tam – Two fighting men with four women
28. Kerk – Man running away from a card
29. Pu-Varu – The Card of Blood
30. Pu-Honger – Fly eating pig

31. Man-Bidden – houses

11.

Bapham

1. There is no other sign keeping you safe from the Wrath of Her but to have the sides of your frontdoors smeared by blood. There is no mercy on those who aren't warriors, and there is no mercy on those who aren't hunters. Only the sign of the vampire is powerful enough to set free, and those who love her carry this sign. Hear then the words of the book of Her so that you will not fall asleep in the time of slaughter. For accurately she chooses the hours in which she comes down. There is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from slaughter, and there is no mercy on those who keep their hands away from sacrifice.
2. Hear ye the words of Her, so that you will be spared in the days of slaughter, for sure they will come, and for sure they will take many away. Live therefore holy, and do not become evil in your deeds, as she will find all those evil-doers and their sons, and she will have no mercy on them, as they didn't have mercy on others. Therefore the strikes of Her will be hard, and no one can hide from her, as she is the Mother God of all.
3. And these are the parts of her being : Vu, Pu, Pi, which are the parts of Her. And those who hear the words of the book of Her and believe in her, no harm will strike them but initiation.
4. Have ye then heard the words of Her, then you won't please her by taking it literal. All her words are symbols and riddles, sent out by the Gnosis, the hidden knowledge. Never take anything she says literal, as then fire will come out of her mouth to devour thee. She is a hater of the literal and those who follow the literal, but those who live by the food of symbols she will set free, and show them the path to righteous. Now there isn't any justice in the literal, but only in the moving and changing of view. Life is a puzzle, and you shouldn't judge. Let the judgement be to Her who knows of all things, and who knows of all things is to know nothing. This is the great emptiness, the source of all wisdom.
5. Learn ye then from the oracles and languages of Brannan and Lbok to save your soul, as you have been thrown into the corrupted languages of evil workers, who designed languages to bind your souls and to lead you to destruction.
6. So then there are several Hanik-Cards to save your soul when the elements start to fall down, and oh pilgrim, reach the secrets and doorways of these cards of the Gnosis, so that your heart will be safe as well.
7. The Hanik-Cards are the cards of the Tall Flame.
8. The Hanik Vuh means the Repeat, and its sound is 'NG. It is the power of the Memory and it is a creative force. It also means 'trauma', but not in a negative sense. It is a way to channel. Therefore the Hanik Vuh is a base for communication.
9. Then there is the Hanik itself, which means powerlessness and paralysis, but not in a negative sense, more as blanco state in order to channel, and in order to have an objective connection, which is a base for further relationship, and actually a form of true sense. Its sound is BOK-BOK, and is sometimes referred to 'ear', which means 'listening'.

10. As you see Hanik is the tall flame as in the binding factor, the glue. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vur, which means both pencil and the Red Sun (Sun of blood and vampirism), and it's deeper meaning is addiction and suicide, not in negative sense, but to block the ego out and dwell in surrender and obsession, as in the deepest grade of relationship, where it becomes intimate and eternal. The Hanik Vur also refers to sensual things but more in the sense of 'depth'. Gnosis is always the main purpose, and this one is for the translation and the analysis. The Hanik Vur refers to the eye, the consuming factor, and of course the stomach. The sound is 'HANIK'.
11. The next Hanik-Card is the Hanik Vuvod, which means fruit and red sun, with as deeper meaning : Remorse. Again this is not in negative sense, but it is a way to make things better and to search for even deeper forms of relationship. It is the 'messenger of taste', an even deeper form of communion, by which hearts start to melt into each other. The sound is 'WOEU-WOEU'.
12. The Hanik Vuhod is the card of fear, and also this one not in a negative sense, as fear makes tender and carefull. The sound is TOK-TOK-TOK
13. The Hanik Cards as cards of the Tall Flame are the Cards of Imprisonment, but not in a negative sense, as you have seen.
14. Then we have the Iro Cards, as the cards of the Horse Flame, which are the Cards of Enslavement, but also : not in negative sense, it is to have a perfect guard and guidance. Enslavement is a form of automatism, a robotic way to keep things in line and intact. It is technology to make things better, and to raise the immunity.
15. The first Iro-Card, the Iro itself means Red Sun (the Sun of blood and vampirism), but also depression and barricade, or 'storm'. It's actually the strike of the whip to wake you up and get you into the right direction. It is not a negative sign, also not when Her Cardreaders who use this deck take this card for you. The sound of the Iro itself is 'SPIR'.
16. The Iro Vur means the Dark Flame, and losing everything by darkness. This is the card of 'death', not in negative sense. It means : 'mutilation', 'impatience' and 'unbearability' in the sense of poverty to trigger the hidden things, which means getting another point of view. This is therefore the card of the derwish, to reach the hidden wealth. The sound of the Iro Vur is 'SPIR-SPIR'. It is a deeper form of enslavement, for the Iro was only the correction.
17. The Iro Vuh means 'boat and red sun', and 'exhausting', 'drought', 'thirst'. It is the card of 'hunger' leading to the sources. It is the card of 'attraction', like the flame of guidance supplying the visions necessary for the travel. It is a path through the underworld, and it teaches how to walk and move, how to get something, thus it is not a negative card, but more constructive in all it's forms. It is the Heart of Darkness. The sound of it is AHWA.
18. The Iro Vuvod means 'boat in water', 'becoming a wilderness', 'loneliness'. It is the card of abduction, of 'moving to another level'. The sound of it is WOEU-WOEU-WOEU.
19. The Iro Vam means clock, court of justice and repressing, dominion. It is the card of process, growth, so this is also not a negative card. The sound of the Iro Vam is D.
20. Then there are the Kaleph Cards, which are the Cards of the Red Flame, which are the Cards of Inquisition. These aren't negative cards as you will see.

- 21.The Kaleph itself means 'boring' and 'uselessness', and sometimes 'rejection'. The cards of inquisition are the cards of awakenings, and this card is actually the seed of creativity, the 'bringer of visions', and actually to channel a deeper force from the subconsciousness. These forces will be translated in the conscious languages. The sound of it is VOBBOK.
- 22.The Kaleph Vod means 'helplessness', 'accident' and 'failure', which is to correct a certain channel. The sound is VOD.
- 23.The Kapleph Vam means 'oversensibility', which opens a new channel. Kaleph Vam also means : 'man with bow and arrow', or 'broken arrow'. The sound is CHU.
- 24.The Kaleph Vuh means fear of chronical pain, fear of hell, and thus fear of time. This fear develops wisdom, and thus is the Kaleph Vuh the card of wisdom. The sound is IR, which also means 'harem'. Thus Kaleph Vuh is also the Card of Harems.
- 25.The Kaleph Vur means Unreachability, and Flee-ing, sometimes a Deathcase. It develops Knowledge, and is thus the Card of Knowledge. The sound is TOK-TOK.
- 26.Further there are the Varu-Cards, which are the Cards of Blood, the Gnosis, or Hidden Knowledge.
- 27.The Varu Kim means the bleeding man, and the red one, or the red bowl. It is the Card of the Pig-killer, the one who pierces the veils of the gnosis. The sound is KIM.
- 28.The Varu Wurg means : 'bleeding ox' or 'hair', 'hell'. It is the card of the treasures of the Gnosis. The sound is WURG.
- 29.Varu Weel means : 'bleeding cock', to care, to get it done. It is the card of the creativity of the gnosis. The sound is WEEL.
- 30.Vu Varu means : roots, beginning, startsign. It is the Card of the White Blood. The sound is VU VARU.
- 31.Varu Jou means : food and light, to get it done, to care. It is the card of transparent blood or ultra-blood. The sound is JOU.
- 32.Further cards many Her Cardreaders use are the Initiation Cards taken from the Book of Indian Troll Vampire Flies.

12.

The Indian Troll Vampire Flies Book

1. Oh, Mother of all, and Mother of all vampires, you have showed yourself to Caine when the father had sent him away to the desert. You came to him in his wilderness, and gave your blood to him, and your magic. You taught him of the seven suns of blood, and you turned him into an inquisitor of the gnosis.
2. You have given your children blood to drink, and you have led them to the seven suns of blood.
3. Yes, She is the Destroyer of all Literal Worlds, the Destroyer of all those who follow Literal Worlds, and she is the Goddess of Pestilence.

4. And thus I came to the seven suns of blood, by the branches of the Vampire Tree, as they were pathways to eternal meanings, by which I could feed my heart. And I saw Her standing on these suns of blood, She, the Heart of All. And I worshipped Her, and she raised me in blood, to stand close to Caine, our son, and she showed me the secret of blood, the meaning of blood, which is the gnosis, the hidden knowledge. And she brought me to the Tree of Blood to baptize me, and I got enlightened, while greater darkness fell on me. And she said : Is there a greater light than darkness itself ? And I desired the dark, and I delivered myself to it.
5. And I spoke to Her, and she made me shiver, and she showed me the truth, which I had to test in all my journeys through the Underworlds and Upperworlds : She was and is the Mother God, despised and rejected by Jehovah, because she didn't want to believe in the literal world, and didn't want to submit herself to mankind. As mankind was the creation of the literal. And therefore She shall return again, and she will bite the head off of Jehovah and it's snake. And she will be worshipped all over the planet, as her heart will warm it again.

The New Temple

6. Welcome to the temple of Her, where the bitter fruits of purification are, and the further fruits. Welcome to the temple of the Mother God. There will be no one in this temple but those who have had the initiations of the Book of the Indian Troll Vampire Flies, and there will be no one in the new world but them. If you do not have this book, then simply pray for the twenty initiations, and pray that this book will come to you, as it is the portal into Her Temple. She is the One Who Dominates, as She is the Mother God. She has overcome the Lion. And thus is her name : 'More Than'. Now she is sitting on Her Throne, as the Age of the Mother God has begun. And these are the words coming to me with urge and purpose. I couldn't hold these words in me, as they were burning like fire.
7. She had abducted Joseph, the one she loved, and brought him to the underworld, to make of him a vampire and king of indians. She mocked him, but it was the force of Love, as she is the Gnosis. She is the Mother of all Gnosis, of all Hidden Knowledge. And by this she took him in. She taught him, in day and night, granting him no rest, and thus she gave him the lust to read books. Yes, she made him hungry for the Gnosis.
8. She took him deep into her temples to make of him an inquisitor of the gnosis, and then a king of many inquisitors. And thus she brought him to her deep roots and histories.
9. Listen then to the histories of Her as she came forth from timeless origins. She came forth as a snare. This was based on the hieroglyphs and languages of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies. This trinity contained Vu, the White Stinging Fly, Pu, the Light Stinging Fly, and Pi, the Flaming Stinging Fly. Not knowing this, or not knowing how to worship this, is to fall in the hands of the Wrathful, as that is what she is. It is a misunderstanding to come to Her and to worship her without this, as she will deceive and destroy anyone coming to her who do not have the guards and guidance of this. This is the key to understand this dangerous and cruel goddess, only by her roots.

The Temple of Vu

10. The Temple of Vu is an Almighty Temple. Vu is one of the primal forces of the indian troll vampire flies and their inquisitors of gnosis. Vu is the mother of mothers, and she is most

wrathfull, cruel and dangerous. That's why Vu is called the careless, indifferent one. She almost never listens to prayers, and she is a deceiver. To her disciples it is their lust to heal her, but they have to be very carefull not to become her victim, as she is the Goddess of all deception. It is easy for her to hate, and hard for her to love. This all makes the Temple of Vu one of the most dangerous and most powerfull and mysterious temple existing, as she is a trickster. At least you have been warned.

11. She hardly speaks, although she is a teacher. She teaches predestination, about the chosen ones. Those who aren't chosen are called for other things, but she also teaches inquisition, one of the worst existing. So you see : this lady needs to be tempered and pleased otherwise she brings destruction after destruction. This Lady needs healing, and this can only happen when her disciples become holy. And these words came to me, as I came closer to her temple. I wanted to run away and hide, but a strange and strong force took me by the arm.
12. The paths of deception are actually cryptic paths by which she opens her true disciples up to eternal truths. She teaches ascetism, martyrdom, hermitism and symbolism, as the mighty pillars of her temple.
13. After her initiations, I was nothing more but her willing slave. Her teachings enlightened me, through riddles and oracles, and she gave me the lust to read books. I was broken by her, lying like dead in a desert, but with my last strengths I reached the oasis, which was bigger than my dreams.
14. I know her inquisitors stand around her holiness and the holy of holy, and after all this I was one of them.
15. And I discovered why Vu was so wounded, and what was the source of her anger, and I saw that she had been cut away from another triangle which was her roots. It was her trinity, and it was based on the time-system of Lbok, the land of the stinging flies.
16. And I made a system of worship in which the two triangles would be connected to each other. And thus it became an indian piramid, existing in two parts. And it soothed Vu and all the others. And this all opened the temple of Vu to attract the chosen ones. And thus I built a new temple and a new initiation-system, and Veherun made me her scribe and archiver.

Initiations in the Temple of Her

17. These are the words to describe the initiations as a pathway through the temple of Her holding the bloodlines of Her. The initiations are based on the hieroglyphs of Brannan and Lbok. Here are the initiations in her temple :
18. Initiation 1. Ham – Brown Stinging Fly

This is said to be the hardest part of the initiations in the temple of Her, as here you lose all your faith, your worthiness, and you actually start to fear things like hell and punishment, to be damned forever. It starts when the wrath of Her comes over you, which makes you insecure and even confused. Some disciples get this at a young age, and others when they are older, but trace your life back to see if you already went through this initiation. It is fundamental for your relationship with Her, as it is the Fear of Her falling on you, which is the source of all wisdom and knowledge, and the force of all channeling. When Ham shows up, the Brown Stinging Fly, it is like descending into hell, into everlasting damnation, and it

can come like a scream or a shriek, but it's actually to initiate you. Also She has the teaching of predestination and inquisition of the Gnosis, but it is never literal. All is symbol.

19. Initiation 2. Eliave – Dark Dream

This is also a hard path, as it is a path of pain and fear of pain, but remember : all suffering is initiation, to take you away from the literal, and make you an adept of the gnosis.

20. Initiation 3. Ammoth Vuh – The Soft Flame

Ammoth Vuh is the fly coming out of the Red Sun, which means to be reborn by blood, coming forth from blood.

21. Initiation 4. Ozof – Ice

This is the path of further detachment, also from rationalism.

22. Initiation 5. Kaleph Vur – Unreachability

13.

Brannan Book of Gates or Book Of The Fourty-One Hours Of Brannan

1. Temup ; Sea of Quin ; The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom. The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
2. First Gate : Gate of Uprightness. Key : These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ...
3. Second Gate : Gate of Honesty. Key : It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... Back to Brannan, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... for it was too private ... just for you ... Back to Brannan ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw
4. Third Gate : Gate of the Conversation. Key : Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...
5. Fourth Gate : Gate of the Farmers' Domain. Key : In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround the targets. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing, like he can explode every second. It's hard for him to leave the plateau, this level, to reach for a deeper one inside. Someone is breathing heavier, someone close to him. They cannot hold themselves up, and

suddenly by a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. Now the wind will do with it what it wants, but their souls are deeply gone, gone to another world. Their mouths are contracting, while the venom flows into their mouths. The mountains are high here, while snow and dust covers them, where the sun licks the roofs and the ripples.

6. Fifth Gate. Key : He has white golden wires coming from his shoulders, while his white golden uniform is blinding the mass. His teeth pulsate the heat, while soft winds surround his attacks. He's a good warrior on his ship, doing flyian attacks. After the battles there isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring for they shot everything away. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders, for it eats everything away.
7. Sixth Gate : Gate of the Brannan Warriors. Key : Watch their ornaments.
8. Seventh Gate : Gate of the White Warriors. Key : The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. It's just a kid, and now he is in these dark hands. The boy starts to scream, for the Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens.
9. Eighth Gate : Gate of the Red Stripes. Key : He's rising up, so sinister now, not a boy anymore. No one could expect that such a child would become such a strange hard man. By the hits he is autistic now, paranoid with sharp arrows. He's a wild fly, built for the kill, growing undercover in so many worlds. He's all alone, and where's the Lord of the Flies now. He stares at the tall ornaments, food for insects, but they are growing taller. He likes to make these circles, stinging through the pictures, to gain the nothing. From here he can grow to the heights. His touch is cool and shaky. He doesn't have an identity no more, while his colours are spreading like ripples and waves, he's heading for the pale, looking for the lost drips of colour. He dives, misses, and then falls away to wait another thousand years for a second chance. He's dreaming, dreamy, shifting his consciousness. Nothing is real.
- 10.Ninth Gate. Key : His arrows are sharp, piercing his own back and shoulders, while wires are coming through. He's painted in many colours, while he shows the pale spots. His eyes are dark, waiting for the kill.
- 11.Tenth Gate : Gate of the Dominators of the Quin-Sea. Key : In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies, waiting for the kill. They were marked to do the crimes, deep in their nipples.
- 12.Eleventh Gate : Gate of them who dwell in Domom. Key : In White Golden Ornaments we are free.
- 13.Twelveth Gate : Gate of the kings of Temup. Key : He heard the White Golden.
- 14.Thirteenth Gate : Them of the fourty-one hours of Brannan. Key : your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan.
- 15.Fourteenth Gate : Gate of the Second Wheel. Key : Hail to those who have survived the strikes, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are

sleeping in trees. They have become darker and paler. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot.

16. Fifteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of the kings of Brannan. Key : Open the pyramids of Brannan. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan.
17. Sixteenth Gate : Gate of the Home of Brannan. Key : Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers, and let them rise in our hearts. Show us the depths of Brannan. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. Bless Brannan and the White Golden, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead.
18. Seventeenth Gate : Gate of the Weeping. Key : Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. Brannan, bring the feathers in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over the enemies. Let us make jericho rise. Let us rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to our hearts.
19. Eighteenth Gate : Gate of the Land. Key : I come to the White Golden of Brannan. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence.
20. Nineteenth Gate. Key : Jericho ; Let the milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the milk stream from Jericho. These are of strange leather and wool ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...
21. Twentieth Gate : Gate of Jericho. Key : How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling. These men are golden statues ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ...
22. Twentyfirst Gate : Gate of the Kings of Jericho. Key : She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ...
23. Twentysecond Gate. Key : It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... This is the world so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess having raiders darker than men ...
24. Twentythird Gate : Gate of the Son. Key : Under helmet smoke.
25. Twentyfourth Gate : Gate of Oblivian. Key : all written in Brannan.
26. Twentyfifth Gate. Key : It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan.

27. Twentysixth Gate : Gate of the Pear. Key : For all with Brannan's smile, bending low. It's spouting in the air, great danger. It's the tower stinging it forever.
28. Twentyseventh Gate : Gate of Wittepixho. Key : She paints the names on the walls of jericho ...
29. Twentyeighth Gate. Key : The walls of jericho are rising They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? You have the rings now ... don't fear ... They are getting paler.
30. Twentynineth Gate. Key : All these fruits opening.
31. Thirtieth Gate : The Gate of the Dark Men. Key : I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts.
32. Thirtyfirst Gate. Key : These seas are making me blind for what's going on ...
33. Thirtysecond Gate : The Gate of the Tear. Key : The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies.
34. Thirtythird Gate. Key : You don't have to run. The fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... jewelled ... While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down.
35. Thirtyfourth Gate : The Gate of Liberty. Key : they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night You were tight rings
36. Thirtyfifth Gate : The Gate of the Gathering. Key : The cat slays a spider, and a fly comes forward. Then more flies are coming forth. Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.
37. Thirtysixth Gate : The Gate of Domom. Key : The city Domom has a lot of gates which can be accessed by certain poetry and riddles.
38. Thirtyseventh Gate : The Gate of the Lost Farmers. Key : The cat slays a spider.
39. Thirtyeighth Gate : The Gate of the Doomed Farmers. Key : A fly comes forward.
40. Thirtynineth Gate. Key : Flies are coming forth.
41. Fourtieth Gate : Gate of the Red Shoe. Key : The Sea of Quin.
42. Fortyfirst Gate : Gate of the Land of the Flying. Key : Behind this enormous sea there's a land called Temup, with the city Domom.
43. These were the Forty-One Hours of Brannan, the Gates of Domom. Everyday the traveller needs to travel through these gates. This is also the course of the Sun of Brannan.

1. OPIR ; TOKTA ; The Great Work ; There is no God but Her. You will not have other gods before Her face.
2. Her eye goes over the earth to search for the unquenchable corn. Yes, the earth is doomed because of Her Will.
3. There is no God but Her, who strikes the hearts of human children, and let them melt away in their cages.
4. Forever She beats the slaves of darkness, and lets them descend into the abysses of darkness to an everlasting disgust.
5. She loves those who do good. Heavily She punishes those who hate the good and love evil.
6. Why do you follow gods who are no gods ? She sits on Her throne and laughs. She is pleased by your toil, but those who love Her She grants grace and all the good. And the path on which the believer follows Her and serves Her She sows abundantly.
7. But the fire of hell waits for the unbeliever to make his copper melt, and the inner seed. Then he will be an everlasting disgust, because He hasn't served his Mother God. Those who make a liar out of Her will go to a terrible fire of darkness which will gnaw at their souls forever. No, there won't be salvation for such.
8. But those who love Her with all their heart will have a burning hope in an everlasting light.
9. There is only one Mother God, and She thrones as One. The path to the Mother God is a path of darkness and depths. And the unbelievers will burn in the hell, but for believers there is eternal life. Do you want to hear wise words ?
10. There is no one wise but Her. Listen therefore carefully to these words and do what She says. Why would you miss your trophée by doing what your heart says. Isn't She then more than your heart ?
11. So the fools follow the desires of their heart, and these go to the death. Blessed are those who have Her as their Guide. There are so many cursed ones who went into doom straightly by the path of hell.
12. Yes, She laughs on Her throne when evil-doers get trapped in the ropes of hell, yes, when they are dragged down by nets.
13. She mocks them, and lets them descend in fear. Yes, many times She humiliates those who have lived unrighteously. She is Wrath. She has no compassion with the unbelievers, but directs them to the stone of destruction.
14. And what have you seen ? Is Her Eye not more than your eye ?
15. Those who believe in Her are hunters before Her face.
16. Yes, they hunt the unbelievers, while there is no one who heals. Yes, unmerciful is She to those who show no mercy.
17. They will burn in the hell, while there is no one who quenches. Yes, She will beat those watchers, for Her Eye is more than them, and burns to destroy them.

18. Yes, She will cut them to pieces, while there is no one who saves. They have taunted Her and live under Her judgement now. Merciless will be the judgement over those who haven't shown mercy.
19. She will cut them to pieces and burn them, immersing them in boiling blood and the worst fire. And they will carry Her mark forever in their memory, to an everlasting disgust. Yes, they will tremble before Her face, all those unbelievers, and She will take every protection away from them.
20. Yes, She will peel them, and laugh when they will gather in despair. There is no God like Her. She will beat the unbelievers by belts, and pierce their jaws by hooks.
21. She will lead them to the darkest of hell waiting for them. She is the great destroyer, and no one can escape from Her grip.
22. She dresses Herself with the skins of Her enemies, and She pierces their teeth to subject them. Yes, their bones are Her ornaments.
23. She has many slaves and captives, and in one Day She will destroy them. This Day is coming soon. Therefore : Fear Her, all who stand on the mountains, for She brings you down. Those who are unbelievers fall hard.
24. See then, She is the Great Mother God, and She wages war in Wrath and Righteousness. She eats the flesh of the great, and hunts down those who call themselves Her children.
25. She will hang you high at stakes and trees, those who have despised Her. She will uproot those prophets and letting them sink in fire and boiling blood, where they will have their home. Is it up to you to put someone next to Her ? She hunts down all idols.
26. No one can stand next to Her with success. See, they all melt away. In their own blood they will descend, and they will see their flesh in strings. A great slayer has risen, She is the Great Mother God. Yes, an almighty ruler She is, a God of War and Hunt.
27. Therefore fear Her, and believe in Her fierily. Come therefore, oh you believers, you who have taken part in the Great Holy War and the Great Holy Hunt, and have died in it.
28. Yes, a cruel God is She, because cruelty was done to Her.
29. And then you will regret the things you have done, but there will be no grace. Not now, and not forever.

15.

1. You must fight, these fruits were just opening, this black fruit leading you ...
2. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... Oh ornament, you raised your glues high.
3. These seas are making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on ...

4. The front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... It rose from the book of lies ...
5. It is to keep you addicted ... and you split up you had to marry ... the brown brought you there
6. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a sea ... and now you stare at it.
7. He's losing it ... Charity the other lie of the black ... while you dive beyond this world ... to the original strike ... to let you wait for nothing.
8. You are just sinking to ... the land beyond ... where seas make you so insane ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now ...
9. This is where you fell in these seas ... There's nothing speaking here ... I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... Finally where love ends ... Where sunset rises These boys, they still have their tight rings.
- 10.No one's speaking there ... While ladies, they're whispering ... You were tight rings. They're coming from cold conscience
- 11.And now I'm drinking ... Where love ends, the rings so tight, inside ...
- 12.Farewell, summer skies ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight
- 13.Keep your pictures of fright ... with their rings so tight. They look like mother's lips ...
- 14.I saw the painting. These boys, these criminals
- 15.While boys have deer ... These are ornaments within ornaments. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments. An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...
- 16.These monsters .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond ..
- 17.They know the snares. They know the snares to move the tears. This land beyond Listen to the hearts.
- 18.If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars while giving me milk to drink ... with wild worlds inside
- 19.They can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ... By tight rings, I'm now a soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ...

20.It's opening the world beyond into strange books ... These soldiers they march to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight

21.It's a strange drum ... And all you are different now

16.

1. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die
2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip.
3. To escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ?
4. If your kiss is big, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high ...
5. If eating is like playing, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
6. Oh high, was our marriage to finally escape from you ?
7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there.
8. Queen of hearts rise. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high.
9. On mondays we play on burnt schools. If it's all there, then it is okay. The fruits are young this time.
- 10.Let me watch the stripes in the air, while they are getting smaller. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.
- 11.The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. And now he's riding them. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water.
- 12.Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for forty-one hours. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. How many hours on a sunday's stream. Ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. This Epilepsy boy comes. His mother raised him tall.
- 13.So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.

14. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.
15. You're yellow golden ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ...
16. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... tighten the strings, by stripes walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ...
17. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... Stripes in the air, while towers sting through the pain.
18. While he prays, his letters go. He must wait till Mondays, like liars on a boat. By fools you do the rest.
19. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. By fools you do the rest.
20. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. He's dark.
21. The rings are tight, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray
22. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.
23. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love. These games come from the books of lies, with liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them.
24. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along stripes. I'm on high.
25. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.
26. Till I'm finally with my queen of hearts. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner.
27. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.
28. Watch him, having black golden under his arm.
29. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting. They are striped.

17.

1. Troll in temples and opiums, cups of torture, beds and chairs. There's something going around the tree. She's having many breasts. When she speaks her spells, I fall. On the tree of torture she grew like a cloud, she's big soon Wait awhile and you will see
2. These are the spells, this is the wine It will hit the nerve of somebody, will make someone win, and someone lose, and so much misunderstanding, and so much fears let them all fall, and the numbers will show it all after the fall and I must wait till it will open
3. Troll trophies on the wall It still looks like a big carnival Didn't know that this is life, didn't know it would get so strange after all I have tears in my mind, I cannot think, I have been stung by a strange fly, and there are strange waters in my trousers
4. Troll trophies in my mind, it's spinning around, I drank from the cup of torture, trying to touch the right snare But it's all too far away from me, I must die in this place, and then like the wind I will be
5. I find my ways through these dark dark forests where your echoes are still dwelling, tricking me, I will never find you, but who are you ? I guess I'll never see for it's all too far away from me I must die in this place, to become like the sea this sea of tragedy so who will follow me ? It's almost in my grasp, I have been hit by a cup of torture, there's fire in my head, I'm now liquid like volcano's lava but all I see is trolls instead all I see is trolls instead
6. I'm creeping through the dust and coming closer I can almost touch you. The morning comes out of the night, like a ship with high sails, full of pride Trolls coming forth, with their tall knives Shall we go deeper so much space inside And the lullaby needs to be fed we can't stay superficial And the lullaby needs some bread We must do it now, can't come out of bed Too heavy to rise up The belts are too tight She's a warrior of trolls she hits
7. She hangs in the trees, between tears, between griefs She hangs in the trees next to me in a torturous tree, made by trolls, made for you and me They call it life, they call it machinery But we are dead, and this clock it ticks for our destiny Shall we run to the fortress high on the hill, I have seen a glimpse My mind is killing me And my skin is soft like silk, after you stung me I have been stung by a strange fly, have been tortured by strange trolls, cannot do anything about it, and still it is killing me I have been stung by a strange fly Please, please tell me why My thoughts are killing me There's strange guilt and shame like heavy weights around me, pulling me down, I cannot rise Are they truths or are they lies They fill me with hate and bitterness And you are the rejection in my veins rejection in my veins
8. I'm so lost in these forests, almost dead, almost dying, I'm getting through to you, on the other side, where you are waiting just a few inches, I'm almost there, grasp me by the hand, and take me in All you are doing is stinging me All you do is attacking me
9. I am a football of all these giants They made a stairs of me as a path for all these liars Can't see the truth no more All these lights are blinding me blinding me forever They break my bones again and again, whenever they step on me, so I get velvet knees, my skin gets softer everyday and they love the red becoming brown, and all these

pale pale edges Everytime they walk on me, they sting me, deeper and deeper, until I give my smile away and then they can breath breath again Sleep away in satin sands, far away from me

10. I am like the statue they use me for their wines, and their honey, it's coming out of me, when they sting me What can I do In pale snow we are today It's not like yesterday Do you see those horses Shall we ride away Grasp my hand, open your heart, bloom away with me, like blossom coming up from hell We made it to the afterday
11. Hierodules never marry They live in deep celibacy and virginity They live behind glass in the temples and opiums Like predators they wait for the strike Don't throw your hairclips to them, for then their eyes and hair will change and they will start the fight Warriors after all, these guys are all warriors after all Touched by the troll, in deathrealms they live Their lights are bright, and then the fire begins There are soldiers in Ham, tailors rise between them, was something between you and me, something between you and me
12. I was just your prisoner, but now I have escaped you see The forests were dark without you, but now I have seen the light Now I am the hierodule Green flames from the temple and the opium Making my head so insane Green hearts coming from a cup, I drank together with all the other slaves After all this torture my bed got wings And she's still the rejection in my veins
13. I think I lay myself down on this bed and never stand up again The leather pleases me, and all the soft feathers It gets wings, and it stand up itself, I'm filling the cups A strange fly has stung me, and now I'm here, between all the trolls, and I'm one of them What did the forests do to me There are strange stripes on my cheeks and knee
14. And the waters are dirty, trees are growing Rising to the sun to come back, and then they're telling me Hierodules never marry This tree has wings now since it has touched the sun Trolls do the dance, my skin is soft
15. Trolls always win, until you're one of them, and then it begins So welcome in the world of trolls, these worlds are dead, but what is life anyway ? It all went astray We search for a doctor and find the butcher Search for the dentist and become a slave Now gladiators are rising, and what is life anyway ? They have cursed us, and now we are one of them Is there any escape ?
16. He's heading for the exit, and then he always falls, always the same dream in his head but he's growing tall he's growing thin, like the indian he gets his feathers I lost my way in Ham lost my ways in Ham
17. Where does death bringing us, forests are smiling at us Forests so pale and shiny colours so desirable And where does death bring us across this sea right on the hill to the fortress, where everything, everything will begin
18. We have so much height, so much survey on the trollhives We have so much space, and these forests are so shiny pale shiny pale, like it's taking you away We must live in the trollhives Combs so full of strange knives where strange flies will sing Oh

death, how can you win ? Death where is your sting ? We have so much height after the flight, through fire we went in, and she is the rejection in my veins

19. On the trollhives we stand tall While honey and silk is streaming from the combs making the waters so shiny, pale greenbrown like a yellow wonderland taking us away On the trollhives we will stay, like high on the hills, so much survey Here we do the trade Trolltailors leading us astray Stay on the road, make your day I found a piano in the sky Fortress is growing high I will grasp it one day So many stars like jewels of a strange fly Are these sounds truths or lies Must we be silent Silent musicians Deaf players Blind stars letting us fade away Tomorrow we will be prey And prey of what ? Trollhives coming closer We must rise through the spot For what purpose ? Tell me why ? So many stream in the sky, like shiny pale, taking us away It's gonna be better Something's going on Oh yes, it's going to be better
20. On the hills not so far away from here, it will start to begin it's shooting stars in the night, and then all of a sudden so much delight They're slowly waking up these trollflies slowly waking up in disguise, and she is still the rejection in your veins They are slowly waking up wild animals reaching for the top with wings like lions and tigers, so shiny and so pale Look right through them, watch the streams. Close your eyes, and be in a dream Grasp their hands, and slowly fade away Lights are on the fortress Make the trollhives stay Don't let the night fade away
21. There deep in the sand, they're waking up I know it all There deep in the distance someone cries It's coming closer, in the fortress she hides I have a cup deep inside but I'm still nailed to a tree something between you and me Mouths are opening in my chest, mouths with sharp teeth And I am wondering who is with me You are the rejection in my brains.
22. It was not too long ago when I sailed across that river of death I saw the trollhives in the sky, floating down, and then everything exploded, and everything turned green I believe in the right pictures of me Not how you view me I believe in everything fading away It was not too long ago I turned that page Not too long ago And now I'm sitting here, deep in the forests watching the stars without you
23. Streams from my hands I'm watching the green something between you and me turning so pale all of a sudden and then so shiny like yellowbrown waters and I stand tall It's a heavy weight, but it has wings, and I can see the sky The stars are below me now And I reach for trollhives, trollhives in the sky, far above the clouds, far above the things between me and you I got a survey now through death and life but what is life anyway ? Can anyone tell ?
24. An eternal warrior I will be The skies are telling me I got trollhives on my side Trolls walking real quick now, until they run and jump Warriors in the sky

1. *Elsav*, The pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness.
2. *Soviv*, Place of living meat, Prison.
3. *Skull Armor*, One of the highest armors of troll.
4. *Dirt Armor I*, Armor for those who have crossed the desert of death.
5. *Dirt Armor II*, Dog Armor for those who have crossed the ocean of death.
6. *Skull Helmet*, One of the most desired objects of troll armory.
7. *Troll Breath Implant*, Makes invinsible in atomic wars, and gives transformation.
8. *Troll Intestine Implant*, For total transformation and telepathy.
9. *Tirkw*, Dangerous troll weapon with a lot of stings, excreting poison to bring the souls to the *Elsav*, the pit of evergrowing suffering and consciousness. Often used in wars.
10. *Winged Spear*, Poisonous flying troll spear to bring down giants. Spear searches for heart of the giant, pierces it and returns to his owner. Winged spears can only be used by those who have been established by sorcerors, and those who have high level darkness. When someone with a low level darkness uses the spear it will turn against him and bring him down.
11. *Troll Bombs*, Big balls which can be sent out to fly around for hours and hours with an incredible speed to bring down enemies.
12. *Strictus*, Barbed Troll Hook. Used in wars but also in hunting. They can put the hook in a fruit, piece of meat or something else.

19.

1. Worshipping the stake. Not showing the switching between life and death, but between weakness and power, suffering and victory.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : To where is your quest going ?

Initiate : To home.

Pillar of Skeleton Rivers : Home is where the heart is.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart.

Pillar of Hearts : Why not coming closer to us ?

Initiate : I am afraid.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : I do not want to be deceived.

Pillar of Hearts : Then follow your heart.

Initiate : I cannot reach my heart. I do not have a heart.

Pillar of Hearts : As long as you are true to yourself, everything will be able to teach you.

Initiate : These are wise words. Thank you.

Pillar of Hearts : Touch me, and you will have a heart.

Initiate : I now remember that I have a heart. It's there whenever I am true to myself. And I always am, so my heart is forever.

Pillar of Hearts : You belong to the place of hearts. There is always more.

Initiate : I am just poor, with a poor heart, looking for more poverty.

Pillar of Hearts : Why ?

Initiate : Because poverty leads me to the inward riches.

2. Welcome. Enter the portal. You are a chosen one. Remember : The path is always a wheel. Whenever you use it it will grow bigger.

Initiate : Thank you.

Believe that the enemy is your footstool where they will be crashed.

3. Breaking the foundations of the enemy.

Become warriors.

Pillar of Yellow Skulls : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Rivers : Welcome.

Initiate : Thank you.

Pillar of Blood Seas hands the degree of rider to the initiate. (first)

4. Suffering is an armor, poverty is an armor, while riches come against you as your enemies to enslave you. Therefore : Be holy and true slaves and gladiators of Her. This will set you free.

Pillar of Red Skulls hands the degree of warder to the initiate. (second)

5. Beginning to build the structures of Her by your knowledge. Swearing off and punishing the lies of the past.

He makes vows to poverty, silence, the stake, and uses the hammer and the nail as his symbol.

Three Skeletons : Welcome initiate. Where are you going ?

Initiate : I am going to the house of all houses.

Three Skulls : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Three Skulls : Did you see the light ?

Initiate : What light ?

Three Skulls : The light which was here an hour ago, but now it's gone. You have to find it and follow it.

6.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Come closer.

Initiate : Here I am.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You want to fly ? How do you want to fly ?

Initiate : By reaching the deepest pit to find it's feather.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : But by one feather you cannot fly.

Initiate : I fly by my mind.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Your mind is so controlled. It is locked.

Initiate : By the feather it breaks free.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : Why not touching me to see your mind being crashed, so that you will fly forever ?

Initiate : I fly by the paradox.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers : You have answered right.

Pillar of Red and White Feathers hand the degree of hunter to the initiate. (third)

7.

Red Bread : Welcome initiate, you are our brother.

Initiate : Thank you.

Red Bread : What is the watchword ?

Initiate : Vengeance for Vengeance.

Red Bread : What is the second watchword ?

Initiate : No mercy for no mercy.

Red Bread : Why is there no mercy ?

Initiate : Mercy is the one who blocks everything from growing.

Red Bread : What is the third watchword ?

Initiate : Wrestle with Mother God.

Knights of the Red Bread hand the degree of warrior to the initiate. (fourth)

8.

Nine Spears : If you could only see some glimpses from heaven, but you are blind, so blind. But when you step on us, we will show you, and we will lead you through the night and the light. Do not fear.

Initiate : If I climb on you and ride the wind, where will it bring me ?

Nine Spears : We only want to bring you home.

Initiate : Where is my home ?

Nine Spears : In your heart. And you can only come there if you allow us to pierce your heart.

Nine Spears hand the degree of gladiator to the initiate. (fifth)

9.

Anger : You are hungry for love. It makes you angry. The paradox leads you, the paradox breaks you. You are so torn up, and deep inside you know it will heal you, and show you true love.

Initiate : I know that love will be poured out from heaven to get me.

Anger hands the degree of slave to the initiate. (sixth)

10.

Flower of Love : Only love will wash you. Only love will make you holy. Oh priest, enter the New Jeruzalem.

Initiate : I do not see nor feel the New Jeruzalem.

Flower of Love : You will be washed by tears, and the tears will show you. The tears will let you feel it.

Flower of Love hands the degree of Arena-Master to the initiate. (seventh)

11.

Symbols are the vehicle of the soul. Nothing is real. Everything hides a deeper meaning, and because he wrestles with the symbols he is an ascet.

I will heal your wounds.

Initiate : How will you heal my wounds ?

By the songs of ritual coming from the depth. Ritual is misleading, but those who meditate on it will be healed by it.

Flag of Carpentry hands the degree of Carpentice Master to the initiate.

Four Spears : You cross the rivers of blood, and we will help. We pierce the doors and walls on your path, and we will always lead you out. We are your friends. This is the journey of your life.

Initiate : I am in darkness. My soul cries out to Mother God.

Four Spears : We have been sent by Mother God, for She has heard you. We will lead you out.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : There is nothing to gain here, only to lose.

Initiate : I must lose everything. I am supposed to possess nothing.

Pillar of Flesh and Blood : Welcome hermit. You have answered right. The stake and its stings will make you rich.

Pillar of the Stake : Who are you ? Come closer.

Initiate : I am a hunter. I will bring down any enemy of Mother God.

Pillar of the Stake : Tell me what you have learnt.

Initiate : I will not speak, as I am an ascet.

Pillar of Stake : Welcome traveller, you have reached the land of the good.

Initiate : What is the good ?

Pillar of Stake : It is to use everything as a symbol, not taking anything literal, and most of all not taking anything personal.

Pillar of Stake and Light : Come closer, traveller.

Initiate : I am not brave. I am full of fear. I fear heaven and Mother God. And I fear the paradox and all it's mysteries.

Pillar of Stake and Fire : Come closer to the cryptic. It is not what you think. You will be a guardian of all these secrets.

Pillar of Heaven : You are close to heaven, pilgrim.

Initiate : How can I come to heaven ?

Pillar of Heaven : By praying, but most of all by loving Mother God as the consuming fire.

Initiate : Who is my neighbour ?

Pillar of Heaven : The ones close to your heart.

Initiate : Who are the ones close to my heart ?

Pillar of Heaven : They are who fight for love, the consuming fire.

Initiate : What are we supposed to consume ?

Pillar of Heaven : Everything. It is the Allcommunion.

Initiate : How can I do that ?

Pillar of Heaven : It only happens in the well of forgetfulness.

Initiate : How can I come there ?

Pillar of Heaven : The Stairways of Heaven will bring you there.

Stairways of Heaven : Come with me. We will go to the Pillar of War and Peace, for behind it is the well of forgetfulness.

Pillar of War and Peace : Warrior, I arm you, with the treasures of peace. Follow the treasures into your heart, to the well of forgetfulness.

Initiati : I am darkened, there is in me no delight, only misery.

20.

1. She has Her origin in Troll and Orion. She has Her origin in Tirkw.
2. She comes to us by Tirkw.

3. She strikes by Tirkw, and possesses by it.
4. Her jungle birds will bring you to her jungle one day.

21.

The Beasts of Orion ; Tara and the Hippo Queen

1. At the surfaces of Orion there was a lonely warrior. She tried to make her way by cutting by her sword through the overwhelming chaos of snakes, slime, fleeces and dirt. Her name was Tara from Rhodes. She had a good survey at the deserts of Orion. There were three thrones on Orion : the lion throne, the blue throne and the white throne. These thrones were like floating slippery islands. Tara had to be on her guard against the blinding lights of Orion, which could show up easily, like striking winds. They could easily blind someone.
2. After awhile she came to a misty palace. The walls were of reddish flesh, decorated by skulls and nails. It looked like a dragon castle. Tara went in holding her sword up high. Inside there were meaty webs and many fleeces. By her sword she cut a way through it. Lights tried to strike her, but she had her eyes tightly closed. She was sweating. It was like she was in the jaws of a monster. In front of her was a lake full of white spiderwebs and slippery fleeces where spiders swam. She also made her way through the lake. Then she came to a sort of spine, but it was made of reddish meat and dark bones. She climbed on it upstairs. She was almost bathing in sweat. It was like someone was grilling her. She found herself standing on a gigantic skull.
3. This was Orion TV, a strange intestine, sucking them all in, by winds, fleeces and dirt, overwhelming them by lights. Tara had overcome it, and stood on the skull as a conqueror. She raised her sword and shrieked. This was the place which kept a hold on Mars for such a long time. It was a strange creature, but Tara had survived. Then she pierced her sword into a soft button on top of the skull. The skull started to shriek. It was now shrinking.
4. There were falls of fire here. On muddy stairs Tara climbed further. She could feel the moisty earth again, like it was clay. Tara shouted as hard as she could. Two eagles came to her, big and dark. 'Bring me to the white throne,' she said.
5. The white throne was a city made of rare lionstones, and it was floating at the surfaces of Orion like an island. Tara jumped off from the eagles and slid deep into the city. The lionstones had been covered by webs and dirt. There were fleeces everywhere. In the city there was a strange machine called the Machine of Monotheism. From the machine dark dancers came, mostly women. They were the belly-dancers of Turet. They had been armed by all sorts of weapons. They were the guards of the center of the city, which had been called Turet. Here a skeleton lived having the same name. He was the upper emperor of Orion, and at the same time their religious leader.
6. The belly-dancers were made of a sort of bronze and brass, and they were also cannibals. Tara had to be at her guard. They radiated such a heat that they could easily grill her. It was like they came right out of an altar. Tara raised her sword and slew a few of them. But the skeleton of Turet already ran towards her. Soon she was in the grip of a few other belly-dancers. Turet smiled. It was like Tara was already burning from inside. Tara fell down, and

woke up in a dungeon. Turet stared at her. 'Seriously,' he said, 'what are you doing here. I have grown this way. I can't be saved. This is my fate, and what I do to others is their fate. I can't help it.'

7. 'Tell me about your bosses,' Tara said.

8. 'Skeleton-indians,' Turet said.

9. 'Who are they ?' Tara asked.

10. 'They are the ones who once skinned me, and took me to Orion,' Turet said.

11. 'Where do you come from ?' Tara asked.

12. 'Originally from Mars,' Turet said.

13. 'See,' Tara said. 'They do this to many from Mars. They are abductors. And they transform their victims into the most horrible monsters.'

14. Turet nodded. 'But you can't set me free,' he said.

15. 'Why not ?' Tara asked.

16. 'I can't return to Mars,' Turet said. 'Orion is too deep in me.'

17. 'How do I reach those skeleton-indians you talk about ?' Tara asked.

18. 'Oh, just follow the jaws of Reactumat. There is a small car riding into it's jaws and then you travel all the way through his body,' Turet said. 'I will bring you to it.'

19. It seemed Turet was a very nice guy. Soon they both sat into a car close to gigantic jaws. Turet pushed a button and there they went. There was fire everywhere. Turet turned the speed up. Then everything became dark. Tara fell asleep by the smoke, and when she woke up they were there. It was a strange world with the smell of ham. There were fleeces everywhere. It was a white wilderness. It looked like ice, but it was actually warm here, very warm, and soft.

20. 'They guard the stone of the lioness,' Turet said. Suddenly dreadful indians came out of a jungle. 'Why are you coming ?' an indian woman asked.

21. 'Meet Tara, a friend of mine,' Turet said to the woman.

22. 'Don't come any step further or I will cut your head off,' Tara shouted. 'He's from Mars originally, so you have a story to tell to me.'

23. 'Yes, we have a story,' the woman said. 'It's true we have abducted him and even zombificated him. He doesn't want to return to Mars anymore. We have given him the real life here.'

24. 'And what is the real life ?' Tara asked.

25. 'Come with us,' the woman said.

26. Tara went with Turet and the into the jungle. In the depths of the jungle there was a small white sandy hill. They showed her the stone of the lioness. 'This,' the woman said.

27. 'What is it doing ?' Tara asked.

28. 'It's an ice-transformer,' the woman said. 'Look around you. Everything looks like ice but it isn't. It is actually warm and soft.'
29. 'Okay, but what does it do besides that,' Tara asked.
30. 'Oh, it hunts, it kills, just like us. It's a predator,' the woman said. 'The abductor.'
31. Behind the hill there were rivers of blood. There were many lions swimming here, and many lay on the shores. 'Behind the rivers of blood,' the woman spoke, 'there is the lion tower. Those who want to become kings of the universe always go there. They will make the dangerous journey through the tower to the top. The higher they come the thinner the tower is and the more fragile. Besides that, it storms there. There is a small throne on top of the tower. No one who gets there stays long, for the winds will blow him off after awhile. He will crash on the ground, and the lions will eat him. There is no real king of the universe.'
32. 'No one who knows the lion tower dares to sit there,' another indian woman said. 'The winds rule on top of the lion tower. Some said they saw a mysterious fly sitting on the throne at times.'
33. 'And some say the flies rule the winds far above them,' another indian woman said. 'Their bosses fly without wings.'
34. 'So the lion tower you talk about is a trap ?' Tara asked.
35. 'Some sort of,' one of the indian women said. 'And the true rulership of Orion and the universe is a mystery. Why would someone rule the universe ? Why not letting it be done by the universe itself.'
36. 'Well, I'm thinking about those flies you talk about, and also the wingless flies,' Tara said. 'So they are the actual rulers ?'
37. 'No one knows,' the woman said, 'but some think that they are. The lion tower connects Orion to the sky, and they rule in the sky. Rulership is a mystery. And when you become a ruler, something else always takes you over. That is the secret of the lion tower. There is actually no rulership. There's something above that.'
38. 'And that is ?' Tara asked.
39. 'Imprisonment,' the woman said. 'You lose yourself and become grilled and zombified by the powers of the universe you have grasped.'
40. 'Oh, I see,' Tara said. 'I'm here to free Mars from this satellite called Orion who seems to control it for a big deal, but what you say here interests me. And this is the reason why you have the stone of the lioness ? To transform all those extremes ?'
41. 'Yes,' the woman said.
42. 'What can you do for Mars ?' Tara asked.
43. 'I can't do anything for them,' the woman said. 'I can have them abducted to let them stay around the stone of the lioness, but she's kind of selective, you know. She has an army. She's a trainer. She zombifies you to become a part of it, and then she will guard you. She is the one who planted the Lion Tower to test the abducted. Many go there to look for adventure, finally to become kings, but those are food for her lions. They look for entertainment, but

they end up in the intestines of Orion TV. They get plugs in their livers and become addicts of nothingness.'

44. 'But what is the meaning of life on Orion,' Tara asked.

45. 'The meaning of life on Orion,' the woman said, 'is to transform the extremes by following the stone of the lioness. We worship her. We approach her, face to face. There are no laws. We are the lawless. It is not about 'yes' or 'no', but about 'how', so of course there are a lot of rules. You need to know 'how' to do something.'

46. 'We are all zombified by the stone of the lioness, Tara,' another woman said. 'We are her robots, but we are alive. She has raised us. In this we are safe.'

47. 'We however also worship the Lion Tower, for it is our guard,' another indian woman said. 'But we can never enter it. We can't even come close to it. It needs to be at a distance. It is a trap for our enemies and betrayers.'

48. 'Okay,' Tara said, 'so 'yes' or 'no' is not important anymore, only 'how', also in the sense of 'where' and 'when'.'

49. 'Yes,' the woman said. 'The lioness stone is our clock and map in that.'

50. 'But who made the lioness stone ?' Tara asked.

51. 'The flies did,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies of Orion who live above the skies.'

52. 'Where exactly do they live,' Tara asked.

53. 'In blood,' the woman said. 'They live in a realm called the Blood of Orion.'

54. 'How did they come there ?' Tara asked.

55. 'They stayed away long enough from the Lion Tower, and got ascended,' the woman said. 'The wingless flies are just indians. They are on the eternal huntingfields, the red skies of Orion. They are elite indians. They have Blood-TV, which is actually a heart, the heart of Orion. Some say it is the heart of the universe. It is the biggest butchery of all time.'

56. Then what was the road to this Red Zone of Orion ? The Python Tower. The Python Tower was like highways into the sky. It was a dangerous trip, but it was honest at least. They showed Tara the road to this tower and then she went on her path. In the tower of the Python there were all sorts of tall venomous python-tongues hanging. Touching them would mean death. Tara had to be at her guard here more than ever. However the Python Tower was an experiment. No one was the ruler of it. The tower ruled itself. The ones who died here became a part of the tower itself. They got absorbed and sucked in by the walls, and got torn apart and frozen. Tara would never forget these ghosts. They were haunting. They tried to scare her, and begged her not to go further. They were draining her. It was a nightmare. Whenever she slept in the tower she could hear these ghosts making their conspiracies against her. The further she came into the Python Tower the weaker her body became. The winds were sharp and cutting, almost tearing her apart. There were biting fluids like venomous milk trying to bite her skin away. Further on she had to fight the worst pythons. They were tall and big. She needed to escape their tight grips. She had never felt such heavy creatures before. These were the Pythons of Orion. Higher in the tower it was full of flies,

and it was very cloudy. Tara had to cut herself a way through it by her sword. Suddenly there was Turet in his Machine of Monotheism. 'Hey, Tara, are you in for a ride ?' he shouted.

57. 'Pick me up,' Tara shouted. 'It's so slippery here.'

58. By the Machine of Monotheism it was easy for them to get to the red zone of Orion. The place was full of belly-dancers. There were enormous dragons here, covered by flies. By strange lightening the red became pale all the time. Whenever it became white it streamed downstairs, to the white zone. It looked like milk, and it seemed to become white by the belly-dancers. It seemed to flow forth from them. They were transformers. 'It's actually called white blood,' Turet said. 'It's the secret of the lioness stone. She has brought forth the belly-dancers by which she can transform the ice, and by which she makes everything soft.'

59. 'What kind of blood is it ?' Tara asked.

60. 'Python Blood,' Turet said. 'Long ago there was a fight between a lioness and a python. The fight didn't seem to end. One day the flies came and turned the lioness into a stone, and the python into blood. The stone brought forth the belly-dancers who would turn the blood of the python into white blood.'

61. 'So you mean to say that the ice was originally the product of a fight between a lioness and a python ?' Tara asked.

62. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'But without the perpetual flow of red blood the white blood will die, and the ice will take over again.'

63. 'Who takes care of that ?' Tara asked.

64. 'The belly-dancers,' Turet said.

65. Tara now understood why the stone of the lioness was of such importance, and the importance of the guards of this stone, the skeleton-indians of the white zone. And who were the mysterious wingless flies who seemed to have made this all ?

66. 'The wingless flies become skeleton-indians after awhile,' Turet said. 'Then they come down to guard the lioness stone.' Turet directed his finger towards stairs of light. These lights were moving. It was the stairs of descension, made of white blood. Turet showed her a lot more falls of white blood.

67. 'The secret of the belly-dancers of Turet is that they are actually mammoths and elephants,' Turet said.

68. 'So they can actually change into women and also back into mammoths and elephants ?' Tara asked.

69. 'Yes,' Turet said. 'Actually the truth is that after the skeleton-indians have guarded the lioness stone long enough they get swallowed by it and they become the belly-dancers.'

70. 'That looks like a circus to me,' Tara said.

71. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it's the wilderness. Actually when they have been belly-dancers long enough they go to the path of the elephant.'

72. 'What is that ?' Tara asked.

73. 'It's a path to meet the wildest creatures of Orion,' Turet said. 'When they return they become hippo's and they will be the leaders of the belly-dancers.'
74. 'This looks like school,' Tara said.
75. 'No, Tara,' Turet said, 'it is the wilderness.'
76. With the Machine of Monotheism they went to such a hippo queen. She lived in a high place, in treasures. It was a dark indian woman, and there were jewels, satin, velvet and the finest materials everywhere. The woman had earrings in, and had been adorned with many more rings. The riches of the white blood were here. Her slaves seemed to bath in it everywhere and drank from it like milk. It had the taste of cacao and cocosmilk. They used it for making bread and crèmes. Wild unknown creatures were her guards. In other realms and planets these creatures had died out, but here on Orion they could survive. On Mars they would have been described as prehistoric, but here they just lived on. Orion was the only place in the universe they could do this. And to Tara this was a special event. She wouldn't forget this too easily. On Mars they could never live on because they were too savage. Orion was a savage world more than Mars, so here they could develop themselves. And this could happen all because of the lioness stone. She was there mother, their warm womb. They could all live because of the elephant path. Here they had their place. And now this hippo queen had them in her care. She was a cruel queen. Tara thought it looked like civilisation, but she knew it was the wilderness. The queen was both cruel and good to her guards. They just had to obey the rules. The creatures were very destructive, and were a threat to the whole universe, so the queen had to protect herself.
77. The hippo queen and her slaves rode on them whenever they visited the jungles. They also rode on mammoths. She trained all of them to become belly-dancers, as that was how she formed her armies. She could use the belly-dancers for everything. They learned how to change into women, and how to change back into animals. They also learned how to use their weapons. There was a man named Skeipnir who trained many of them. He was one of her highest slaves. He knew the tricks of transformation and he was even her personal guard. Whenever he wasn't training the belly-dancers, he stood at her door. Skeipnir was a major source in raising her army to abduct beings to Orion.
78. 'Welcome Tara,' she said. 'My invisible threads have finally brought you here.'
79. Suddenly Tara saw the slimy, slippery tentacles on her head. It was by a strange light she could see them all of a sudden. Had she been mind-controlled ? She had headaches for such a long time. Did they guide her to this place ?
80. The hippo queen showed her machine from which the tentacles and fleeces came forth. They were only visible by the strange light. 'These are the elephant winds,' the queen said, 'easily turning into storms, easily turning into lightening and thunder.' Then the queen started to laugh.
81. 'What is your purpose ?' Tara asked.
82. 'My purpose is to abduct, test, and turn them into belly-dancers. The rest will be food for the lion tower,' the hippo queen spoke.
83. 'Oh yes, I have seen that,' Tara said, 'but what is your purpose with me ?'

84. 'You are very special my child,' the hippo queen said. 'I have watched you from the day you were born to this day. I have seen your birth. You are a good fighter, and you would be a good trainer. I want you to meet Skeipnir.'
85. 'I highly appreciate your belly-dancers,' Tara said, 'and I highly appreciate you. I can teach you swordfighting. But please, show me the real secret of Orion.'
86. 'I will, Tara,' the hippo queen said. 'If you teach us swordfighting then I will give you this stone, which is the secret of Orion, the bestkept.' From behind the queen took a reddish transparent jewel which was like a ball. 'Tara, I will give you this stone, for I know Orion is in good hands with you,' the hippo queen spoke. 'Please stay with us. Don't return to Mars.'
87. 'What kind of stone is it ?' Tara asked.
88. 'It is the stone of the Beasts of Orion,' the hippo queen spoke. 'I will bring the stone into your sword, so that Orion will be forever safe in you. With it you will have access to the savage zone of Orion, where all secrets will be shared with you.'

The Amulet of the Pterosaur

89. It was a dirty place in the savage zone of Orion. She had never seen so much dirt before. There were falls of dirt here, and rivers of dirt, and the most horrible creatures and the largest beasts. On Mars these animals could only exist in a prehistoric world, but here on Orion they were more alive than everywhere else. Savage indian tribes were living here, again races which would be prehistoric on Mars, but this was Orion. They were carnivores and cannibals but they were also like ballet-dancers.
90. These worlds were not like the history-books on Mars. These worlds were crueller, more dangerous, filled with dirt and stench to the extremes. It was more savage. There was no any form of civilisation here or thought. Here there was chaos. There were no laws. It was an untamed world. There was no gentle traffic here. However, the strange ballet Tara saw among the tribes showed a certain pattern, but these patterns were wild. This was the ballet of death.
91. Tara found out soon that it was nothing but a war-dance, trying to take minds away, and every form of balance and security. It was a psychological warfare. They tried to put fear on their victims, and insecurity. It was like a spell to break off the immune systems of their prey. Tara knew she had to be on her guard. She knew it had a high price even watching this ballet.
92. Later she found out that by this ballet they could turn themselves into beasts, or to get possessed by the beasts. They lived double lives. Also the beasts themselves could do such ballet. It was all to protect themselves.
93. The air was filled by strange haunting battlecries showing no thought but intelligence. It was like these beasts and savages had been caught by instincts triggered by each other. It was like fire eating the fire. They had become insane by each other. They lived by fear. There was such a drama here, no thought, no shame, but fear. There was no shame as the fear had

eaten it all away. And the fear had been raised by the ballets. There was no escape from this. They had all been caught in a trap. One ballet would stir up the other, and the fear would only rise more. It was a world of dread, shameless dread.

94. Tara was looking for their leader, as she knew all these ballets could hide something. These ballet-dancers could be the guard of something.

95. The strange stone at Tara's sword started to talk and gave names to all the sorts of beasts here : 'Tiguran Ballets, Tangaran Ballets.'

96. 'What is the leading sort ?' Tara asked.

97. 'There are no leading sorts,' the stone said. 'This world rules itself.'

98. Then the stone continued : 'Cynognathus, Allosaur, Ceratosaur.'

99. There were also elephant-like beasts here with jewels on their heads. These seemed to be huge organs of smell. The stone could tell Tara all about it. Many of them were hairy like mammoths. There seemed to be huge cattle here. Some had large heads like horses, and some heads even looked like rabbits. But it was all savage. These beasts were big and different. They were very strange, and they were certainly no easy prey. Actually they were predators. There was also smaller cattle, most of the time having white bodies with swarms of black spots, and big heads like cows and horses. They had the sizes of grown up calves.

100. The cynognathus looked like he was from the bear family, and the allosaur and the ceratosaur looked like they were from the alligator family, all hunters. There were many different sorts of them. Tara could line out those families, also the huge family of the elephant. The first animal Tara could approach was the cynognathus. Although this beast was friendly to her he bit her a few times to drink some of her blood. It was still a wild animal. The stone told Tara that these were a sort of marks of friendship. If she wasn't a friend the beast would have killed her. The cynognathuses went out for hunt very often, most of the time in groups. They led Tara to some of their caves where they lived. They were bloodthirsty animals, and although they were big meateaters they also kept cattle just to drink from their blood. Tara knew she had to be at her guard. She started to hunt together with them to show them her bondage to them. There was no innocent cattle here. There were only predators, and hunting was in this place just a defense, a movement of war, necessary to survive. This was savage cattle. And the instincts went further than she ever saw before. These creatures didn't just hunt and kill. They made prisoners of war. They kept cattle.

101. Often it was for blood. They would milk their cattle everyday for that. The cattle they trapped in that sense were often bloodslaves. Also the other cynognathuses had bitten Tara for blood, and she hoped it would just be the marks of friendship. She had to wait until they would change into indians, something which had to do with the movements and positions of some of their moons.

102. The stone translated all the conversations she had with them. Without the stone she wouldn't have any chance to survive here. More and more they accepted her in their group.

103. She also saw the different catlike families. Some of these cats were horned. Some of the catlike beasts were small, and others were huge like elephants or even huger. It was by the stone she could approach these animals finally.

104. By the stone she also could ride the many elephant-like beasts here. By the stone she got easily accepted.
105. There were also a lot of pterosaurs which were flying reptiles. At the shore of the huge River of Doom there were ramphorhyncuses. They ruled the seas and the waters. The small ones couldn't fly, but only dive from rocks and trees to soar in the air, but the bigger ones could fly and were like giant reptile bats. Behind the River of Doom there was something which looked like a civilisation. One of the ramphorhyncuses brought Tara there. An indian called Untak came to her. 'Welcome Tara, we have waited so long for you,' he said. Tara was surprised that he spoke in her language. He seemed to come from Mars as well and made the same trip she made. 'These people are very civilised,' Untak said, while directing his finger to a village in the jungle. 'But it's still the wilderness. They taught me how to change into a reptile.'
106. A few pterosaurs flew above the village. They had tall necks, wings like bats, and were very huge. Some of them were black, others red, and there were also some white ones. 'They care for the jungle, Tara,' Untak spoke.
107. 'How do you know my name ?' Tara asked.
108. 'Well, they told me,' Untak said.
109. 'Who ?' Tara asked.
110. 'The pterosaurs,' Untak said, 'the flying reptiles. They are the birds of fire.'
111. 'I knew you would come. You are welcome,' Untak said. 'You will love it here. These birds are the secret of nature. They protect the jungle.'
112. Tara heard the sounds of the pterosaurs in the distance. Untak told her that he could communicate to the pterosaurs by a certain stone. The stone lay in the center of the village in a sort of fountain. Everyone in the village could talk to the pterosaurs by this stone. Untak led Tara to the village and showed it to her. The stone would translate the sounds of the pterosaurs, and would translate everything the people said to the pterosaurs. The pterosaurs seemed to know a lot. They knew why Tara came here, and where she came from, and they were willing to tell her the secrets of this place. They were also willing to show her the jungles and wildernesses here. One day Untak gave her an amulet by which she could communicate to the pterosaurs wherever she was. It was a precious present. She could easily call the pterosaurs by the amulet. It was a necklace.

Marit the Ratwoman

113. The pterosaurs showed Tara how often these beasts had a lot of smell organs in their bodies. This was how they communicated very often. It was also their immune system and their warfare strategy expressing itself in bloody hunts. This was to prevent themselves from becoming a victim themselves. They had been dominated by fear, making them insane, a prisoner of themselves and their instincts.
114. There were also a lot of cynognathuses here. They seemed to have eyes which only worked by smell. By this they were very accurate, and could see a hundred times better than most of the animals. They had eyes of fire.

115. The insectian world was very dramatic, much crueller than anything else. They had hives in which they locked up their prey for blood. And they could make anything of the blood. They could even let the blood clot to stone, and they made huge cities of these in the depths of the jungle. These were the cities of blood. They also called them candy cities, because of the sweetness of the blood. It was some sort of honey. Tara sailed with Untak along all these cities to watch them. It was like she saw the eyes of hell. Tara saw the double side of this story, as somehow they were all prey of this world. There seemed to be no escape as not any piece of this world would survive beyond the borderlines of Orion. It was a trap, and it seemed to be the only safe place for them. But now Orion was in the hands of Tara. She told Untak about the stone, the stone of the Beasts of Orion. She wanted to know what to do.

116. 'All other worlds will die,' Untak said. 'This is the only safe place. The rest of the universe doesn't have a way to transform all the extremes, the ice. They will be eaten by it, and sink away. Also for Mars : this is the only safe place. It is a cruel place, but that is the price to pay. There is no other way. There is only one lioness stone, and only one stone like you have. I saw it in dreams, and it has been in my heart always. That was the reason why I came here. It led me to this place.'

117. 'So you think all those who have been abducted to Orion are lucky ?' Tara asked.

118. 'They have been given a chance,' Untak said. 'but many become a prey of the lion tower. Those who are led by the stone of the Beasts of Orion will be led to this place. They are the chosen ones. They communicate with the skulls of the savages. On Mars they would call them ancient ones, but here they are alive. They never died out. On Orion there is a place for them.'

119. 'You see, Tara,' Untak said. 'The other worlds outside Orion they are based on chemicals, artificial smells. They are not savage, but doomed. They have put their trust in kings. The things necessary for their existence and survival, necessary for their further evolution they called dirt and stench. They drown in their cosmetics, ruining their lives, but the stone you have is an eye working by dirt and stench, working by the savage smell, the breath of Orion, of the wilderness. It is the last flame of life, which is the eternal life.'

120. 'The stone promises a way to freedom, a way to space, although it is a way through time, a cruel substance. However, we can trick time. We can survive time. We are winners,' Untak said. 'The stone has been given to you, a present of the hippo, as the hippo queen gave it to you. Use it well, Tara.'

121. 'How can I use it ?' Tara asked.

122. 'Believe in it,' Untak said. 'It is the best faith there is.'

123. Tara watched her stone. She laid it against her eye and could see a new world through it. She saw her own face in it, like the face of an angel.

124. The River of Doom ended in the deserts. The rulers of the deserts were the skeleton-snakes, who made a lot of noise by the movements of their bones. They were bigger than the usual snakes very often, and they formed houses in the deserts for lonely visitors, wanderers. They would lure the wanderer deeper in the house, and then they would start to move very slowly to turn the lives of the wanderers into living nightmares. By their huge and tall bodies they could become the walls, the ceilings and the floors, all perfectly camouflaged. But they would lead the wanderers into a trap, and then the rats would come to eat from their flesh. By the horror of these houses they made the blood of their victims sweet, and turned them into candy, toys or just dolls. The snakes would break

the bones of their victims one by one. Whenever the victim started to find out that something in the house wasn't right, it was already too late. A woman called Marit was the ruler of these houses. She was actually a rat, and her women could also change into rats. They were the only ones who could safely live in the houses. The deserts were full of these doom towns, and whoever didn't know about these traps would fall into it.

125. 'Never go there into such a house,' Untak said to Tara, 'for the toymakers come there, and the candymakers, those who have deals with rats, and they turn the lives of wanderers into eternal nightmares. The skeleton-snakes will begin to move, and soon the house will be hell. The house will crash down and it will feed on the inhabitant, fastening him against a heap of bones, and then the rats will come. Toymakers, candymakers, dollmakers and butchers will finally take the victim away for sale. Don't think it is civilisation. It is savage, it is the wilderness.'

126. 'Where does Marit live ?' Tara asked.

127. 'Oh, she lives in the depths of the deserts,' Untak said. 'She's the ruler there. When they are in need for more victims they abduct children from other planets to let them grow up in such a house first. When they become full grown the house will create more and more troubles, and then finally fastening the victim and showing it's true nature. The rats do all this. They go out to abduct the children, bring them to the houses and being friends to them. They can change into women, you know.'

128. 'Where can I find Marit ?' Tara asked.

129. 'Come with me,' Untak said. He knew a path through the desert to her house. When they came there she stood before the window. She looked like a doll. When she saw them she turned into a rat immediately and ran outside. A fight started. Tara had raised her sword. The rat jumped at Untak and bit him horribly. Tara quickly pushed her sword into the back of the rat. 'That will be enough, Tara,' Untak said. 'You have hit her in her sensitive spot.' The rat fell down. It had a broken spine now, and it was slowly dying. 'Oh, not when I eat from this candy,' the rat screamed, and grasped one of the legs of Untak to bite a piece out of it. Immediately the rat straightened it's back again. Then the rat ran into the house again. 'It heals itself by eating meat,' Untak said with a painful face. 'You will heal also,' Tara said. 'Let's go into the house.'

130. 'You know what kind of house it is, Tara,' Untak said. 'It can be dangerous.'

131. 'We need to go in,' Tara said. 'We do not have another choice.' Then Tara ran in, while immediately the walls started to ripple. Tara ran through the corridors, and saw the woman sitting on a throne in a huge hall.'

132. 'That is kind of dumb,' the woman said. The walls started to move closer and closer to each other. Untak was on the roofs at that moment, and threw a rope through a hole between the bones. 'Take the rope,' he shouted to Tara. But Tara crashed the walls by her sword to have another opening, and then she ran upwards to the throne. Again the woman turned into a rat, and this time she jumped on Tara. They had a wrestling on the ground. The rat bit Tara a few times and she started to bleed. By her sword she could shake the rat away from her and then ran to the throne again. There was a mirror between two jewels on the seat of the throne. By her sword Tara destroyed the mirror. 'I know this is the source of your power, witch,' Tara shouted. Tara knew this because the stone she had in her sword had told her this. But the mirror healed itself again. 'As long

as there is meat to eat the mirror will live on,' the rat screamed. Then Tara lay the stone of her sword against the mirror while the mirror exploded, and it's two jewels were melting away.

133. The rat was changing into a woman again. She had become weak. She almost crept towards her throne and settled down on it again, but she had lost her powers. 'Jump away, Untak,' Tara screamed to Untak who was still sitting on the roof. Tara dived away through the opening she had made by her sword. Then the enormous house crashed down to become a heap of bones.

134. Years later Tara and Untak visited the heap of bones again, and Marit the ratwoman still lived there, on her throne, but the throne and also herself had become old and poor. Everything had been covered by spiderwebs. 'You don't have to be afraid of the house anymore. It's over now. It's not the same anymore,' the old woman said. 'But don't you know my throne has been made of skeleton-snakes, and I have been made of them too. Don't you know that after great draughts they always rise up again ?'

135. 'Yes, we know,' Tara said. 'And that is why we command you to leave the desert with your skeleton-snakes, and to leave Orion.'

136. 'But you know I cannot live outside Orion,' the old woman said. 'Then I will die.'

137. 'You will live at the borderlines,' Untak said. 'That must be enough for you.'

138. 'But I need meat to get through the night,' the old woman spoke.

139. 'There's meat enough at the borderlines of Orion. Go there for a hunt, and put your houses there,' Untak said.

140. And thus the borderlines of Orion became a dangerous place, but Tara and Untak had to do it for the sake of the savage zone of Orion. The stone had decided it this way. And it was true, the woman rose to the heights of her powers again, but this time not in the savage zone again. She had lost her place at the River of Doom, and she had lost her deserts there.

The Sea of No Return

141. To Tara it had become clear now. She would stay here for a long time. There was a path to the other side of the Deserts of Doom now. But all Tara could find was more doom. Here the wild cats of Honolor lived, at a strange beach ending in a forest. Again these wild cats could turn into women and they could make someone deaf by their shrieks and cries. Whenever they had caught a victim they would give the victim no rest and no food, finally to put the victim in a small box, which they used for their hives. They were beekeepers, all for blood. In this sense they looked like those of the insectian world. They used the blood to build their cities, candy cities. They mixed it with honey and they transformed parts of it into white blood for creams and making bread. In that sense they looked like the belly-dancers of Turet.

142. The wild cats of Honolor had many ways to get their victims. They had arenas, and further all sorts of traps. They also visited the battlefields after the battles. One of their best tricks was to turn into nursing, motherlike types, in which they could create a hospital sphere. They were very clever in misleading their victims. And still it was no civilisation. It was savage. It was the wilderness. There was no care in Honolor. All care was nothing but a trap. They needed blood donors for their hives. They made the most beautiful cities by their bloody candy. They used to make these on the edge between the beach and the forest.

143. Honolor was a strange world. The wild cats covered it all up. When Tara visited Honolor she was in a fight immediately. In rage she slew many of these corrupted women. She wanted to dominate Orion. She had help from tall snakes, called by the stone. It was an invasion that day. The sky had turned bloodred. It was like the wardancers had come. It was a revolution in the sky. This time the wingless flies were also in the sky, helping her, turning the wild cats into skeletons. Tara didn't send them out of the savage zone, but she sent them to the borderlines of the savage zone.

144. Through the forest Tara reached a place near to an enormous beach where the Sea of No Return was. Between the forest and the enormous beach there was a guard named the Man with the Million Heads, for he had a million heads. Tara had a fight against him for two days. Whenever she cut off the heads they grew again. The only way to return was the Stairway of Fire. Those who would finally reach the sea could never return. The guard used to throw his victims on the stairs, by which they fell back. But Tara threw him on the stairway of fire, by which he fell into the depths.

145. Within a few hours Tara was on a raft on the Sea of No Return.

22.

1. The big birds of Mother God are on a mission. They take the souls of the dead and the souls of children, to bring them where they belong.
2. Some are taken to the cities. Others are taken to the jungles.
3. The big birds have begun their mission. Mother God holds Her children in the jungle.

23.

Desert Queen

1. She had tied her men, while strange insects called 'spanish spears' were stinging them. By the venom they were slowly turning into cattle. The spanish spears not only inserted their venom, but they were also bloodsuckers. They sucked the blood and the juices out of the men, leaving them weak. They had to go through all sorts of marriage rituals to bring them down, and after that they had to go through the rituals of divorce. The cattle was good for work and transport.

2. Tara from Rhodes, a lonely warrior, stops her journey through the desert when she comes along this bright realm of the desert queen. Quickly she finds out what is going on here, and she starts a massacre, finally to behead the desert queen. With the head of the queen she holds by her hand she sits on her throne. 'Spear not the cattle !' someone is shouting. But soon a spear goes through the head of this person.

3. She loves the cattle but she is not aware of the curse of the desert queen. An army of sand-people is soon surrounding the bright realm in which Tara thrones now. They walk slowly towards her, coming from the sand, and soon Tara is put into a torture cage in the depths of the desert. The cage goes down as by an elevator. It leads to underground worlds below the desert, where the spanish spears rule.

4. The queen of the spanish spears could also turn into a woman. She came close to Tara.

'Well, well,' she said to Tara, 'so you have defeated the desert queen, right ? Just know that the desert will always exist, and replace these queens with something even worse. As now I will become desert queen.'

5. Tara was allowed to come out of the cage, and the queen of the spanish spears took her place. Soon the cage went up as by an elevator. Tara is alone now, but she is glad she is free at least.

6. Meanwhile the queen of the spanish spears possessed the men in the desert realm, living inside of them, living from their meat. Tara wanted to know the mystery of the desert, the secret of it, so she went deeper underground. She came into a tunnel leading to the Ocean of Blood. There were strange smells here. When she finally came on it's beach it was very dark and bloody. There were strange insects looking like chains. Another sort of insects looked like knives.

7. She starts swimming in the ocean of blood, and after a while she reaches an island where pigs live. They are chained by the chain-insects, and the knife-insects are living close to them as well. To Tara it seems that these strange insects live from the blood of the pigs.

8. Further on the island, women lived, huntresses. They lived together with hyenas. They kept men in cages who they had starved. When Tara asked about it, they said that they had let the men get stung by the venom of divorce. Tara felt compassion for the men. When the women slept she opened their cages and took the men to the ocean of blood. Together they swam to another island. Here many fruit trees were, and Tara started feeding the men, who were very weak. When the women woke up, they were in rage. Soon they found out that they were with Tara on another island. Tara would protect the men with her life. She knew the men were still in danger. Not only because of the women, but also because of the strange insects who could turn them into cattle. Tara wondered if there was an anti-venom against it. She became very protective over the men, and was looking for a medicine.

9. One day the queen of the spanish spears visited them. It seemed she had changed a lot. Tara asked her if she knew of an opposite force against the venom. 'Oh yes,' said the queen. 'Servil sugar. That is a sugar living in certain big fruits. They are also here on this island.' Then the queen led them to such trees, and gave them to eat from the sugar inside of the big fruits. It was a sugar to restore marriages, and to turn cattle into men again. The queen took care that the men got their women back, and that they had happy marriages again.

23.

Itzpapalotl's Tablets

1. This is my word, this is my task, to inform you about that which happened. I come from far, and from long ago, but I also come from the future. I live beyond time, yet I live in a calendar. My name is Itzpapalotl, goddess of ancient Mexico. I am also the goddess of South-America. My heart goes

out to Brasil and the Amazon. There is where my heart is. My strike is like the crocodile. I open eyes and I make blind. These are my tablets, the tablets of the forest, for earth to survive.

2. Tablet I. There is oxygen for those who follow me. Those who search me deep, with all they have, they will find me. I bear the key of the ages. My key can transform these and open the gates to Tamoanchan, the children's paradise. The child will overcome the adult. I will show you the path how to. By the rings of love they will. You can change your life.

3. Tablet II. There is healing oil for all those who love me. I heal from false guilt. In the lower realms there is much guilt. In the higher realms there is confusion. I heal from guilt by confusion. Confusion is a medicin. Enjoy life, as there is also a good side to life. And I can communicate through everything. Learn my language. Learn how I move through life. Learn my love.

4. Tablet III. Question : So there is often spoken about love is a huge danger. How do you see that ? Answer : I do know what you talk about, but true love will lead people through. It will sift out the false love. True love is an alarm system, the best security you can have. Even when you get trapped, the goddess will work through it, and shows her works. You cannot stop loving. It is the only way through. It hooks into some universal dynamics you need to go on. Question : What is the source of life ? Answer : It can be found in the ancient Amazon realm. It is about giving life, and living with the least resources, as in minimalism, just using what nature gives you, working with the little things you have. Then you have found the miracle key, and the key to creation. You can make anything. Question : What can we do to live a divine life ? Answer : Listening to the goddess within, and letting her guide and change you. Question : Do you have an ascension program ? Answer : Oh yes, this will be shown the coming time. We have a contact now. So I will make sure the needed data will be transferred to you. Question : Is this information available for everyone ? Answer : In this age the frozen tops are melting so that everything will become more flexible. This is because my fire is awakening. My information will be revealed everywhere.

5. Tablet IV. Children are awakening, awakening to their task. Adults get older and fade away, to make space for a new order. There is much fear about a new world order, but do not be afraid of the coming order of the goddess.

6. Tablet V. Esotery is important to unveil the hearts of the religions. It is important to be translated, and it will have a part in the general divine order to come. Do not be afraid of the new divine order about to come. It will melt hearts together, and cut the tumors out. There will be a new gridwork of experience. There will come a new consciousness.

7. Tablet VI. The darker voices are deep inside. The voice of the goddess is darker. People often live in false lights, and listen to false voices of the light, which live in their minds. I speak in darkness. I am darkness. And the fire is my light.

8. Tablet VII. There is no one who can stop the power of love. The power of love works with strategy and is subtle. It takes time to recognize it. It is a dark power. It has grown to heights. It is bigger than people think. Suddenly it's structure will be shown, and many will be shocked, because they were too busy with their own structures, and didn't see the upcoming structure of love through it all.

9. Tablet IX. Love is a power. It is not materialistic. It creates it's own world. It is soft and weak. It is just the power of creation. It doesn't need much in the physical realm.

10. Tablet X. I am going to build my church, to gether the children, to reveal the structure behind all. I am going to show my language, the way I communicate. I am going to build my arsenal.

11. Tablet XI. My system is huge. I am going to reveal it step by step. I will show you the grades and how to be initiated. It is a labyrinth, it is confusion, and in this I will create a path. The confusion is necessary to deal with guilt. Trust in Me. I am Goddess. I will not leave you alone, when you hang on to me. I will answer if you call Me. Realize, the answer is inside of you already. All information you need is stored up inside, and through My love and revelations I will unlock it.

12. Tablet XII. The love of eternity is huge, while temperary love is small. The love of eternity will melt everything, and create something new. My temple is open, showing the road of eternity. No one will have to live with drama. I will open your eyes, and you will see. There is no drama, just misunderstanding. All is good. Soon you will see that everything is in harmony. You have come closer to my palace. Two peacocks are my guards. They will test you, they will arm you, they will sift you, until you are ready to receive Me.

13. Tablet XIII. All these tablets I gave you form a path and tell a story. It is the jewelry I give you, to stay connected to Me. Learn how to work with the tablets. Meditate on them, while going through the veils of my heart. I am eternal, I am love. I am tenderness and strategy. My being is mercy, there is no condemnation. I confuse you to get rid of your guilt. I confuse you to get rid of your grief. I surprise you. I know a way to deal with your trauma. Just let me in.

14. Tablet XIV. The system is helping you, My world order. It will be made of chaos and creativity. I will break down old structures. I will show you the patterns beyond. I am sitting on my saddle, and I have found my horse. I can tame everything. Even your wildest dreams I can tame.

24.

1. The boy is preparing for the bison hunt. He has grown taller now, still thin. He's Her hunting slave. She takes him with Her on the hunt. He must hunt the bison of male domination and male supremacy. They were dragons fallen from heaven.
2. When his spear and arrows strike the bison, She smears him in with the blood, so that he will never become like them.
3. She takes him to Her tent where She starves him. The meat is for the women. Never he will join the male supremacy.
4. He is Her faithful hunter. She takes care of him.

25.

1. Swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, and the trousers too short ...
Cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ... Come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, for they are holier than life ...
2. It is not too late to find the ship. This ship goes to the lost islands. This is the book about the travel to these lost islands. This book is old, this is a book of eternity. It is not too late to find the ship.
3. You will find the old days, when you cut yourself a way through the goatportals and sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... It is not too late to remember the years ... You will find your trousers back on the islands ... and the bottles from which they drink ...
4. Cut yourself a way through the chickenportals, and find the exit of Radth and Smiert ... sail across the oceans of their tears and blood ... They must let you go ... and leave you to Her ... Find the ship ... The key is on the islands of trousers ... drink from their bottles ... and dive deep ... You will find their trousers too short ... You will find their destinies ... Bring it back to me ... Then you will find the portals ... You have ice enough to break their spell ... Cold conscience is what we gave you ...
5. You have been in their machines long enough ... you aren't their bottle anymore ... The jewel is in the middle of your cross ... It found a way out ... Sail now, sail ... It can dive ... It can reach the highest bottles ... The jewel is on your belt ... You will find those who have found you ...

26.

Boetulip

1. The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness.
2. Musse ; Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go.
3. Muske ; Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.
4. Oedoe ; Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She always talked like a small child. I see in the distance, and ears are on my sail.
5. Oedoeboe ; Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?
6. Oedoeboel ; Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this ship, on this black sea.
7. Oedoeboeg ; I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat.

8. Oedoeboele ; It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.
9. Oedoeboege ; I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.
10. Oedoebole ; I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.
11. Oedoebange ; I see ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears.
12. Belip ; Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart.
13. The eleven parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road.
14. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ...
15. Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa Spozes Murozondt Helt Hirkses Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin Pazet Piram Panadin slip kontes Buron Bilon Bané Banes Banesh Ologan Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Ologan Ologang Kwirantes Kwulantes Kwinulk Zes Bieres Zentés.

27.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and Her decide which direction you go. There are four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger.
2. In hell the indians carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell.
3. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother God, for in her there's my flame. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother God. Mother God, please accept me in your

name. I have seen the bird, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the widows spider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach.

4. Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am. Her herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart.
5. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to Her to be judged.
6. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : Receive now the rings of hell. You will receive your armour in hell. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out.
7. To teach about the stripes of the underground. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother God has the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens.
8. She is a mountaingoddess, and she's also a goddess of wigwams and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife.
9. To make this journey you will have to go through 'stripes', jungles, on this mountain. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place where you stand naked before Her.

28.

Recel

1. Jericho ; All in line they stand, the red stripe around ... They move ... it bends ... it's coming closer now ...
2. These are the bones... These red stripes around ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ...
3. Flames ... we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... We weren't allowed to forget history ...
4. There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ...
5. I'm bending my fingers ... to history ... to the sweeter destiny ...

6. Why am I so angry ... It's hunting after me ... tearing me down ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... a white stripe around ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like arrows ... letting me breath ...
7. It's strange ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me ...
8. The paths of history I must go ... into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's water ... and everything is dying ...
9. It's war ... The spears coming through ... chains ... making me move ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...
10. Cannot go, I'm mother's, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...
11. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...
12. History made me taller ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... merciless to make the deals ... for more bones to come through
13. I'm a war ... showing the sides of a coin ... hearts are bending ... These coins from history ... bend your heads ... Why do you want to drown tons let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... There's a war of fruits in my head ...
14. but ancient marks will bring him through ... where's the end of it ... Oh, tell me where he had his favors ...
15. I'm escaping through open mouths ... These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... I'm just a gladiator ... but finally the son ... while I'm still dying in water ...
16. I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... I didn't allow myself to do predictions again ... There's water making me drunk ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy waters ... The strike where they finally can sleep ... all are dying ... to do the war again ... It was just a strange dance ...
17. He just drank too much ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the war again ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ...
18. To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the dream ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... the wars come down ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... it needs to breath ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... these wars just making free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of cages ... and other animals ...

- 19.It's good to wrestle don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page Have you ever seen their graces ... all these spears spreading their fires into the air ... Shooting until we are free Like the roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting History doesn't exist it's all happening today knocking on my kitchendoor the hours of friday, walking to the first floor ... they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free The hours of friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me we're never really free These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me
- 20.Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history Your nothing like a historybook pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it Hours of friday, speak to me You still let me fight ... It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ...
- 21.We cannot see a glimpse ... Hours of Friday ... these letters between you and me Hours of friday ... spinning these spears coming near ... I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ... Hours of Friday, sundays ... weapons of war ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ...
- 22.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me Why do I need to be initiated ? ... No one is going to save me I'm in hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet These are the voices I do not understand yet all these hours are still running away until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee
- 23.History, still our God, misunderstood. I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry These girls they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... It's good to wrestle with these don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves
- 24.They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page ... Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye
- 25.Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday She looks like you Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Song, tell me how
- 26.History, I will never let you go My wounds are deep while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ... to hide them in a sacred book.... when no one seems to listen ...

1. Receive the new spine. This is the holy Beruboe.
2. Kil ; Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...
3. Kille ; Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...
4. Laat ; Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...
5. Redda ; Kisses of pain to bring the marks. We have to swim awhile ... until we are on the island ... with the kisses of pain ... intestines between you and me ... in Zkum we live ... my heart is turning into an intestine ... a scar ... I hear your words by my heart, and they

circle through my body, it makes me dizzy ... when my veins were still intestines ... red stripes ... eat the bread of lies, and become strong ...

6. Driegelle ; No power to wake up, no will to wake up. Brannan grants grace to the poor ... weapons of the primeval. Big feather, live in me, like the milk. A new pain delivered me, waking up in soft fire. Is this the book in which I can live ? (First Giant Skull)
7. Driegulle ; I can't move myself. She stings me, until I wake up in tenderness. I will never go back. A deep fever overwhelms me, like a burning black blanket. They painted me in their books. (Second Giant Skull)
8. Driegul ; Guide me, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Bring the bones, so that I can turn myself around. Please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. (Third Giant Skull)
9. Hiegel ; Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his warriors. You are the king. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. The blood of hell by which we move. Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. As our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.
10. Hinnik ; You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. She blesses the statue in you. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell.
11. Himmelch ; The helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.
12. Heigeg ; He with the helmet and the winged legs. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through.

13.Ham ; She walks on the islands, they stand. Aiming at the sun, spinning it's light in the evening, to make new clothes. Yes, those clothes are torn, so that the sunlight breaks through again.

30.

1. She came to my cage, my prison, and took me out, to bring me to the arena.
2. Then she took me to the fields to hunt.
3. The beads around my neck were prayer-beads.
4. I had to pray to Her, and raise the altars.
5. I had to build the tabernacle in a tent.
6. She teached me how to slay the pigs of greed.
7. The blood of the pig had to fill the laver.
8. The laver had to be in front of the tent. Any priest who would do service in the tent, would have to wash himself in the pig blood, or Mother God would strike him.
9. This is how greed dies.

The Hyena Gnosis

1.

1. Come to the black tree, the tree of hunger,
Where greed dies. Come to the hunter tree,
Where love dies, for love was a lie.
Eat from it's seeds, it will starve you,
Eat from it's fruits it will bind you and blind you,
Come to the tree and be free.

2.You have been given too much by the father god,
He has fattened you for slaughter,
This cannibal god, he has blinded you by his gifts,
Yes, he filled you with greed, but it gave you nothing,
You became his slave, and now you can't seem to find your way back,
So come to the black tree, the tree of Mother,
Come to the hunter tree, where war begins.

3. On the great day of Mother God, slaves are led to the big black tree,
Where all love ends.

4. Mother God has prepared for the endtime battle. She has prepared Her masks. She has taken Her soldiers to Kirion.

2.

1. don't let her kiss you, it's a kiss of death, weddings like coffins.
2. she has minds in her grip, wavy eyes, she leads them to the wedding, slowly turning in slaughtery, there was meat, to find another friend, there's adultery in her mind, she's hungry, shooting more lines, she puts her dress up, showing her high heels, then she blinks, it's the wedding, spreading more lies, weddings like coffins.
3. i know a place worse than hell, in her bed, i was married to this girl, she became my mother, tied to so many things, it's the wedding making me like this, i'm a monster now, and it seems there's no escape, what is she breeding, i must escape this wedding, two by two in noah's arc, it's a butchery don't you know.
4. i know a place worse than hell, here in her bed, it's the wedding turning you into a monster, you need to escape this place, she used to be your mother, but now she's your daughter to take her prey. i know a place worse than hell, it's the wedding.
5. you're always to blame, and the anger is growing under your skin, for too long I'm on the weddingfields ... can anyone help me, i'm never dying here, please take me away to the circle of life, i'm in her arc, there's no way out, i can only send out my raven, i'm in a noah horror, please save me out, my raven has a message, the rain's still falling, like someone's tears, are these my tears ? it never seems to stop, we're reaching for the ceiling, and there's my raven, i'll never wear white anymore, show me the red suit.
6. there are red doves before my window, got to open the window for them, my raven is staring, there's a new morning, in paradise new glory, but isn't noah's horror a hunter ? she will find us.
7. isn't noah's horror a hunter ? what can we do when noah's horror returns, it's moving away like black pearls, there are a million divorces in the nights, noah, noah, like a candle in the night, you designed the bridegroom and his bride.
8. drinking wine with blood, there's always meat enough, he's a butcher, noah the butcher, our souls will be, safe on an island.
9. are you the last soldier of noah trying to take me in ? i know a lonely island, i know a lonely island, but i am so weak.

3.

bigger lie

1. this love affair doesn't end, but still they call it yesterday, like the original sin, strange wedding. like the original sin, a strange divorce, when i married you i sinned, but when we were in a divorce, we became original sinners, by a divorce you hit me, i'm an original sinner now, there was blood between us, we are original killers.
2. you are my original bride, you are my original knife, noah with the tree, tree of paradise, building an arc, making me free, let us escape from yesterday, for these eyes are killing me, there's an original sinner deep inside of me, build an arc, and go to sea.

3. you're no original sinners, you're original singers, where his body was a tree, where his fruit was his foot, kicking them away into a darker destiny, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard, and their last friend.
4. where the tree was his body, where his fruit was his foot, eating their meat, on his arc they sank, on his jesus they lost their guard and their best friend.
5. noah, noah, you have only one hand after these floods, noah, noah, with your pigfarms on the hill, still blood with the wine, still meat with the bread, for meat is all you really need, you're still a butcher, still a liar, still a hunter.
6. he's just a original cross, like a tricky road to heaven, it always leads you back to where you started, there they are again, adam and eve, after the flood, they rose, and it's so strange, but it's always like this, they are the objects of this cross, this original cross, so this eve is the original bride, the original thornycrown, and this adam is the original scornrobe, wanting to go home.
7. and this noah is the original wedding, you cannot walk, it's the original footnail, and mooses is the original divorce, you cannot move, it is the handnail, the original handnail.
8. the original death, it is the original spear, and the tree is the original stripes, the fruit is the original tear, it is all the strange strange wheel of paradise, we can never escape, it brings us from year to year, like in a strange arc, through a strange split sea, going to the promised land.
9. we're moving on our knees, creeping through the sand like paralyzed, will we ever reach the beach, will the sun ever touch the sea, to burn this whole picture of grief.
- 10.adam and eve staring at each other, and the beast has another year of prey.

4.

Glimpse of False Grace

1. They stood there, shivering, tied by marriage, in a night no one understands.
2. Two by two they go to Noah's Arc of Marriage,
3. Into an eternal divorce so deep inside their veins,
4. a present of the night, so many broken dreams,
5. giving us strange pictures we do not understand,
6. all the faces of her conscience.

Beast of Marriage

7. We would have everlasting life,
8. If we would just beat the beast of marriage,

9. when the flood comes to take everything away,
10. don't you like my lingerie, don't you like the curtain between you and me,
11. There is blood on the TV-screen, you are teasing me, when you're standing like that behind the screen, Why do you love this Marriage-TV, just a screen between you and me.
12. Or are we animals too wild, would it only devour you and me ?
13. Is this screen our protection, our mother keeping us alive, We cannot die here it seems, in this land of the lie,
14. You tell me outside there are so many predators, By this you keep me bound, Only to bring misery to my screen, when will I be free, Was divorce my saviour this time ? Was divorce the one who took me away from the screen ? Finally free, finally you set me free.
15. Let us swim away in this lake, It was the greatest disease ... Letting all your milks flow deep inside of me, I can touch you now, so deep, Until the bird of tragedy separates you and me
16. I feel you deeper, but then there's nothing anymore between you and me, My memory is now broken, Until the tears wash my last memories away They were already so confused and split up Is it a flame from your heart not remembering me not wanting to see me

Perfectly Split Mind

17. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, colouring my world so black, I can touch so deep, but then everything takes me away, ending all in a deeper tragedy, these deep touches are hurting me
18. You have me under your feet, these are the only screens through which I can see, It touches me deep, but then it goes away,
19. For it's hungry for prey, yes, you're weakening me,
20. Men with so many faces trying to destroy me, but still I can dominate these faces
21. You have me under your feet, you're a giant to me still with that strange stare,
22. The creature between us has so many faces We can never get lost in one emotion We're not locked up in a small box but in a worldwide world.
23. You have me under your feet, speaking about mysteries to me You're the stone and the seal on my grave maybe you just want to protect me It's a silent world only cryptic They're never ashamed for they just know how it used to be
24. You have me under your feet a cryptic polygamy, still bound to so many cryptic marriages Maybe it's just our destiny until the cryptic paradox is setting us free No one can be really forever free There's always a cryptic prisoner inside That's how we live, that's how we die a cryptic destiny
25. We used to kiss to have a blanket in the darkest night, And then I'll find out again, these kisses won't let me speak, They're just raising the screens, taking all my breath away, To let

me enter a deeper tragedy at the end of the day, This blanket of kisses a trickster once gave to me, and now I can never sleep, I'm in a prison only touching screens, I wished I was your shoe so that I would be safe for your kisses, These kisses they only kill me, taking all the life away from me, Yes, you use me like a bottle, so I wished I was your shoe, I wished I was your boot, letting you run away in the night.

26. Your kisses are the death-threats, The knives you push into my heart, You need a bottle to suck, And after it you break the bottle, But my kisses did the same to you.

27. Now I wished I was your boot, letting you run away, Now I wished I was your boot, taking you away, to a place we would both be safe.

28. The plastic tear is our screen, our eye will never be the same, It's blind, it has taken the hard screen away, No one can take it away again, The Eye of Monogamy has died, my friend, It kept us in prison. it let us crash against the hard screen, All our senses died, we couldn't touch and cry, All our tears had been died out, we were cold and lonely, unable to watch the sky.

29. These eyes, it kept the marriage alive, We couldn't touch each other, neither could we cry, These eyes, it kept the monogamy alive, All the beggars around the money, They could never touch, neither could they cry.

30. These eyes, it kept the screens alive, but now these eyes are blind.

31. When you watch too long, your senses die, you're watching a screen of kisses, Where so many birds die, the seeds of tragedies, keeping the screens alive, So let us all be blind, She's speaking, my heart is breaking, yes, she has the mighty touch, It breaks everything, yes even my senses, So let us all be blind, my dear, she's giving heartaches, her voice is like the black spear, When she speaks, I'm frozen, not able to touch, not able to find myself, I'm wandering in a rare and strange wilderness, Don't look into these eyes of birds, They will break you by tales unheard, So let us all be blind, keeping our hearts alive.

32. Don't look into these eyes of wolves, don't listen to their howling, Before you know they have raised the screens, behind which your heart is dying, Let us all be blind and deaf, My eyes are a pack of lies, raising the screens, raising the tragic screens, Oh can I pull them out, these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, wandering to destroy the lost souls, They are safe behind their screens, of marriage and monogamy, Please can I pull them out, these plugs are out of order, My eyes are a pack of lies, judging the dice, judging the playcards, I could never really see them, I only saw my screen, Isn't it ridiculous, please can I pull them out, these plugs are out of time, My eyes are hurting my baby, she wanted to tell me something, but I didn't listen, I was only watching her lingerie.

33. My eyes are hurting me, they never speak to me, they're only watching, writing down the lies, My eyes are hurting me, yes, they are killing me, To so many things I'm blind since I used my eyes, The trickster had given them to me, but now please take them out, or are they protecting me against the voices too loud, My ears are hurting me, they never speak to me, They only let me hear the lies, they only come to me in disguise, There are so many things I cannot hear since I started to use them, The trickster had given them to me, but please now take them out, or are they here to protect me against the sights spinning me around, Since I used my eyes, I never see true beauty, only the things pushing my feelings around, They are

nothing but raising the screens, Dance, I will be your boots, will be your breath, will be your movements, Dance, I will run to you, I will climb over the edge to say goodbye to my eyes, to get a new friend, goodbye to my eyes and ears, goodbye to the skies under my feet, goodbye to all the tricksters who tried to get me underneath, Dance, dance, let's push the screens down to let them be streets in your town coming alive, Dance.

34. She stepped on my eye, she pierced the strange drum. Then explain me, teach me, how can I read this cryptic files, how can I understand them, as they're making my life so miserable, it's cryptic tragedy, hiding a message I need to know to fly away into a deeper fantasy, feeling myself in locked up tragedy, as I can never split these two, they belong together, as the eternal cryptic paradox, the mighty vibration, keeping us alive, transforming it all in right translation, but where do I find the key, or do I just have to wait and die.
35. And then the trickster came to me again bowing down before me, taking my hand, telling me the translation and the misunderstanding belong together like a cryptic marriage, it's legal, but sometimes it's taking an unknown bend of ignorance, like cryptic adultery.
36. So all I must do is finding out about the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ? Do I wish to stay in such strange situation, is there any escape or a better view ? Can I break or leave the screen, or must I worship the cryptic marriages and their cryptic adulteries ?
37. Finally I'm searching for the perfect screen, deep enough to touch and feel, deep enough to pull away and escape, I know this process can only be safe in a sexual tax-machine. Everyone belongs to each other, everyone belongs to everyone, while a trickster steals away the screens, for a cryptic transformation, we will never be the same.
38. These nipple screens are killers, they have killed the screens of kisses, they have torn away their blankets, they have torn away their smiles, they have broken all the bottles they left behind,
39. These nipple screens are killers, you see visions when you drink their milks, it's turning all the pages, it lets you feel their morningskies, but too much feelings would burn you away, so sometimes they would bring back these kisses-blankets to take it all away, to leave you into waters cold as ice, in loneliness forever you will find the dice, and then play the game again, let the nipple screens arise again, to bath in milk and sandy-lands, to finally understand, it was all a game of tie and untie.
40. Come, I can finally hear your voice, Come, I can finally watch you, although it's in the distance, Yes, I can see you bathing in my milk and odors, it's turning all the pages, to the pictures in the sky, Come, I can finally feel you, who you are, there are no clothes between us, no masks, no disguise,
41. Come, take my hand in this nipple wonderland, our heads and minds come free, as we freed ourselves from our buttons, to now be you and me Yes, our hands and feet come free, a sexual tax-machine has saved you and me, for the milk of love is flowing pumped through all the stations, by the Big Heart.
42. Come, she is free, her nipples beat, like the hearts, all our dreams come true, there are no screens between me and you, only some nipples to let the milk pierce through, opening so many hearts between us, but still we have to tie and untie, or otherwise we would lose this delicious love, Teach me the language of cryptic sex, It scares me, and I have to run away,

Feeling so small, feeling so ashamed, It's like this isn't my destiny, It rips me apart, I know the giant stands above me, It's having me under it's feet, I'm watching the screens, Teach me the language of cryptic love, It frightens me, I have to run away, Can I watch it from the distance, under the Giant's Feet, or I will float away, teach me the lessons of cryptic love, make all the words sound softer, for otherwise it won't work, I am too sensitive, but baby float away, for in the night I'm a creature of horror, taking it's prey ...

43. Teach me the lessons of cryptic horror, I am like a werewolf in the night, losing all my borderlines, losing all my laws, like I am turned upside down, I do not understand this, my love, Please can you explain to me and dry my tears, I am so ashamed, inside I am pierced, by the laws of a different land, please understand, there's a creature of cryptic paradox inside of me, Do I need to run and hide, I can't escape from this night, But maybe all I need to see is it's message coming to me, and finally be free, though I will always be a prisoner inside, I am the slave and the king, I am the predator and it's prey, Something strange is living inside of me, Like I committed the greatest crime, but reached the greatest serenity, But it's only in my mind only a dream fading away when you take me in I'm living in a cryptic paradise with you, I cannot move, Finally I can move the nipple screens to have some communication between you and me. Finally I can direct the milk to different streams, I'm beginning to learn what you have taught me, But still I am under the Giant's Feet, not able to run, I'm tied, I cannot breath, Please give me the ability and the powers to move the screens of his heavy feet, The pressure is too much, I'm breaking inside, there's no way to have some compromise, But finally I learn what you taught, I'm beginning to move the screens of the giant's feet, I'm beginning to direct the food to different streams, i can divide, I can perfectly split my mind ...

44. This game is now in my hand, I'm telling everyone I can now rise, and I can bend, But then some other guy is putting his feet on me, there I go, I cannot breath, I can only die, I have to move the screens of his feet, to come alive, to split my mind, to decipher the cryptic lie, The goatman and the chickenman has put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, I can never understand them, as they speak in different language, I have to decipher this misunderstanding. But finally I learn what you have taught me, the game is still in my hand, I'm telling everyone, I can now rise and bend. The pigman and the oxman had put their feet on me, they are pushing hard, piercing my childhood dreams, but finally I learn what you have taught me all the time, the game is still in my hand, to decipher the crime, I can see the tragedy in your eye, seeing all the tears you cry, and I am moving the screens, I'm sending cryptic messages to you, but you don't believe. You think you have lost me, I have thrown you away, but I'm closer to you now, I am moving all the screens of unbelief, I can turn it around. I am moving all the screens of hate, but still this bird of unbelief is bringing me down. I am moving all the screens of depression, finally to get a message through, I am moving the screens of fear, finally you see my hand coming through, but you're hiding away in a tear, I am moving the screens of anger, I am not a stalker, but your saviour, I am a sexual tax-machine, Help me, I am weak, but when strength comes, I do not know my strength, help me, it's like spasm, I cannot direct nor predict it I am out of control, so weak, but yet so strong. I'm a cryptic primeval orgasm coming through, I penetrate your mind, don't touch me, I'm before you, just bend a bit over, I will touch your face, and then just run away, it's over you ... and it will never leave you this orgasm will penetrate your life ... There's a new screen before you new visions and dreams

sometimes they are tragic sometimes they are playing games but these are all cryptic messages to you I am an orgasm, like a jelly-fish from heaven I have been set free now I could reach your dream now Let's raise the new orgasmic screen I will be a cryptic orgy if you just let me win ... Believe me, I am more than Jesus Christ someone saved me from heaven and now I'm with you in cryptic paradise Loves so brandnew like orgasmic tongues and orgic tongues breathing life into you

- 45.Can we raise the screens of lullabies, can we heal the desperate screams, there's a lullaby coming over you Don't walk away, don't look away, it's penetrating you It will take away the pain, although cryptic pain is there for you Decipher the message ballerina decipher the cryptic orgasms in your mind They are protecting you, guiding you turning you around baby, why don't you just let it flow ... We're raising the screens of lullabies Green orgasmic screen, scream my name, I'll be with you, today, tomorrow I will leave, but another one will take away your grief. Green orgasmic screen, I'm a green orgasmic screen, tomorrow comes a white one, taking away your grief, I'm a green orgasmic screen, she's a white orgasmic screen Green orgasmic lullabies, full of rare pride White orgasmic lullabies will come tomorrow taking away the prides of yesterday Go to sleep little darling the road to tomorrow is a long way Green orgasmic lullabies, will stay with you, in the night, turning into cryptic orgies, letting you dream ... the silent dream Green orgasmic tongues will stir up the fantasies in your lungs, just breath out, my dear all things will become clear Green orgasmic lullabies will take away the night till morning comes a white orgasmic screen will display your wildest dream telling you it is just today Green orgasmic lullabies will then all march away But what can I do ? Someone is only teasing you, for also the white orgasmic lullabies will all march away

God's Table

- 46.The white orgy from paradise, just a beautiful woman like a mind full of lullabies, like a jelly-fish from heaven walking slowly to the edge, all the sacrifices she has to bring tonight, it's driving her insane but still her baby inside sais no one is to blame She's a cryptic sovenir from a place called hell where ornaments have died not been able to decipher the spell there was a heaven inside Deep in hell, there's heaven, deep in heaven there's hell baby can you tell how can we free the cryptic orgasms out of the deeper unknown prisons of heaven, where angels bleed away, where they have to die to become someone's prey Is it God or something else making such a mess on the dinnertable they eat fish and jelly-fish please free the cryptic orgasms from this place Is God a sex-machine ? There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Is God behind orgasmic screens, eating the orgies like fish and jelly-fish ?There's nothing above a sexual tax machine Who's behind the screens ? Who's eating these babies Can I let them win
- 47.Orange orgasm from paradise, just a beautiful woman, full lips, with an orgasmic knife Can we raise these babies in cryptic paradise Baby can't you see, they're taking all the ornaments away from you and me to donate it to a sexual tax-machine We have to agree It's better like this forget about the orange orgy

- 48.Red orgasmic lullaby, I don't know why you're bleeding don't know why you're standing in the row thought you were always the first and the last one, the one who's taking them all in and you're still a brandnew ship in orgic seas full of bottles of the red orgies
- 49.Redbrown orgy bottle of trouble and tragedy taking all the years away, of spirit of death no one will forget ... about what you all did to them You were raising so many snake screens You took life away you always had your prey Now you come before your Lord to hear the tales unheard
- 50.Blue orgasmic lullaby filling the sky like a giant jelly-fish from heaven, drinking all our tears away ... from tragic yesterday You're making us understand, what you were all molding in your hand
- 51.Blue orgasm, king of the screens, you're bringing them all through the years your babies die inside your hand, and no one understands
- 52.Pink orgy, tongue of lust and life all you show us is strife You're laying down your cards before me like I have to take this dive Yellow orgasm, chocolate orgasm, spouting chocolate deep inside our dreams, your odors are full of tragic lies, but a cryptic paradise Take us inside like the flower's pride You have your ways to burn the screens

Marriage of Prey

53. Can you take my heart away, I don't want to be taken by a Marriage of Prey, These strange religions have so many things to say, While I'm running away, They say I'm a whore, And they call you a liar, But we will still be together, I'm so full of fear, Don't let them take my baby away.

6 6 6

54. This gamble machine with the christ faces, so many gods and sometimes crosses,
Gamble machine with the gamble babies taking my hearts away,
This marriage is aching me, oh Whore of Babylon, take me away,
Oh Gamble City, got a 6 6 6 on my machine, now everything fell away,
Can I come to Jericho again to rebuild it's walls,
Or can I better push some buttons to let this whole circus fall,
Gamble machine with the christ faces and faces of ducks,
Taking me away to a better game, a better gamble game
Game Over (The la-la bird)

55. In the dark nights, gamble machines all fade away,

I cannot move, cannot run, and nobody can hear,
I'm singing : la la la la la la la la la la la la
And then she comes, she's just a la-la bird,
She lets me escape, through the narrow window,
And then she tells all these secrets and stories to me,
Like I'm in hell, cannot reach for heaven's city,
And I say : la la la la la la la la la la la la
56. And then she moves over me, and I say : baby, you're hurting me,
I take my gun, and then I shoot her around the garden,
But then she only laughs and opens her eyes,
And there I see the gamble machines, I start to cry, I start to scream,
I'm reaching out my hands to her, but then she leaves, and I will burn,
and I sing : la la la la la la la la la la la la
57. And then we talk it over, a few days after,
And then she tells new stories in full laughter,
I cannot understand her, her mouth is like the gun,
And then she says : girl, game is over, let's take a run
58. Our love was not forever,
Now we're digging in the ground,
Deep in the darkness we find our lost baby,
She grew up, but she's foul
59. We will find our ways back to the wilderness,
We cannot fly, we hit the ground,
There's something deeper, crying loud
60. We watch the screen,
The horror we believed in, it has us in its grip
61. Where the skies will be filled by clouds and high towers,
No one's standing on feet anymore,
Planes only get higher,
To see shocking sights,
There are dolls around the table,
Cannot understand the things I'm telling them

62. Where skies filled by clouds and high towers,
bring the planes higher,
We see sights in the poor world,
A mother crying for her baby,
For it isn't there anymore, because there was no food

63. And we get fatter in Amsterdam,
We float too high to do something,
They call us the nuclear bomb,
We laugh and ask for more,
On the moon we don't see anymore,
The earth is pretty, nothing's wrong,
Eyes are closed,
It's dinnertime already, can you pass me the salt

64. On tv dolls behind the windows,
Let them show up, place enough, but we won't reach out, for it's sunday,
And on mondays we all have our own jobs,
we can handle a lot,
Here we all get richer, and we bath on Mars,
In champagne, getting blind in golden rain,
breakfast is healthy, eat the brain,
To laugh is to live, and those who die are insane

65. Where skies get filled by clouds and high towers,
A voice is calling, but we are too far away,
Fattened up in our cars, we let the dolls go home

Girl

66. girl, full of lies, she comes to me in disguise,
She has skeletons underwater, in her boots she breeds the thunder,
Cannot argue with this girl, sending big brother for a thrill,
Her sister smokes, she has her style,
She never listens, only to her sister's cry,
It's a family-thing going around the table,
From a girl you never win

67. Showed her the red machine one day,
She never found her way out,
She found her cowboy deep inside,
She feels so safe now, and all I do is float
68. girl, full of lies, she came to me in disguise,
She came to me in her helicopter,
Fell out of it to be my doctor,
She's playing the clown again,
But I'm not her automaton,
Showed her the red machine today,
Game's over now, and she finally feels safe

69. In her boots she breeds the thunder,
Can't bring her home tonight,
She's with me in red delights,
Can't bring her home tonight,
Wait for the morning, sending you her sights

Mysterious Girl

70. Mysterious girl, like a picture in my head,
She's made of liquid feathers and she looks so sad,
Wasn't she a doll I would leave her, wasn't she like a statue I would deceive her,
Mysterious girl in my hand, in my head, it's breaking me inside,
Mysterious girl, I'm inviting you to my world

71. Mysterious girl, made of plastic waters,
Made of tears, of fragile years,
And she still looks so sad,
Was she happy then I would leave her, was she of flesh and blood I would deceive her,
She's a rubberband girl, stretching like the waters, waves get so tall, it walks against my walls,
Come into my world, I'm opening my portal to your world

Red Girl

72. And I was said, I ran to the forest, where a red girl stood,
And I said were you red before, and where is your wolf,
And she said : wolf is gone, please come with me to a place where we belong

Automatically I took her hand, and she made me understand,
So many tales underneath her address,
She lives in number sixtysix, found her toys, was she the one who had done this all,
It was all a big big carnival
73. Underneath your words there is a waterfall of tales unheard,
Underneath your pretty smile, ghosts are dancing there for awhile,
But you never smile, you never smile, it was all my misunderstanding, I don't know why,
You're a sad girl, you're a smart girl, but it was all my misunderstanding,
For you're a wild girl, loving to do the carnival, loving to deceive me

74. There are places I better not come,
With all the time-bombs, not a good one,
Can I trust you, is my question,
Better not taking the risk, but you have already grasped me,
Are you a martian girl, where wolves don't dare to come

75. There are places I better not come, is it your place, is it you,
Maybe I am a wolf myself, and that's why I dare not coming to you,
I would freeze, you would thrill me, you would shatter me, you would eat me,
But I have so many tales to tell, to bring you under the wolf's spell

76. There was a red girl, trying to deceive me, in the playground she decided to hurt me,
I almost fell down, but then I decided, to come to her in disguise,
Let's do the carnival, let's push the buttons of our hearts,
Let's believe the red girls statements, wolf is gone, but his spell is still raging

77. This girl, she told me tales, I was her doll, I was of her age,
But since the mask came off, she remembers me, I am her deadly stuff

Stop

78. There's a time to take your head up, take it in the skies,
There's a time to take a plane and to head for paradise,
There's a time to lose any game you have invented,
There's a time to watch the tv of your neighbour's,
System watches you, moving to your neighbour's neighbours,
All they see is you are getting through

79. There's a time to make your mind up, make it real,

There's a time to steal a fantasy from someone real,
There's a time to play the game you have always looking for,
Even when you didn't find it yet, just play it,
Dolls are on tv, dolls are on tv this summer,
Freezing your whole memory

80. There's a time to stand up and rise,
There's a time to let it play on without you,
There's a time to make it up, before you lose your mind,
Lose your mind, make it all stop

Soldiers of Love

81. They want to get my attention, these soldiers of love,
Making nasty movements, taking all my hope away,
I know it sounds strange, but when they speak it's hurting me,
While soldiers of lust always take me away

82. My baby is staring outside the window, while soldiers of lust are in the air,
Coming from the mountains, having so much to share,
There's passion deep inside her heart, she takes the soldiers in,
They're telling her keep quiet, telling her she'll never win

83. Soldiers of love, soldiers of ancient times telling lies,
But soldiers of lust, they'll never win,
Soldiers of love, full of nasty lies, it never satisfies,
But all these soldiers of lust, always full of compromises,
Always full of trust, the lies will capture them,
While no one understands them,
Soldiers of love, they'll never go away

Soldier

84. From far away he comes,
Fires in his eyes, no one knows his name,
The sacrifice he has to bring,
Is more than he can take,
He lost his family, lost his life,
Only to get a piece of old wine and cake

85. From far away, he walks fast,
To find his love behind walls of glass,
you gave your son away,
To become a bird of prey,
Still you say you are so proud,
In God you trust, you say this loud
86. slaughterhouse, dangerous womb,
You abort your sons, a screen of blood,
To entertain the world, it's like Christ and God,
The sacrifice you brought to save the world

Lie

87. I'm still coming from down under,
Cannot see the skies nor the seas,
Cannot see the smiles you're hiding,
I'm just a ghost locked up in tv
88. Your number I do not know,
I just watch the show,
Coming in every night,
To leave by a small light
89. lie, you believe in love,
But the morning after, the kids are growing up,
Not knowing where to go,
lie, you always see them later,
As a shoulder on which they can cry
90. You took so much away,
You are their only hope,
So now they have to survive,
It's the land of the eternal life
91. In this land we never die,
Even in hell they find us, adding to our cry,

Breaking Out

92. Many went through the gate,

But I couldn't find you

93. I'm wondering where you all,

All these moments last so long,

And the walls of time are too strong

94. One day I will break out,

In search for you , I will find you somewhere in the sky,

Like liquid layers you roll there, and do you know why ?

Because I feel you near, although I cannot hear you,

Cannot touch you, but it's like everything's coming through

95. Speak louder, from behind the curtains,

Give me a sign, a trace, like you did before, I know you,

You would never leave me without a good bootlace,

In search for you, in search for your boots,

Your shores are warm, but now I want to see the icycle so erected,

A colder place where I can leave it all

War-machine

96. It all seems clear to me,

You're a warmachine to me,

Undercover, that's your trick,

So no one believes me, you're making me sick

97. It all seems clear to me,

You pushed the spear into me,

But you covered it up by fairytales,

And now I doubt myself,

You're looking like an angel to me

98. Tales you tell like no one can,

Do you ever sleep, did you kill sandman,

War-machine, machine of angels,

Come closer to me

99. People say you're so friendly to me,

But when they're gone you're killing me

100. You give orphans a home,

to breed them for slaughter,
You give orphans a home,
You're a war-machine undercover
101. And what is this war about,
I do not know,
No one believes me, but I know you're just a show,
You're telling tales to let everything look pretty,
You never sleep, always busy,
To push the spear a bit deeper,
Far away from the surface, while it all becomes prettier,
I know what's happening inside,
It's an addiction, where can we hide
102. Can I make a deal with you,
Taking you away to something unreal,
Nothing matters anymore, it's our point of view letting everything go astray
Can I make a deal with you,
Can I take you out of the real,
Path of compromise is what we want, point of view is turning in our hand,
Can I make a deal with you baby,
Me on high heels, you on the border,
Together we walk out of the land, point of view is changing in our hand
Cocoon

103. And I know, you're so adventurous, dangerous,
And I know, you're reading books to escape from us,
It's better for us, I know it's also strengthening you,
I hope it will be all a cocoon

104. These chains are scaring me, I must agree, this love is not forever,

105. Hunterman of passion,
Hanging there like Jesus Christ,

I must say it's a good disguise,
For no one knows it's you this way

106. Through the sound of silence, and the colour of darkness, I always hear your voice, through the wet velvet curtains and fleeces I always feel your emptiness descending into me, embracing me like there was nothing between us, so much to fill, you're gliding through me, searching for my hiding energy. with a bow and strange arrows of emptiness and silence, you try to deceive my guards, to get a hold of me. Like the emptiness you flow, while you descend along the multiple stages of the world of tomorrow, where no one reigns or rules, only some fools are searching through the ages, all what they have left behind, some stones and some strange rods, awakening their own prides. Like a madman gliding from the mountains and the borderlines of view, into the forests there in the midst of heavens, where all dreams come true, I can only say my heart belongs to her. While she's descending along all these layers, she pierces herself in my shadow, where the lakes begin to enter in.

107. Here I sit again, thinking about all what went wrong. I do not understand myself, like something is hiding itself. Come my confused child, let us forget about the morning, it's now evening, the night is falling, overflowing the afternoon. With a soft embrace you will reach the morningskies, where you can forget about all these yesterday's delights. Grasp the new day, ask for some access. Only a small gate will do, we will slide and our shadows will rest.

Language of the Soul

108. there are rippling layers in you, in the atmosphere above you your soul can hide. It's the language of your spirit shining through, it's the language of your heart, bringing you all these days in blue. Ask a little bit access, our souls will glide, leaving our shadows in the night. Ask a little bit access, we don't need much, only a drip of consciousness big enough to keep the flame of love burning in our heart. A little bit of love is all we need to hold these tears in our arms, to soothe these babies, letting no one tearing them apart.

Lullaby

109. you must fly, fly away, you cannot stay, there's a world ascending in your mind, where your soul can play and hide. fly, you cannot stay, these years float away. You can follow them, and I would love to float together with this day. Bye Bye love, float away, on the month of love you will fly away, will always keep you warm, just keep on moving along this tall embrace. Bye Bye love, run away, to the worlds we cannot find today, yes the morning brings you there by grace, so bye bye my love, don't stay, let your mother buy you some roses today, cannot come this way with you, got some other things to do So bye bye my love, swim away, these seas are longing for you to embrace, well the islands will for sure run away, but you can float away to their hiding place, bye bye, love, float away, these days are almost over, please give them a new way to ...

Strange desirable fight

110. the days are getting stronger, holding me so tight. I am fragile, I am like a thousand times too late. I am fragile, you win in this strange game, cannot survive your strike, cannot stand when you hit me, please do not continue this fight. I am about to escape your tight embrace, cannot fight the morning so I must just die, here and I will fly away, where all my lullabies let my soul escape

out of your basket full of roses, of our love, we used to fight, dying deeper into this darker night. I cannot hide when your tear takes me away, it's like the morning of an indian soldier throwing all our games away Silent nights throwing it all away, and then I'm longing for this fight again, just to get a sight, an old friend's delight. Fly again, my underwear is too heavy to translate, fly again, like a stone, a waterfall, I'm sliding down to the beginning of our dream ...

Talking to the Dead

111. Soft mornings, I'm standing to receive my goddess in an embrace of a thousand years ago. I'm watching the dreams where she started to melt away. It's my destiny to stand on my own again, like the hermit, like the penetrator of the soul, looking for the flow inside, drawing me to the pool, where your love unfolds. I stopped dreaming since that day, looking for a silent place, Can't you hear my soul, silence is my soul, can't you see my spirit, dark is my spirit, to develop price for virginity in a lake as cold as ice, where you died so long ago. It's the chemistry burning away the old days by a fire we cannot control.

Exit of Hell

112. These roads we must not find, they're leaving our souls behind, just want to die in your love, to hold the pencil of the dead, escaping all these wonderful roads leading to hell instead. These words, I try to explain, these words, but roses must take the other way, no, don't walk, just take the train, for hell's swallowing all these walkers searching for an explanation in vain. Sympathy, I'm catching the words in the skies of destiny, was a grasp just in front of my eyes, while I will not speak, this secret is torturing my mind, while you, you bow down on your knees to get a glimpse of me. Baby it's in your destiny, to find a breath in me, while the colder day takes you away, you must not miss your train. Why all these explanations while our souls can bathe in extasy. Come with me, take me away, oh child, escape with me, let's die again in destiny.

Lullaby of the Dead

113. Oh, sweet death like lullabies, mother is speaking to me, like lullabies and riddles, she's coming over me ... with a rythm like her wings grasping away my jealousy, she needs a good umbrella, sweet, when she's dying again in silent mystery. Mom, come on, I'm ... Why did this rose die, so young, so pretty, she slided through the houses of unbelief No one knows why she died this baby, crying on her grave, roses growing in her tight embrace, she still speaks to me Why can't you wait for something she tells, the day after it's there on the floor behind the door just a grasp away ... touch her mystery her day, her smile, not that she needs you, it's just her Son, tell me, in silent speech there is no other mother to hold your grief ... Son, baby, this love between you and me, like a fragile bridge between life and death, holding so many dreams of you and me Son, I believe, I must take this grief, and continue on my road to heaven, cannot die here, lovers will find me ... Lullaby of death, lullaby of grief, lullaby of sweet destiny, turn me over, rainbows like my lover's letter, rainbows like my soulrose matter, burning the hell out of me ... burning like the fruit, so many fleeces of loves ejaculating in strange reflecting and bending views.

Sensitive

114. Can't believe the mystery you have sent today to me, or was it just a present from so many years ago, trousers from the flower and the rose. Caught the lights, these purple blue delights from a million years ago, the message was sensitive, like snares shivering in the eternal snow. Saw the fruit, the missing baby, saw her hiding her tears and heart, but the rose could open her stores, her

broken heart still broken apart, this boy doesn't have a heart. Sensitive, the air full of sounds born from all these silent years, born from all these missing babies, I'm waiting till they disappear.

Trembling

115. Where do you go, you're trembling, stepping on the traces of the ladder of my mind, with your bow and arrows you need to make some things clear, but I'm not ready for this, so please walk away. Maybe you can return when summer falls, like in a dream you can watch a glimpse of me, there, at the lake, where I always bathe with so many flowers, soft will be your tender embrace. Go away, you hard man, no worries, for I'll feed your wife and children, will even feed your enemy. There are dreams which won't come true, my darling, these are the dreams between me and you, cannot explain how you hurt me when you said you won't be here tonight, so special were these lights, but now they have faded away. Into my arms you will glide for another dream, into my lights you will unfold your needs. But I will go the other way, my dear, for some sweet roses are near. You have loved your family like hell and heaven, you have loved the circle of your friends, like ... it was your only destiny, but now, look further, down on your knees, this little rose, blooming towards your dream. Cannot say I have you in my heart, for I won't lie, you're only in my mind, playing with so many buttons of me, but I'm late, I will leave you to your destiny, with all these roses, oh sure I love you, but you have left when the lights were falling, had to care about these babies on my own, so now it's over, our dream is gone, but please try it later when my heart's not frozen anymore, when you have your own babies running in you ...

Hard Judges

116. It doesn't mean anything to me, cannot explain what you are up to, descending in me, I'm not interested at all, my doors were wide open, but you dived through all my windows, you broke them without leaving a spot, is this my destiny to watch this movie, you're roaring underground, searching for my roots, cutting away my smile, I'm dying underneath your desperate trial. Can I breath, your judges are hard to me.

Temperament ; Black Lady

117. Like the rythm of a long lost dream, you're penetrating soft and wide the illusions of my mind. Descending along the layers of the mountains of my inner sounds, they're melting under harmony and virtuous temperamant, black lady.

Day of Grief

118. in all it's energy, hunting after my dreams to see me, gliding like the rose of a thousand destinies, all swelling in this day of grief.

Floating Back to You

119. I'm happy, your tongues speak a thousand tales, while I can't hear them, I'm only following. I'm happy, like the embrace forgetting about all what you did to me, like the rose's bitterness I see you, my eyes have fallen down, I breath through you, this is past, these days are over, I'm now floating back to you.

My own tears

120. It's an adventure no one understands, these dreams are all in my hand, cannot follow all their instructions, cannot follow all these tears, it's tearing us apart, first I need to be stronger, but now I won't do anything, just let me lie down in nothing, just let me have my own tears.

Run Away

121. glowing in the seas of heaven following you, I see you are afraid, trembling in the destinies of a week ago, but now, my dear dear prince it's time to flow ... away to the glowing in the sea, I've seen it, I just hope it will not run away ... Once upon a time, a rose was dying within my sight, she climbed the ladders of my fragile mind, couldn't help her, couldn't touch her. My love is for everyone, that's why I'm dying together with the one who's coming near. Why do these tears always run away, showing me the treasures of their seas.

Lies

122. When yesterday struck, all these dreams were in fire, while the smoke hid me. Can't you see the windows she has put between you and me, girl you're lost in fire, but that doesn't mean that I would strike this dream. She was always like a mother, soft, her nipples overflowing of the wildest dream making us free, out of the order between you and me.

Mother's All-denying

123. blanket coming over me, this clothe, but I want to escape, falling on my knees. You crowned me, for I was your son, but would I be a beggar you would make me the one you would love all your life as a wife would do. I'm your son, you never granted me any of your delights, but this beggar gets all your pride, you move over him, showing him all your pearls of poverty, all the sweetness of your dreams, your tears, your pains, and then you agree, he pays you sixty dollars, he pays he gives his heart, and now he is one of yours, still the devil's prostitute, still a devil's lovers tale ... And I'm still your son, covered by a trauma, cannot touch her, cannot watch her, she's always hiding like mother's all-denying.

Idiocy

124. hell has struck me, She wants me, Tantalos, I could never break the screen, still yelling, still angry, it hurts my brain. One day I will break through the screen, hell has struck me again, and all you can do is yell. and I'm getting so tired of it, don't want to play in this disaster. Please let me dream again, take me again. This nightmare, a horror in my mind, eating away these skies. Tomorrow never comes, I will ride this horse today. I'm frozen again, in a hall full of horses, bending their heads, it's time for them to pray, for a sinner comes their way. All these laws of books I have broken. She won't be my mother anymore, I'm now an orphan, a foundling in a rose, a beggar in a rose's dream. I'm frozen again, She has struck me and yells again, but I'm so far away, can't understand her language when she prays, her lips go faster than my mind, am I a prisoner again, or am I just descending in a new delight. Fires break through again, me behind the windows, breaking all these dreams again, and fruits are lying before me, like delights, like the black spells, it's coming over me. I have to leave now, no time for all this idiocy.

Tanak ; Foul Indian

125. Foul Indian, descending along the layers of my mind, a rippling tragedy, expecting me to hide. Alarms are following me, to bring me down on my knees. For I need to pray, I need to go my own way, for this devil needs a chance to get to heaven. I don't care about what you said to me, don't care about your dreams. You're fighting against each other, all over me. Am I a good piece of prey for your heavens, where these devils get their ways in these heavens. And yes, I needed to burn in your hells. Foul Indian Rose, descending along the curtains of my mind, wanting to penetrate my conscience once again. Foul Indian, expecting me to bow down on my knees, to say your prayers again. Foul Indian, give me a chance to escape. I'm bowing down in misery, cannot lose my poverty.

Realms of the Martian Smiles

126. war, was descending to me, like the killer's tragedy, silent sounds on his bow he penetrated my destiny, like the shadows on the wall, like the smoke in it's fall, curtains rising up again, before the windows I was in. Wolves were howling, while I was safe behind my windows with her milk flowing, like the flashes of new mornings, her nipples were rising erected, penetrating my soul in so many reflections, get him away from the wolves. Now the fragile mornings raise their bows again, pure separated colours, seven in a crown, they descend, a perfect mark for travelers in these realms of the Martian Smiles.

127. these mysteries in which my soul finds a way to hide, the language of her smile, so full of tears her lips are swelling after the cruel night.

128. On a cold day morning, all the feathers were rising, leaving all these orphans erected in pain, waiting for the strike which lets them quiver in the nights, so many mountains still between us, evergrowing in size, until the surveys share some light. On a cold day morning, I was hiding all my fears, stepping forward in illusive courage, like I was your knight, my dear, like a fragile rose, trembling inside, while the butterflies of my dreams were leaving me side by side, while in emptiness I watched, and suddenly a flash was in my head, melting all the metal of my screens away, I was drinking from the pale, a black fading lullaby, a sandcastle's scream, an ornament of pride now so humiliated deep inside. Fruits of the mornings were swelling, waiting for my lover's bite, but I could only run away and hide, to watch the story behind. I was devastated, intimately horrified, ripped in many pieces, side by side, watching my dying pride. I didn't want to mention it, so I sent myriads and myriads of papers about what happened in the world today, not wanting them having attention for me as prey. Forgive me for these pictures of this rose's dream, a strange strange fruit, of growing destiny, like the fluids of a rose tree finding yesterday's exit.

Nowhere to Run

129. as you glide down into the fragile layers of my soul, I can only run and hide, not ready for this kind of show, this delight. I'm still young, not ready to be a slave like that in these tournaments of fun. I am a child of hell, a child of prayer, but I have nowhere to run.

130. Softly he is bowing his head, he has no friends, for no one understands. He's on his own, the tears leave when he cries. No one wants to be his home, and I'm standing there, watching from the mountain of my pride. Come with me, have pride when you're with me, there is nothing to hide, my flames will find you. Come with me, I have seen your tears, I am your Jesus of the Rose, crucified in your fears. he stood erect, watching my ... Jesusian Pride with strange delight, no one wants to be with him, in fear that he devours them. Come with me, have some pride, I will give you all you need. Come with me, this Jesus of the Rose has interest in you, fly away with me. As he showed his

back I didn't see any wings, but he could fly like the melody, a tingling dream. Can I help you, dear sir, you have grown so tall, can I help you in, this lover's tale will bring you all you need.

131. watch the wild coming over you, stigmatizing your lover's bite. Scars and trauma's, play with me, come outside your dens, and throw it all over me, Rivers of Hell, Suns of Heaven, come over me, I am the kettle of your dreams. Strange invocations, challenge the gods to fight, their titles are a rose's destiny. Their marks to doubt, go, wrestle with them, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise. These arena's are good for your soul to grow to develop your lovebite to develop your rose's strike.

132. I'm a mother's lover, a destiny's wind, a Jesusian Scream, I can bring you where I want on my soft roses shadows. I'm the Bragger of Paradise, I'm the Lucifer of all your delights, I'm of misty sands, in the midst of all your dreams you find the icecream's lovers-temple, a mirror's sentimental pride, so sensitive and sensual, but always running away to find the pearls of new shores to enter in. You can never win, for I'm the Rose's Striker, invent me to your parties, invent me to your feasts, I'll make your birthday disappear in fears, so run and hide. Challenge me in a strange Invocation, go to Pniel's Rose Paradise, I bet you have fears to enter the ring, but you'll see it's for your delight. Come ascend with me, I am the Rose's Striker, I am a silly dream, but also one of grief. Do you want to swim with me in these rivers of tears, leading to the seas. Which fishes can you expect there, they found the treasures in their nightmares, they have changed throughout all these years. Enter with me a new dream, in Pniel's Rose Paradise. Wrestle with these gods and devils, throw the dice. Let us walk the puzzle, the playboard, we are living pawns of paradise. Let us play the games, to search for rose's light, it is the language of her soul, the sensuality of her mind, she cannot reach our shores, she just runs and hides, inventing all these games to have some room to speak, to have a chance to release her fears, the rose's tournaments, make all the views bend, rippling like the shattered switchboard-screens as the receptor of the rose's lights.

The Rose's Advice

133. As lights descend in hesitation, slowing down in every trace, like the rose's heart pulsating, it's reaching for the night, where the mothers of yesterday wait for the trains to pick them up again, they didn't lose their sensuality, but it's now under a spell. They cannot move this day, they stand frozen in the stations of the rose. Father is like liquid licorice, but he's a sailor, he never reaches their shores. It's such an automatic soft button, sliding away when you try to push it, like Tantalos idea, still the Torturer of so many minds. As the rose is unfolding in my soul, far away in the night, she's speaking in myriads of languages, her words are shattered, her lights are born in tranquilizing delights. It doesn't matter anymore, it's the way you view a card. You can turn it around to view from different sights, to find the rose's lights. In purple and pink they descend, showing their unique combinations, descending into darkness, ready for another night. You have to learn to stand on your own, my child, you are your own dream, you don't need to be in another ones dream, for you weren't designed for slavery, for manipulating mirrors cutting away your smile.

Stigmata of Lovers

134. like an ejaculation overnight in paradise, no one can hunt for this price. It's something within dreams, something within the waters between these curtains and these fleeces, No experience will guide you there, but the nothingness will lead you higher, penetrating my flesh, for the temple, a sacrifice, stigmatizing.

135. No one can wash this heart of mine, it's too far gone, it's foul like purple flowers along dirty rivers. Jesus was our all-dying heart, pierced by religion and politics.

Words

136. Hail the soldiers. Worship is but an excuse, a demand of the one who has captured us. all these prisoners, who is going to set them free. Hail the soldiers, when She pierced Jesus with all her legknives and her red arrows. Worship is but an excuse, worship is but an escape, let god just rise once again, to share his prayer, to a god they don't believe in. These words will never fail, like the arrows of Her desire hunting for some prey. Worship is just an escape.

Creator Lies

137. The priest is rising towards all the cannibals of my mind. He speaks his spells, and asks me to believe in him. But all these strange movements are just a broken shell. I need someone to pour some wine inside of me. When will I escape all these religions, these pathways to hell, like my father's broken spell. When will I escape these desires of kings and slaves, but who is guarding who that is the question. Creation is an illusion. The creation created the creator, to make their own development safe, they're just distracting our minds. These religions are strange walls they created behind which they are safe in having their own identities, these butterflies, developping themselves by creator lies. I'm an atheist caught by the gods of the roses. They created them in which they could develop their smiles. I was distracted and still I am, for these love spells are eating my mind. Who created who that is the question. Soldiers take your weapons, don't fight creators anymore, but the creations of your mind. Bend the views by rose's lights, to open the seals and portals, to free the rose's lights. These gods are just an excuse. I'm trapped in a web of lies, born from rose's lights, and they're hiding behind you. Who are you ? The roses stang me without mercy, storing into me all their lies, all their sweet sweet roses bringing me into ejaculations of pride. On equilibrium they have built me, on equinox and eclipse, but still I'm asking myself if creators don't exist, I created my creator, all these roses with their lies, behind which I could develop my smile. But this smile is one of tears and trauma, descending through the lakelayers. These smiles are just lights from roses, offering me some pride. How many layers of illusive creations, where does it end, where does it go.

Agony ; Wild dance

138. Can you hear my breath in this wild dance of life. Can you descend into the world of my feelings, to understand me. Can you reach into this heart of mine, telling all these stories, can you hear the story behind it all, it's like a flower pitfall, drawing you deeper inside, into these strange delights, into the nightmare of your soul, where you get born again after the fall. To rise up you first have to fall, to gain light you first need to gain the darkness. Into the darkness of your soul, where the indian howls, so many destinies and riddles undercover, flowing into your conscious layers of destiny. Behold the unconscious world, where your spirit is free to translate, but it's unheard. I'm gathering all your shatters as you penetrate deeper into me, into my shadows, where my grief is still alive. I can be cruel, I don't know why, but I always find myself deeper in the pit of your denial. It's all a denial to me, the way you act, the way you move. Can't you come with me, to watch the story behind this show. Can you still hear the sounds in the distance, as I draw you deeper into the darkness of my soul. You try to call it evil, by your strange sentimental denial, but in the dephts I will break it all. You have called for me, oh soldier, these fireseas you cannot hide, it will overflow, like the sun of the flowerfields, this rose's denial. Watch this show and come alive. I show you the art you've never seen, the art of suffering. I show you the lights you've never seen, by the tentacles of your dream, I raise them up like never before, I draw them to my shores, as I descend into the layers of your seas, your fleeces come over me. These rose's light will pierce you in the fight. The

foam of new tomorrows will rise. I am unfolding in your mirrors and sands, like the fishes of your destinies.

139. Do you still call me an evil creature, oh Evil One. Bow before me, I'm the One you do not understand. I'm shifting the layers and stripes of your memory, an invocation, to the rose who was purple but now it's green, in ornamental scene. All these views, like the fishes of your unconsciousness, they're breaking through, you smell the plants of new delights. As I gain my place inside your fearful heart, as I dominate the essence of your other parts. You try to strangle me in mighty caves of the wild. You try to break me in your tight desire. I am laughing at you. I am laughing at you. Behold the night will come to break a piece away from you. Behold the night will raise it's fist against you, oh Evil One, Evil Soul, oh Evil One, I do not understand. Was this misunderstanding the plan ? After this denial I put my fist in you. As I gained the love of the harvest of your soul brandnew. Your lights are breaking in my sight, I see your ornamental pride of the love you once knew. As I come closer to your night, I discover your ornament of light, oh Evil One, you are not the Evil One, oh Evil One, not the Evil One. You're the Deeper One, oh Evil One, Deeper One, not the Evil One. As I raise my lights to open your deeper caves, I watch the slime of snakes you stole from their dens. It's ejaculating in my mind, like the blossom of Hell. There I go again.

The Pope's Marionet

140. Jesus Christ, Son of the Pope, Fire of all the Ages, Jesus Christ, rise to your goal, make your father, the pope, being whole. Jesus Christ, a martyrs paranoia, a martyr in delay, coming to devour you, coming to translate, this message of so long ago, everyone seems to know his name.

141. Jesus Christ, the Pope's Marionet, call him Christ or Satan, that's just the rule of our chessboard today, tomorrow we play the Martian Game.

142. Jesus Christ, Spell, Son of a martyr, martyr's cry, it never ends, will you ever understand, these sight of deserts will bend, showing the oasis in this dream. High above us, Bikerman is biking, his wheels are spinning like hell, he comes to take some prisoners out of their shell. Oh, how we worship you, bikerman, how we watch the days you form in your hands, take us away, our friend, our little friend, don't tease us today. Jesus Christ our sentiment, come along with us, to show you some real pride. Let us escape out of our graves, oh bikerman, the lights of roses are in my hands to make a marionet of you. I am the Tamer of Gods, I am the Tamer of Devils, they're eating out of my hand, I make them understand. I am the boss of all these chessboards, tomorrow we do the Martian Spell.

Her Daughters

143. colours, stripes, like liquid lights, shivering, shattering into myriads and myriads, in the worlds above, waiting for the spear to pierce through the fleece keeping these two layers separated. The spear is weeping, she's crying alone in her bed, like a prayer, descending into me, It doesn't breath, it's standing there, frozen. In this mysterious sea, where She hides Her daughters. But the spear is leading me to them. She's standing there with her bow, charged by silent arrows of preprogrammed ejaculations. Then she pierces me by her spear, telling me the year is over, and I do agree. My feelings want to overflow, but she has closed the door, she takes me with her, by her spear, like ejaculations hesitating in my head, searching for prey, she takes my soul from me.

144. Through her undercave I'm reaching for her shore, where the blossom of hell grows, foul like the indian spell, I can smell, your dirty eyes tell. I reach the bridge, these coming feelings roaring in

the seas, and suddenly I stop for I can't have her babies. I turn around to watch her smile, she's sitting on her knees. Then she binds my hands, and shows me she's a killer. After all these nightmares I still can't be myself. Throughout the underworld she reigns.

145. Don't you realize you have to fly, or you will be a pawn again the other day. we watched the skies, where our babies died. We could not save them, for we were just pawns, but deep inside your memory you remember where these fruits flow from. I feel like a pawn today, but I will try it tonight. cannot break the chain, cannot reach the shore. Drowning in these sentiments of a primeval lake. Someone brought me a fruit, this fruit, it was penetrating my mind, descending into my pride. I thought I felt like a pawn, but now I feel like coiling inside, rising up to die, the flowercutter's head, he's afraid and now I'm dead. But my soul finds the thread leading me deeper into death, not seeking for revenge to bite the flowercutter's head, I just follow all these lights deep inside, guiding me to darker places, guiding me to the ghostship of all these lost ages. Don't need a future, I only need to die to travel back again, where I came from, with the lights I have found, to save this child. I let her drink from the waters flowing. I cannot hear her voice, but I'll make her understand. I'm giving her from the fruits.

146. Like lightening she stood before me, the tall light, penetrating so many hearts, like the tear, these lights broken apart. Come with me, do you agree, to enter these worlds, soothing thunder, while cold ejaculations guide the ghostship.

147. I was trembling on my knees, begging her to save my life, as she stood there holding her knife against my throat. It was a nightmare, her mouth was like the threatening kiss, descending to pierce my soul, to steal my bliss. Am I in heaven or in hell, or is this just a shell, like the strange roaring cocoon vibrating like a spell. Her dark embrace, telling me I had died into her caves she drew me, while I couldn't hide.

148. A part of me is saying it is all a lie, while another part of me says it's all real. I couldn't breath, I lost your embrace, until the hard man struck me, I was dead for many ages, can't you see, where can I run to, to who can I go to tell what I need. My senses are all broken, I do not understand. In these seas of misunderstanding I wander for so long, I understand that only weakness opens the eye. By strength we only see illusions, and I don't know why, will you help me to believe in you.

149. to primeval drums and insanity, to find the broken lights of destiny. they surround me, spinning like the delights, where all the dolls come alive, to die again in strange fights.

150. The silences are on my bow, I can shoot to open their barrels, where their fluids of extasy hide. These sounds are only breaths, taking me away, swelling up until they break away, descending tenderly in my emotional vibrations to bring my conscience in delights. I have lived behind these bars for so long, I want to find the caves, the deeper caves, bringing me closer to your heart, All I can do is hide away following all my tears, these threads get stronger everyday, until they are a new cave to live in.

151. I'm locked up in this prison. I'm locked up in this embrace, but still lights are descending here, while they don't belong here. All these ages I'm locked up, in this cage with a strange clock, the fragile layers of my mind and my pride found the broken lights today. My lights are rising up, for She found my cave, she is staring through the windows while my memory breaks ... sucked away into a danger worse than this prayer.

152. prayers are coming over me, prayers floating away, for other gods come here to pray to their gods, all these ladders of the mystery, it brings me on my knees, but I will rise again, my spirit slides deeper to ornamental destiny.

Shelter in You

153. always after all the travels I have to make I always have a shelter in you Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers, when you speak peace breaks through, imprisoning my mind again, I cannot think and calmness flows through me Shelter in you, place of the softest feathers.

154. Your boots are soft like feathers, your eyes are brown, they're telling me, all the things I need to know You're taking me away to my childhood where you heal me ... My eyes are watering, you stand there, like a wall to protect me, like a wall of feathers to keep me soft, and the days you take like a bracelet you're standing there in the dungeons and the valleys of my childhood to break all the chains to quench all the flames of hate You open the doors of my cages for me, you lead me out of my caves into the fresh air filled with licorice You lead me out, I can run through many forests, I am free, and alive and you are standing behind me With a candle in your hand, you lead me out, and cover me by your blanket in my bed You're holding my hand You're making me at peace Until I fall asleep my head on your lap my head on your shoulder I'm weak and I dream

155. As I was swimming towards the mysterious and tranquilizing shore of soft misty flickering and shifting sights I thought I was losing my consciousness because I was so tired. I was almost there, but now I started to lose it. But from my insides a strange strong and concentrated consciousness started to ripple along my spine, giving me the feeling I would survive. Devasted I came to the sands of this mysterious shore. It was like an island, and soft shimmering lights were embracing me.

156. I was in a strange shell, an island in this horrible sea of terror, but more and more I found out it was a fish. It had saved me. Where would it bring me ? I saw the intestines of the fish like layers in the sky, very wet, and their rays penetrated my heart by which a wet strong energy flew up like a well in me. Did I feel this before ? As I was sliding away into my memory I could breath for the first time in my life, and I could mold the memories in my hands like it was wet clay. I had the strange feeling I had been here before, but maybe it was only a small part of my spirit touching this ground before ... I didn't know ... As I was crumbling forwards I realized I was bleeding a bit. Suddenly I saw a dead fish before me. The fish was ripped open, and I could see it's bones. A strange feeling was gliding into me, like I was that fish. It was like lightening struck me.

157. My bones started to tingle in a strange vibration. As I was gliding forwards I realized the the inner realms of the fish who had saved me were slimy. It was a sort of delicious freedom coming from it, for the slime was cold and like anti-magnetic. I always felt I was living in a sea of glue, stuck to everything, while I couldn't move. But this was something else.

158. And I came into a cave where strange skeletons were. They were called the thrillers, and they were strange saviours. A woman was playing the piano, but it was like she was just playing my heart, and I felt strange tingling in my nipples. I had to swallow a few times, as she stood up, and came to me like a watering statue. She was like the thriller having so many other thrillers on her bow. She shot me in the arm. I took the arrow out of my arm ... It was a red arrow. When I watched her closer I saw she was very lionian. It was very strange. Behind her, there was a door, as she was playing the piano again. My wound started bleeding while I ran outside. I came in a huge desert. A leopard stood next to the door, and told me he could bring me across this desert. I said okay. It was

a long long trip, like it would never end. In the distance I saw a sort of ghostcastle or even palace, glimmering in the bright hot sun. It was striking me like lightening, but the sight was also misty, watering and shifting. Did I again lose my consciousness so that this fish would swallow me ? The castle was made of fishbones as we came closer. The leopard was still by my side as I had stepped from it's back. As I moved towards the ghostcastle strange things were happening to me. It was like nights and dawns were rippling here like strange smells, and it was like the deeper I lost consciousness, the higher I could rise in it, giving me such brilliant sights. I could go down the stairs which was like a large intestine of a giant snake. Where was I ?

159. Inside there was a cave in which a lot of skeletons stood. Again, they were called the thrillers, strange saviours. In the midst of them a ghostwoman and a ghostman were making love, while butterflies were rising from them. It was like they gave birth to something. Behind them there was a door, and shimmering light came through it. Together with the leopard I went to the door, but suddenly the woman stood up, took her bow and shot another arrow in my arm, and then one in my forehead. I took the arrows out, one was blue and the other was pink. I started bleeding again, while we ran through the door. Some of the thriller-skeletons started to roar. They were like wild cats and strange wild fishes. The leopard knew the road here a bit, and sometimes he said : This way. After a while we didn't hear any skeleton anymore. We were deep in the ghostcastle now. There was a lightening ball appearing before us, with striking rays and lines blocking our ways. The leopard bit into the ball and the ball broke, while it's lights were fading away. 'Damned,' the ball said. And then again he said : 'Damned'. I stepped on the leopards back again, for I got scared. The leopard started to run like never before. We were looking for the exit. But that had to be at the end of this castle. There would be a new desert. After awhile we found the exit and a new fresh desert was staring at us. In the distance we heard the ball still screaming : Damned.

160. The leopard started to run again. I was still sitting on his back holding him tight. He was like a warm friend to me. Again the same sort lightening balls as in the castle started to appear before us, forming webs and nets to block us. The leopard started to bite them like he did with the previous one, and while they broke and while they lost their lights they said : 'Damned' all the time. I was getting sick of it, but at the same time it was a delicious feeling of being released. The leopard was very skilled in this, like he did it before. I was holding him tight, for sometimes he had to jump high. After awhile we came into a cave underneath the desert, where pillars of lionbones were holding the ceilings up. There was a lake there, and also a small boat. As we sat in the boat the leopard said : 'Do not touch these bone-pillars, for they are implodes. When you touch them they explode, destroy and devour you, and then they're recovering themselves.' After awhile when we reached the other side of the lake we saw there strange toadstools growing. Again we couldn't touch these as they were implodes. We saw a monkey playing with a sort of heart. The leopard told me how foolish this monkey was, for it was a time-implode. After you touched it it would only be a matter of time and then it would explode. As we moved further it didn't take too long or we heard a scream. The heart had been exploded.

161. Was there a way to become immune to these implodes ? Or did we have to be paranoid like this all our lives ? When we got deeper into the spheres behind the lake, also the leopard started to become more careful than ever. He said that were we had come now, there were implodes not only destroying our bodies, but also our inner realms. If that would happen, then a thrillerghost would get born inside. A strange ball was moving before us, it was misty, shimmering and went from one side to the other. The leopard said that it was such an implode. It was too dangerous to bite it, even

for him. So we crept under it, moving forward very slowly. We had to hold in our breaths, for the leopard told that there could also be implodes reacting to breath.

162. Suddenly I found myself behind a thriller-skeleton on a motor. There was strange gass or strange oil on which it was running. It was moving towards an enormous city. Short after the skeleton stepped off from the bike, and had to take some drink in a petrol-station. He also gave a sort of bottle to me. There was this reddish juice in it, and as I started to drink I felt energy flowing through me, very fresh and strong. When we were driving through a gate, there was a lot of police, all skeletons. He stopped somewhere close to a tall house, and took his bow and aimed at a certain window. From the bow a white red arrow chased through the open window and there was an explosion. I saw a red rope hanging, while the skeleton took it in his hands and started to climb upwards. 'Follow me,' he whispered, which I did. It was already night in the city. I heard the sirens of policecars in the distance while I was climbing higher and higher. When I almost reached the window, the skeleton took my arm and pulled me through it.

163. When we were inside the house, there was also a sort of piano. The skeleton went to it, and started to play. It was a strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away. I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way.' A Woman entered in, she was like a crocodile, so dreadfull. She had a bow, with so many arrows in her quiver. She took one of the arrows and I got shot. Then the woman was running away. The skeleton took the arrow out of me. It didn't bleed as much as I had expected, but as the blood came out it was green. The skeleton showed me a tall hall of stairways. We had to move on upwards. At the top there was a door. Someone opened it, another woman. The skeleton pushed her aside and walked in, while I was following. He went through the refridgerator and opened it. Inside there were a lot of bottles, and he started to drink, giving me also some bottles. It was strange juice, very strong, almost sweet, but it was more that of a strange delicious and delightful blend. It smelled delicious, but it didn't bring extasy, but it had more a neutralizing effect, not calming, but neither addictive. It was like it was giving enough, every swallow, every sensation of taste and smell. There was another strange piano here, and again the skeleton started to play it, again this strange song : 'Oh, when you're willing to deceive me, give me some time to slide away, I guess you'll never see it, got to raise these mothers on their way. And again a Woman like a crocodile entered in, and shot me. Blue blood was coming out of me. The skeleton didn't say anything. The woman had already been gone.

164. The skeleton took me to a stairway leading to a sort of gigantic attic, where dolls stood against the walls. Some were in boxes, and they all looked like they had to be sold. The skeleton said that these were the erotic thrillers. Suddenly some of these marionets started to move, taking their bows and shot me. Many arrows, very thin, had pierced my arm. I tried to run away, but I couldn't. It was like I couldn't think anymore. Then they took me away. The skeleton got mad, and tried to help me, but they threw him to the stairway and then they threw him off of it. I was helpless, and it was like strange poison was running through me. They took me to a room, and started to yell at me.

165. Long long ago the bluefoot-waspian were in war against the whitenipple-waspian. Both races were from the blue blooded empire. This war penetrated deep into the heart of the empire, and the emperor thought that he could only stop the war by letting a few members of the bluefoot-waspian fall in love with a few members of the whitenipple-waspian. The emperor succeeded in his plans, and from the relationships a new race had been born. They were called the erotic thrillers. But there were a lot more fights between the different races of the blue blooded waspian empire, and also between the different blue blooded waspian empires.

166. A priest stopped reading. He tried to make clear to the members of his church that divinity was in the hands of the blue blooded waspians, but since a certain race of spiderians got the overhand it all changed. Since then they had to deal with a certain spiderian god called 'God', and his followers were called 'church'. The priest told his members that he came to earth to lead them back to the blue blooded waspian bloodlines. He said he had the knife to cut the bloodline of the present sort of spiderian bloodline. His members watched him with big eyes.

The Book of the Willow

167. On high horses I ride She has ensnared him He has misunderstood her it will pierce your heart, these seas will all be of blood and tears, When the waves will come, believe in poetry, don't be so positive, my friend And these softer rythms were like the jungle rain, like Noah's Arc, My trousers are wet

168. the spear It has killed king David, it has killed king Saul, but it was just a misunderstanding in the temple of Solomon, mines of Solomon full of treasures, like the thief it comes, but it was just something between me and you

169. It's standing tall in the temple, She has a spear in her hand, king David has fallen, where Goliath rose they fell these were all kings of the jungle like monkeys they stare How can we misunderstand them more ?

170. Oh doll, I found you in Salomon's temple, threehundred spears opened the garden again, and we could flee together to beaches and sand close your eyes, and jump, for cruise is coming through Threehundred spears opened the jungle again Threehundred spears are coming through through the underworld it picks you up It's the survey of paradise trousers on beds, Threehundred spears to open a gate, A gate between me and you, Threehundred spears through Solomon's doors Now what is stronger, religion or poetry ? At the end of the night you can send all your soldiers home, all your prophets and priests for the poet gets his crown threehundred spears through his head but these are only words, and I do not believe in words, I believe in threehundred spears through the head ... then all is done and said

Warfeathers and Bloody Indians

171. *They have built their worlds by words meaning nothing They have given it feeling and sentiment, they have raised their laws, but it doesn't mean anything, for all creators are fake everything is artificial, so give me a break*

172. I saw the soles today, and I saw the hunters running, running after helpless prey I saw the hunters running to the small house, and in disguise they went in, in the bathroom they sat down They are children of the rain, they are orphans of all these suns going down

173. I watched the soles of your boots today, and I saw these running kids come out of the trees, it's late And I saw myself running there, They were all running, running home

174. And I saw them making war, like indian wars, like the ivory towers of the song of songs, a war-tv a warsong of orphans

175. And I saw your lips, it was a pretty picture, so many hunters, many soldiers sliding down.

176. all these doors lead to hell deep into the ravine, I saw the soles today, all these orphans running

177. she's dirty, she's like mother So many screams in your head, Don't get to close, it can be like your mother open doors in brannan, they all lead to hell, there's orphan's soap on the skin, sliding down, washing your mind away

178. Down to orphan's road a pillar stands, And then it comes like the wave, there is nothing we can do

179. Down to orphan's road, down to the space They are cruel now, bitten by the fly They have reached the eternal fields in the sky, sitting before a fly tv, change your smile for a good weapon and die So many ways to die in this land, all doors here lead to hell.

180. Waking you up to the forests of flowers, wild flowers all these doors lead to the ravine

5.

Inua

1. She climbed through a window of the palace, took her bow from behind her back, then an arrow and shot the prince. Then she took his jaguarcoat, and ran through the corridor into another room where the princess was bathing. Another arrow was enough to kill the princess and to make the bath bloodred. Snakes were soon sliding into the bath to eat from their mistress' body. Inua then walked through further tunnels and gracious halls of the palace, along the portals high on the walls, and she ran. She found a red rope hanging, and swung to the other side of the palace. A black hooded warrior stood before her all of a sudden with a sword shining in the sun. It almost blinded her eyes. She could stoop just in time and pushed a knife in his leg. Then she pushed him from the wall. Another black hooded warrior came, and a red one. But she took another rope and swung to the next part of the palace. Then she ran upstairs. Here the queen and the king lived. They were just drinking from their golden cups. She used two arrows in one shot, and killed them at the same time. Then she ran to the entry of a tall tower. She knew a sorcerer lived there, holding the hearts of those who lived in the land. He had poisoned them by his medicin. Quickly the warlock spoke his spell. He had a red garment with a large cape. Inua fell to the ground, like she was struck by a strong drink. The warlock took his sword from the wall and wanted to kill her.
2. 'Demibrazi,' a voice said, 'don't do that.' A man with a harpoon stood in the windowgate, shoot through the wire holding the lamp, while the lamp fell on the warlock. 'Are you okay, Inua ?' the man asked. But Inua didn't answer. He took her on his back and brought her to his home. After awhile she woke up.

3. 'That was pretty dumb what you were doing there,' the man said. 'The warlock could kill you.'
4. 'I'm not scared of him, if I would die, it would be so, but I had to do it,' Inua said.
5. 'You are a brave woman,' the man said.
6. In the night Inua returned to the palace, and this time she could kill the wizard. She entered through a portal where a strange elevator stood. Suddenly the man stood before her holding her arm down. She wanted to push the button to open the elevator. 'Let me go with you,' the man said. Then they stepped in the elevator together. They visited a city in the sky, where gods and goddesses lived. They guarded the so-called Eye of Blood, by which they ruled. Inua had already an arrow on her bow, ready to shoot. She could see the eye from the elevator, and shot through it's fleeces. The elevator fell back, together with the whole city of gods. It was all coming down. The man didn't survive the fall, but Inua did, and ran into the wilderness. Then she went back to her cave. The Eye of Blood was a conspiracy of ghosts who had implanted thin and small saws into the genitals of their victims, to let them live in deceiving visions.
7. She was now the bloodbather, behind the walls of paradise, where she dwelled between the volcanoes of death and blood. She was now weaving her palaces in the sky like the widow spider, from all the tears of men and gods, from all those royal tears, and she wove the hearts together of all the fallen warriors and their intestines, to raise the fleeces of pestilence and drunkenness, she would settle her throne in war. She was the queen of delirium and intoxication, a huntress of deception. There was no seducer like her, time would come into slow motion around her, her arrows were sweet, bringing the weight of tragedy and torture, finally a deeper bitterness. She was from the garden of the snake, a wardancer, a poisonblower, through tubes of death and confusion. The intestines of fallen warriors she had woven into chalices, and she made dishes of their hearts.
8. She was the intoxicator, carrying the ancient secrets. She was a designer of heavenly cities, a conspiracy as well. She was a whisperer, a threat to the kings and their sons, to the queens and their daughters. She was an everlasting flame from hell, torturing the chosen ones by visions.
9. She was a treasure, a troll treasure. She was hell's calculated bartender. All she wanted was to make cigarettes of her visitors. And their heads would glow and she would bring the fire in them, all she wanted to see was them burning.
10. She was a weaver, taking the testicles and eyes of her enemies. She had a horned helmet, by which she showed the sweet venomous paths leading to the bitterness. She was the spider, the whore of destiny.
11. In the nights she would become the seven faces of Mercury, spoiling them by delights, all to fatten them up for a butcher called history. They had no names, but she would call them, to be a number and a slave. In her hands they grew, and by testicles she built her screaming walls behind which she hid her silences, where the mercury was her poison to hold. So many testicles of fallen warriors bound together. She could be found on beaches, where he lured them to watch her, until the sting of mercury took them away. They could not eat nor sleep,

they could not breath nor move in bed, for she was in their head. By a bisonhat she showed them the paths of venomous sweetness ending in a bitter death.

12. She was a calculated horror, with cups from mars and spain. She was living in Jerusalem, rebuilding it again. Was it a hidden Rome so sugared, hiding the sting of hell, or was it innocence and ignorance, unable to find the right spell. The spell to raise the new mind, testicles bound together in a well, where fishes were nothing but testicles, and shrieking hunters possessed by sharp objects letting them bleed inside. They cannot stop their hunt. Something wants to come out. And this is all her pride.
13. The kings rise on their morningbeds, all ready for a new day, while she rides on peacocks, the warrior goddess. She is a weaver, a dancer of swords and spears. And while she is pregnant she is so soft, until the morning comes with it's black blood and grey coffins. Jerusalem is in her hands, her feet are demanding, equipping soldiers to open the gates of the promised land. She is the black spider, white in her strike, rebuilding the heavens, by the testicles of the fallen. Where Mercury had it's seat, she rises with fleeces, so thick, surrounding the mind, where soldiers had their stands, she speaks deadly accurate words.
14. In a bleeding bed she has her Spain, the grapes are ripe. In a bleeding bed she welcomes her tomorrow, as a bleeding dove, ready for sacrifice. She tastes death so many times, she has sweet feet hiding the bitter seat, a golden sun of scorn, testicles woven together by the whore. She has her chalice here under black waters, filled with brown desires. Mercury was here before, now she is riding it's horse. Yes, seven faces she has, to spread her evil, and mess. It is the new mind, a new calculator, on the testicles of once such mighty men, they are in hell while their tops are broken. The eye of the spider has spoken. It is here, Mercury had it's place, but the night is over.
15. She is the one with many feet, they call her a spider, setting them free. She is torn inside, for there was always a fight between her and her mercury, she lives in an eternal war, and the chemical disease spreads it, by pestilence and hysteria. There is war in her chalice, and much paranoia. The skin of her back is soft, swept by swans and heavenly feathers, while her mind is hell, covered by bats and zombies. She is the tormentor of the new day, the knocker on hearts.
16. In a spanish church she has her many faces, where the whore of dentistry has her coffins. Where angels of scorn and no care lead the mass by fear. Testicles have been pierced by the chains of Mercury, her seven faces. When she speaks, soldiers are near. Her voice like a moderator, rivers of poisonous deaths to raise the leg of the ballerina, her feet denying everything, on her toes it's written she doesn't care. Lethe has them in her hands, the trips across the Styx were dangerous and expensive, while Charon comforts their souls.
17. where the trolls run free in the huntingfields. Mercury has them in chains, with cups full of liberties. She is the black spider, stretching out on her beds, while so many are dying. On her toes it's written queen of scorn. Seven toes will rise in the black night, to guide them by her light. She is the queen of scorn, a moderator of hell. When she speaks the snares are breaking, and men are weeping. The church she closes by her wings. She speaks while temples are rising, and then the poison catches them all. She holds them in a tight grip, waiting for them on a tall shore. She lets them fall when they have almost made it, and they

fall hard, like goats thrown from a tower. She builds her sands, and by deserts she creates time, all to lock them up in prisons of lights.

18. She is in chains, this woman, her nipples pierced, deep into her breasts, whenever she moves the sweetness falls to the earth. Oh, the whore, dwelling among the testicles of bulls. The seven faces of orion is she, a secret of mercury perfectly denied.

Mercurian Archers

19. In the gates of Bellatrix, a bard was standing, a troubadour, where I found the key. Here the guards of Bellatrix stood, hiding the secrets of Rome. For one Rome is yellow, another Rome is green, and the black Rome is Jerusalem, in her cup was the mercury, from which her disciples drank, to raise the black spider. Here she moves slowly, her nipples chained, spreading sweet poisons to feed her children. Here the whore of the ages dances, to entertain the black jokers, who hide deep in their churches. Here she lives behind tall and thick walls of tragedy, bathing in splendour and prosperity. Here the guards of Bellatrix rise, her popes, to spread their pestilences. Here she had her robe, woven of the testicles of her enemies, and the eyes of slain cattle. Here she licked the blood from her lips, and mercury was still the flame in her heart. And the fat on her body, on her thighs and buttocks, testify against her, where the hyenas are writing in her head, the words of an old song and an old story.
20. Can we come across the walls of Jerusalem, and enter our freedom again, free on the fields, or are we in her grip forever. Her eyes are enchanting, her mouth is chanting, her body is moving, intoxicating our minds.
21. We have seen her, we have watched her, we have read her spells. We have seen the pharisees rising in our midst, the whisperers, and still we felt safe in her, for she was our mother. Can anyone break the black bloodline. We have seen her dancing, and we wanted to be like her, loved by a million stars. In the gates of Bellatrix the guards are standing, these soldiers of a black night. Was she just another slave of Rome ?
22. This Rome is black, tortured by Spanish soldiers, driven in her cage, where she dances day and night. She is the marjorette.
23. Mercury church, where the kings are shouting, where the guards of Bellatrix stand tall ... When Mercury rises tall in Bellatrix, they will all fall ...
24. A mystery called Inua was their queen, slowly sliding through the veils, showing the apocalypse, the war under the skin ... She raises her poisoned apple high, and then she takes a bite ... Queen of intoxication you have always been my delight
25. In mercury church it's snowing, where they sit, bound and chained, and someone preaches from the letters, by mercury they were filled. Here they have their dances, and those who can't dance will be killed. From here the tornadoes are rising until you understand the secret, mercury was it's veils.
26. I was frozen when I understood the riddle, and the guards of Bellatrix followed me. They were the moderators of hell, and the age of mercury had just begun ...

1. Feathervoice, polydivorce,
2. I saw the first salt tree and I was shocked.

The Needles of Pill-A ; The Eye of Tears

3. A captive woke up in a camp of native american women. He had been a prisoner here for awhile. The women seemed to be insane, claiming he had committed an unforgivable sin, and therefore he was their prisoner of doom. They had put him in an arena where he had to fight, and where he actually got partly paralyzed and spasmic. Now he was laying there, in a tent, inbetween some native women, waiting for the everlasting torment to come, as a punishment for his wicked deeds, of which he didn't know what it was. He felt misjudged, but his dreams at nights seemed beautiful, deep, haunting, as was this place.
4. He felt a hand on his shoulder. A woman stood before him. It was Tara from Rhodes, his saviour. She led him out of this place. She brought him to her home, somewhere behind rocks, in a sandy cave. It was raining outside. She took care of his wounds. The women with their evil grins still tormented his mind, but this woman was so different. She gave him a sword and a knife, but he was still paralyzed and in spasm. But when he held it, soon power streamed through his body. 'What is that ?' he asked.
5. 'You have been chosen by the gods,' Tara spoke.
6. 'For what ?' he asked.
7. She didn't speak. After awhile she said : 'Just believe it.'
8. He admired this woman, so he believed what she said. She had saved him.
9. 'Please, don't let me have to go back to where I came from,' he begged her.
10. 'You are safe here,' she spoke. Two wolves were licking him. Outside he could see a river where crocodiles were. On the sandy shore there were also some leopards.
11. 'The animals keep you safe,' she spoke.
12. He was still trembling, but she caressed him and calmed him. He was in her arms. He fell asleep and dreamt about the drugs of nature, the serums of paradise. Spiders were stinging his muscles, and they were like dying, and an organ in his stomach took control, soft powers, guided by an unknown sun. In his dreams he saw the lovely face of Tara.
13. He woke up and knew that everything was but a dream. He was still the captive of these native american women, savage indians, who had his heart. There was red lace tied around his hips. These women seemed to be very organized as there were more captives with red lace.
14. One day he had to appear before their queen, who was painted in red, and he asked her what he had done wrong. 'First of all, you are a male,' she said. 'Second : you have muscles. Third : you have brains.'
15. 'But you have them too,' he said.
16. 'No,' the queen spoke. 'Just advanced nipples.'
17. 'Can I have them too ?' he asked.

- 18.'No,' the queen said. 'It is unforgivable that you have been like this, and that you have used it. It is called abuse, you have abused your powers, your false powers, you have used your muscles and brains against women.'
- 19.'No, I have not,' he said. 'I have never used my muscles against women. I have never hit a woman, only maybe for self defense.'
- 20.'You are starting to get insecure, by saying : maybe,' said the queen, 'and what about your brains. Didn't you use them to humiliate women ?'
- 21.'Never,' said the man.
- 22.'Is that all you can say ?' asked the queen. 'Here females are above males. You have to get used to that. Here we rule. No one comes against us. Spiders will feast on your muscles. You will be a good snack, then a good slave.'
- 23.'You have to give me a second chance,' said the man. 'A chance to let me be more like you.'
- 24.'Never,' said the queen. 'You will never be like us. Deal with that. You belong to the everlasting torment and the everlasting arena.'
- 25.The man watched the cruel faces of the other girls who were with the queen. They stood there merciless. He knew that every escape from here would just be a dream. They didn't let him sleep much, but sometimes he just fainted.
- 26.'There is no hope for creatures like you,' the queen said. 'Neither for your children.'
- 27.'That sounds racistic,' said the man.
- 28.'I don't care what you think,' the queen said. All captives were allowed to see the queen only one time in their lives, so the queen took the time for him, but he couldn't get through to her. Slowly she turned into a python, and went away.
- 29.It was like she had stung him, and he felt like he was dying. He knew there was nothing left to do but to accept that he was in this place forever, and that he had comfort in his dreams. It was not all that bad, as he could sleep and faint. He led a double life, and he knew that these two lives would form and transform each other, until he would have a satisfying point of view on them.
- 30.In his dreams he dreamt about the nipple sun, with nipplian warriors, invading everything. The creatures on here were wild, beyond the duck sun. The nipple sun was like a mind police, beheading the giants of the muscle age. Cobras took their bodies over, and showed their heads on their bodies. Tara from Rhodes was big in his dreams, and she made his terrible life with the native women look like fragments. It was like it was all just a few seconds of the day. All flashes. he fainted more and more, entering his dream world, just different frequencies of life. He could tune in and out.
- 31.The source of Pill-A was on the nipple sun, where he also found a substance called Pill-B, nipplian seed. This seemed to be the secret of Tara from Rhodes, the secret of her power. She ruled over the illusions with her sword, taking him in.
- 32.She took him to Mars, and to it's core, Betelgeuse, to which the nipple sun was just a key. Here nature and life was good. The crocodiles were big. The rivers were of blood. It was

hell. She was a sharp voice in his head, the voice of the python, whispering. She showed him the key, a solar key, of so many suns, of a solar stairway, transforming him, and bringing him into the depths of Betelgeuse, absorbing all the other experiences he ever had. Here the hippos were. It was the core of Mars. The flies ruled here. The Eye of Tax was soaring here. Tara said it was the last enemy to be defeated. It was the creator of the muscles and the brains, as in a conspiracy, as it made captives.

33.'How to defeat it ?' he asked.

34.'Only a female can do it,' Tara spoke. She told a vague story about a yellow pyramid which would lead to the yellow sun, a good security against the Eye of Tax. In the distance a stairway seemed to be burning. Tara spoke that the yellow sun was a key to enter deeper into Betelgeuse. She said that in the depths of Betelgeuse the yellow sun would release substances which would trigger a doom in the universe to transform everything. This was why the yellow sun was an important path or elevator in Betelgeuse.

35.Some said the yellow sun was the sun of tears, while others said it was the sun of jokes and the sun of laughing. Fact was that anyone who would approach the yellow sun would stop aging, unless the yellow sun would not let them through, then they would age even faster. There were of course ways to age in the depths of Betelgeuse, but it was just more controllable.

36.The laugh gas of the yellow sun made people happy, although that was what it looked like, when Tara took the man on a trip. But it was scorn, and it led to tears. There were many tear lakes in the depths of Betelgeuse, which was like a hot desert area. Tara gave the man a ring on which his oxygen statistics could be seen, and it was to be controlled from there. The yellow sun was like a train into the depths of this desert, guided by tall paradise birds. He needed to control his oxygen, or he would die here. He needed to learn how to breath. She led him along the pee-lakes of monsters and beasts, where they had peed, wells of healing. She taught him the secrets of nature, there, in the depths of Betelgeuse. His mind broke free from so many restrictions, but he also had to worship the goddess. He had to live in devotion to her. And for the sake of nature he had to be sacrificed to her, and her wrath had to be poured out on him, as in an eternal punishment. He had to be rejected, as a religious experience of doom, he had to feel the everlasting torment.

37.It was Betelgeuse's Theology demanding this, and there was no escape. There could not be an everlasting bliss without this everlasting damnation. There could not be an everlasting peace without an everlasting war. There was such a balance here, by such a split. There could not be an everlasting marriage to the goddess without the everlasting divorce to the goddess. Tara said that this was the reset of the chip and it was nothing but a game. She told him that the goddess loved him very much, and that he was chosen by her for this game. She wanted to heal his past. She would arm him through this ritual.

38.The Eye of Tax was still soaring above them, looking like an insect. It looked like a big swollen muscle, through which slime was streaming. It was very slimy and greasy. Tara took the man into a lake of monster-pee, where the pee of beasts was mixed, and the pee of dragons, and it seemed to be a healing well, but after awhile it caused trauma. But there seemed to be no other option. The man was confused, and so was Tara. The Eye of Tax was after them. It stalked them. The traumas seemed to actually protect them against the Eye, as

- otherwise it would enslave them. They both felt a pressure on them. Tara was fighting for her life, and at the same time she had to protect the man, but it was hard on her. They heard noises in the distance. Gigantic dragons showed up, but they could begin nothing against the Eye of Tax. Suddenly the Eye of Tax swallowed Tara. When it spat her out she was under slime, as in an egg. She felt like she was burning. She was screaming. The man got stung by the Eye and got paralyzed. He remembered this feeling. It was like his past was taking over.
39. Cream came forth from the Eye, covering them both. They were both like burning, as in a flame. Soon they were surrounded by males with big breasts and big muscles. 'The splinters of Fragma,' said Tara.
40. 'What is that ?' the man asked.
41. 'These men are just parts of this Eye,' Tara said. 'They are the workers of it's foam, Fragma, his spirit. It keeps them drunk. They do not care, only for their pleasure. They live in jokes, lies.'
42. They both fell into an enormous depth, while the Eye of Tax seemed to be feasting on their flesh. 'These men are guards of another world,' Tara said, 'but they will soon die.'
43. 'I hope so,' the man said. 'They are evil.'
44. Suddenly they were gliding into the tear lakes of beasts, monsters and dragons. It was like their traumas were soothing. 'it works,' Tara said. 'Whenever the Eye of Tax stalks, it leads us to these lakes.'
45. 'What will happen ?' the man asked.
46. The lakes were like burning, but it was also calming them, as there was a softening substance in it. The tears were very neutralizing. It attached itself to their bodies, and started to heal the wounds.
47. 'Manerka,' a voice spoke. There was another man in the lake. Soon they saw beasts, dragons and monsters appearing. The Eye of Tax was shrieking. The tears were on them like foam and jewelry, like fleeces as lace. It was enslaving them for war.
48. 'I can breath !' the man shouted.
49. 'Welcome to the army,' the other man said.
50. On a dragon a queen-like woman was riding, sitting on a saddle. She was covered by lace and leather, as in a traditional armor. She had horns, and she was partly veiled, and had a short skirt. She was moving towards them, but then fell away.
51. The Eye of Tax was spitting fire, but the tear lake was swallowing them into it's depths. The man lost his consciousness. He felt like dreaming, and suddenly he could shake so many worlds off of him. He watched his dreams shifting in a huge pearl. The pearl was slimy and greasy, very steamy. 'Don't touch the pearl,' a voice spoke. It was the queen-like figure with the horns. 'I am here to intoxicate you, you need the witch,' she said. 'Here all the realities shift.'
52. 'I do not know what is real and what is not,' said the man. 'I do not know what to trust and what not, I do not know the truth.'

- 53.'Come,' said the queen, and led him to a hall behind them. The hall was full of beastly warriors. They formed the elements of animals. They looked like rhinos. 'The watchers of Doom,' said the queen. 'They are waiting for their hour.'
- 54.'Who are they, and what are they going to do ?' asked the man.
- 55.'They are eye-eaters,' said the queen. 'They are going to eat the Eye of Tax.'
- 56.'Who leads them ?' asked the man.
- 57.'Tara from Rhodes will lead them,' said the queen. 'I sent her to you, as you have been chosen by the gods. She is the Law of Tax, the opposite force, waiting to blind the eye, and endarken it.'
- 58.A darkness fell upon them. The hour was almost there. Tara from Rhodes soared above the rhinos, as if she had wings of light, but it was darkness. She had a trumpet and a viking helmet, a horned helmet.
- 59.'Who or what is Tax ?' asked the man.
- 60.'The thief,' said the queen. 'But if the thief is not bound to the law, then the thief is evil. The thief needs to be legal, stealing back what others have reaved.'
- 61.'Oh,' said the man, 'sounds interesting.'
- 62.'Interesting, right ?' said the queen. Then it was silent for awhile. The man lost consciousness again. he knew he was in the tear lakes. It felt like his whole body was crying, and like his eye was dying. It felt like he completely lost it. He was blind, and the only light was the darkness. The Eye of Tax was a criminal and a murderer, but Tara arrested it.
- 63.In dreams he saw her and he worshipped her, as she was the harmony. She was the paradox. He wanted to know this Law of Tax. He wanted to be on her side. But he also knew inside there would always be an eye, so he had to search for the right eye. He fell into a field of bison hunters. The eyes of the bisons were red. They had the eyes of tax. He could see this empire in the distance, where bison hunters ruled. He knew the only eye who could set them free was the Eye of Tears. He knew they worshipped it in the empire, he just knew. It was like a vision went right through him. He saw angels on horses, but then he fell away again. The Eye of Tears in him was like a drug.

The Dark Side of Betelgeuse

64. The Eye of Tax was a machine of snobs, men who thought they were superior, an elite. In the depths of Betelgeuse there were the starvation farms, where men were turned into those who had the weakness of little babies. They were prepared to become slaves of the Eye of Tears. Soon the man was there as well, all other visions were dying. He had to live in a tear. The tear would feed them, although not too much. It was a sort of milk to make them even weaker. The tear would give them power, but not too much, often by spasm. They lived by strange contractions and hyperventilation. The theology was that they had to become weak and empty to be able to receive the power of the Eye of Tears, the goddess. And this theology demanded also that they went through the divorce with Her, and to be completely rejected by her, to be doomed by her, living under her wrath as an eternal punishment. In this they would reach enlightenment, by the depths of endarkenment. She was a cruel goddess,

only to show them the flashes of grace. There was no grace for those doomed by Her. They were nothing but her milk-cows. But it was to awaken an extra sense. He felt like a weak child, stung by spiders, he felt like a fly guided by strange power. He was not able to hold anything. Everything slid through his fingers. He was bathing in milk lakes of monsters, beasts and dragons.

65. He had seen the dark side of Betelgeuse, where the females were the stronger race, and the males the weaker, where the eyes were the seals of drugs. And the breasts of native women, savage indians, were the taps of the milk of confusion. There were no answers, no one was helping him, and soon he was thinking that it was all an evil conspiracy, and he accepted the evilness in his life. There was no other way. Resisting it was pointless.

66. He was sinking away in the experience, while death was calling him. He found an oracle like a disc, like a wheel, and he held it tight. 'The male represents youth,' said the oracle, 'while the female represents growth and death. And you have to go into the depths rather than fighting at the surface. But we are all children after all.'

67. In the depths he saw the beauty of death, all colours torn apart until there was only white and red. He felt it as a rebirth. Everything moved by death, by falling from great height, by huge pain, but at the same time there was bliss and softness, as the softness of feathers. Only pale colours came through, yet it was intense. Here the Eye of Death was soaring, as a tap of the fluids of extasy. These all came as pale lights. It was all painted by thunder and lightening. The beauty of death was an ingredient the cook of life used.

Hyena Girls

68. The pirates were on a low hill, where they were gambling. In the forests hyena girls were howling. Soon they had captured the pirates, and killed them. It was quiet now on the island. No sounds, no streaming of beer. The pirates often made such a noise, but it was over now. The hyena girls could live on in peace. At least that was what they wished, what they tried to gain.

69. Horrotensia was a loud girl, but also quiet now. She stared at the trees, and felt herself getting cloaked by the jungle. She was a hyena girl, a leader. Hyena girls were arrogant and proud, often noisy, but this time they were silent. They enjoyed the sudden death of the pirates. They had waited for this so long. They had finally prepared a good attack. It was good now.

70. They were almost sliding through the wet jungle, covering themselves in mud, and soon howling again. And they opened up to the natural savage sounds of the jungle again. The pirates were dead, and they rejoiced.

But soon more pirates came to the island, and a war started. The hyenas didn't want to reveal themselves, but this time they had to. They had to defend their island. Many pirates got killed, and the others fled. Some were even naked, because their clothes had been stripped off. It was almost like the hyenas had given them a chance to escape. But it was to their shame that they had lost their clothes.

71. I was wandering through the jungles of Tallus. When I was young hyena girls had pierced my muscles by sharp bones with feathers tied to both sides. It would prevent my muscles from developing themselves too much. They were afraid that I would dominate them when

I would grow up. They starved me also. They had collared me, but I could escape. Now I was wandering in the jungles again, because in the cities gross men ruled over women. Their bodies were deformed by an overload of muscles. They formed a threat to anyone. I would rather be free in the jungles, although there was a risk that I would be caught again by hyena girls.

72. In Troslik, a city of Tallus, I spoke to a guy named Max Laatner. He knew some places in the jungle safe from hyena girls. So I was on my way to these places. I found myself a cave, and dressed up as savage as I could. I had to hunt to survive. There lived many pigs here, oxes, wildebeasts, all sorts of goats, lambs, chickens and buffaloes. I started farming them more or less. Max Laatner said that a lot of berries grew here which could be deadly for the children of the hyena girls.
73. Hyena girls usually tied up their captives very tight, so that it would disturb the blood circulation, and that especially children couldn't develop themselves well. It would give them the signs of spasm and hyperventilation, while it disturbed their mental orientation as well. Some weren't capable of speaking well, but this was all to maintain the rule of the hyena girls, and to prevent any form of male domination. This was how the hyena girls preserved their race.
74. She was smiling. Suddenly she stood before me with ropes. She asked me to kneel before her. 'Why?' I asked. 'Are you scared of me?' Before I knew she had struck me down, and I was rolling in pain at her feet. 'Finally you kneel,' she said with a grin. I looked upwards to her. 'Who ... who are you?' I asked. 'That's none of your business,' she said. She tied my hands behind my back and I felt pretty hopeless. Then she tied my neck, and took me with her on a leash. It was a long walk. She brought me to a camp of hyena girls. They were mocking me when I entered, laughing at me. I felt weak and humiliated. Some girl took care of my wound. The other girl had hit me pretty hard by an object. 'Don't think you will ever escape from here,' said the girl softly. She had feathers and small beads around her waste, tied around some animal skin. It looked like pig leather. I was actually scared and felt like crying. Her big breasts were very close to me, which spread a milky scent, and it made me feel paralyzed even more. Some said the scent of the breasts of hyena girls was one of their most dangerous weapons. It could mind-control their prey. Max Laatner had also said this. The girl who had caught me would have been wandering around in order to find prey. It was a nasty capture. I was shaking wildly before the girl who cared for my wound, trying to get rid of the rope which had tied my hands together. She smiled. 'Why do you want to escape?' she said. 'The jungles are full of predators who would eat you alive. We have much better manners.' I sighed. Her body felt warm, but she also kept a certain distance. She took two sharp bones with feathers tied to their ends. Then she pushed them softly through my arm muscles. I cried of pain, and started shrieking. 'This is to keep you from ruling over us, boy,' she spoke softly. I could hardly hear her. She was almost whispering. I was shivering. Now she started to care for these wounds also. I was bleeding. I had troubles breathing. I was scared they would push more of such sharp thin bones through me. I was crying at her feet, begging her for mercy, but she was just grinning. She had an evil look on her face, but also calm and almost innocent. She acted like it was all right. I could maybe understand her, for a grown up man could be a terrible threat. They didn't take any risks. There was always the danger lurking around for them of being enslaved by men from the cities or pirates.

Suddenly she kicked me hard into my stomach, and I rolled over again. When I woke up I had many more sharp thin bones with feathers through my muscles. Everywhere on my body. I felt like in torture. They brought me to one of their leaders. I was still bleeding. When she saw me she laughed. 'Good, he can't do much against us now,' she said. She was also covered in pig skin, while her big brown breasts were revealed as a threat towards me. I felt dizzy, and in sharp pain. It looked like some fluids were dripping from her breasts, but others had told me that these could also be ghost visions. It was when the pirates were tapping beer and letting it stream richly, such things could happen. It was the most horrible sound ever. The streaming of beer was a great horror. I was very scared of her breasts. They looked intimidating. She could see it in my eyes, and smelled my fear. 'Why are you scared of some naked women ?' she asked with scorn. 'You are a weakling, aren't you. You are weak.' ... 'Maybe he doesn't like to see naked women,' another girl spoke. 'Kneel before me, boy,' the leader said. I had to sit down. I was almost crying of pain and dizziness. But they didn't let me sit. I had to kneel. 'No one will help you here,' she said with a harsh tone. 'You're lost.' Then they took me to a bamboo cage. I was hungry, but they didn't feed me. I still had the idea that some fluid was dripping from their breasts, or maybe they were just oily. My wounds healed very well, and I had to live with these piercings in my muscles. They would also tie leashes to these piercings at times to yank me with them. This was a very painful thing, because these spots were so sensitive. They seemed very sadistic and cruel to me, but on the other side it was for their survival. They didn't take any risks with men. They would feed me sometimes with these breast fluids in a cup, to keep me from dying. But it was a fact that they were starving me.

75. She moved her belt a bit lower, until it started to reveal some pubic hair. Then she removed the belt together with the pig leather, so that all her pubic hair was revealed. I was struck by terror when she stood there with her huge hips, while her female hood was exposed to me. The smell of it made me in fear about what she would do to me. I suddenly felt even weaker and helpless. She said down with her legs in front of her and moved her legs closer to me. She firmly pushed her huge feet against my body. I was lying down while shivering. Then she started to push softly. When her feet touched one of my nipples I felt a strong feeling of despair. I was in a shock. I didn't know what she wanted. I could smell the strong scent of her feet. As if it wanted to tell me that she was superior to me, and dominant. I was in a caged part in the cave where I had slept, where she had entered. My upper body was not covered by the cow skin and the pig skin blankets anymore. She pulled the leash of my collar. 'Kneel for me, slave,' she said. ... 'Why ?' I asked. 'I was sleeping.' ... 'Because I want it,' she said. She had a rod in her hand, which looked like a whip. 'You don't want to be punished, don't you ?' she asked. I knelt before her. 'Good boy,' she said. Her feet were almost oily. She gave me a cup with fluids, and I had to drink. It smelled like her feet ... My throat started to tinkle, as if I had drunk strong spicy ale. She smiled. 'Good boy,' she said. A softness was flowing through my body, and a warmth, not only making me soft, but also much weaker.

76. The next day I had to work on their farm, feeding the pigs.

77. Long ago, at the coasts of Keter, genderless pirates, who were like ghosts and jokers, created manhood as an attempt to rule Tallus. They created it as a fluid, and it partly succeeded. But they couldn't conquer the hyena girls. The pirates of Keter, these tricksters, have often tried

since then, but with not much success. However in the cities they ruled, and they could increase their trade market. The power of the hyena girls only grew, as they saw in men a slave. Those who could escape from the hyena girls were called hyena boys, but they were often captured by the hyena girls again. Then they were mockingly called pig boys. I guess I was both. I wanted to join the hyena boys, who would live somewhere in the jungle.

78. She moved closer to me ... Her arms crossed, covering her breasts ... She sat down, and told me I had to learn about the over thousand sorts of pigs they had, their differences, and how they felt. That was a huge task. I told her about my dream of being saved by hyena boys. She showed me their cages, where they had been tied behind their backs, starved. She told me that I had to give up my dreams.

79. There were many sorts of cows as well. I had to feed them. I wondered if hyena boys could really be free with such girls in the neighbourhood. Some said that hyena boys had a dark secret, that they were still living in slavery to hyena girls. But I didn't know. Maybe there were just many different sorts of camps. I just knew I wanted to join them. But here these hyena girls discouraged that. Actually they would guard me even more now. I felt like I had betrayed myself. 'You have to stay close to us, boy,' she said. 'The jungle is dangerous, and hyena boys in freedom are more dangerous than we are. They do much crueller things than we do. They kill visitors by drowning.' ... 'Oh, I'm sure they will have to protect themselves,' I said. 'They might be very paranoid because of what has happened to them. But it is interesting.' ... 'Well, we save you from drowning,' she said. 'Drowning is a terrible death.'

The Chalice of Pehnen

80. In a time even far before Atlantis a group of ravenous and wasted men came from a war. Their bodies were bony and they cried like babies. They were slayers. The air was hot, and the rivers smelled like the urine of beasts. It was a waste land. Their bodies were aching, as if they had been stung by strange flies. They washed their wounds in the river and laid down. They were hungry as there was no food. They had gone insane by the hunger already long ago. Often they had the habit to play a game, and the loser or losers had to become the meal of the day. They were cannibals. But this time they were so tired that they couldn't afford themselves to play any game. They wouldn't even fight for a piece of meat. Somehow something was preventing them. Suddenly there was lightening everywhere. On a chariot surrounded by leopards a woman stood, wellfed, much thicker than they were. 'Asla'in,' she shouted. 'Stand on your feet.' One of the men slowly crept to her and tried to stand on his legs, but then fell to the ground again in the dust. Then she shouted some other names, and they also came forward to her, trying to stand on their legs, but they were trembling because of the heat. The war and the weather made them like this, and the fact that they were so hungry.

81. 'You know what has been promised to the hungry warriors, right ?' the woman shouted. Then the woman left again. The men crept further along the river until they reached the oasis. Here they had their tents and their huts. Another woman was here, surrounded by large cats. She held a skull in her hands, while the slayers were staring at her. 'The skull of Solvotor, sorceror of the winds,' one of the men whispered. 'By this device they rule us.' She came closer to them. A lizard tongue came forth from the skull, and it was like the men were struck in their brains.

81. One of the cats started to lick one of the men. 'What do you want from us ?' another man was shouting. He was almost shrieking, because these men couldn't talk normal anymore. Suddenly the wind struck them again, and the men became so insane that they started the war against their own group. Smaller groups began to arise, and the waste land was in a strange flame, even their oasis was wasted now. The woman left while laughing.
82. The men became even more wasted now, until they were like boys. Asla'in and some others could escape from this tragic fate. They wandered along the river, in search for their goddess. They feared her, they were captivated by her, but they were also longing for her. They wanted to cross the river to go to her palace, to beg for mercy. But while they swam across the river, full of the urine of beasts they lost their last piece of sanity. Asla'in couldn't hold himself up anymore, and was slowly drowning. In the distance he saw the palace. He was struck by confusion. She showed him in a chrystal ball the insane wasted ones who died at stakes. The chrystal ball was overflowing with blood. 'And you know I have the skull of abundance,' she said. He knew she was talking about the skull of Solvotor. She looked wellfed. He didn't dare to question her. All who would eat from the insides of the skull would become like her. She showed him the skull. He knew the skull could strike. He hoped she would have favour on him. She gave him a piece of meat from out of the skull. He carefully ate, but he immediately began to burn. Then she gave him the skull, but she held it tight in her hands also. 'Here, drink of the blood,' she said. He drank, while something struck him in the head. He fell down, and she started laughing. 'You have drunk of the skull of Solvotor, the chalice of Pehnen.'

Spears of Mars

83. She was walking on a path over the hills near the mountains and the sea. Beautiful large flowers were growing here, producing so many tantalizing smells. The sun was radiating very strongly on her body. In the distance she saw the sunbeams like falling on the mountains and the waters, like washing them by the most serene reflections. She had no idea of the horror taking place in the waters, a horror which would soon take her also. A wind would come from the waters and take her, to move with her to the mountains. There the wind would show her a gate into the depths of Mars, a secret path to Tantalos, the place of hunger.
84. A woman was waking up from her dream. Today she would go to a shaman in a mountain close to her place. When she got there, she told the shaman about her dream. 'Oh, but I know the road to Tantalos,' the old man said. He showed her a map and directed his finger to a covered hole in the ground. 'There the souls of no hope live. They are doomed to hunt forever. They have never enough.'
85. The woman smiled. She took care of her horse by caressing its hair. She didn't believe the old man. Then the old man started to laugh too. 'But once there was a time' the man said 'that this place really existed. It was like a world underground. This was in the days that Nectracter was the king of Mars. He banned a lot of warprisoners to that place. They had to work with horses. Feeding them and using them in warfare. Here they had to fight in the so-called Gladiator Wars.' The old man bowed a bit forward and started to tell the story :
86. 'Long ago there was an old shaman, who guarded the gate to Tantalos. He was one of Nectracters servants. He begged Nectracter to not let young boys go to the area, for the old

shaman couldn't sleep of the crying coming through the gate. So Nectracter once closed the gate. Since then no one could find the path to Tantalos again, and no one ever saw one of them back. But since the old shaman died the villagers close to the mountain heard all sorts of noises coming from the mountain every night, and it was getting louder and louder, like shrieking boys. So one night some villagers went to the mountain to find out about the noise, but they couldn't find anything.

87. There was one woman in the village who told about the story of the nine spears. The story came from the time of Nectracter. It was about Nectracter who went to the place called Tantalos, and he asked for the nine spears. These nine spears were in the hands of gladiators who would also win, so Nectracter thought these spears were miracle-spears. He took the nine spears away from these gladiators and they all died in the next war. Nectracter took the spears to his palace in Wiktorossus, the royal city. They said that Nectracter was the only one who could visit Tantalos since then, by the miracle-spears.'

88. Then the old shaman smiled to the woman. He walked towards the covered hole, opened it, and took a spear out of the whole. 'This is one of these spears,' he said. 'I got it from my teacher who gave it to me just before he died. He had served Nectracter's son for a long time, and got it as a present. But now I want to give it to you, as I am getting older,' the shaman said to the woman.

89. She never forgot about this moment, when she got the spear. By the spear she became a ruler of Tantalos, but there were also eight other rulers, all bearers of the spears of Nectracter.

90. Originally these spears weren't from gladiators, but from martyrs in the depths of Tantalos. Now they were in the hands of nine rulers. In the West there was the kingdom of Vivikwiktus, the sorceror. He had one of the spears and his powers were enormous. His hiding place was surrounded by an area they called the Python Chess. These were caves in which white hairy tiles were moving. On some tiles you could step, but others faded away after awhile, or fell into the depths. Sometimes if you would stay too long on a certain tile, arrows would come forward from it. Vivikwiktus ruled time and chronology in Tantalos, as he had the spear of time. He could freeze the minds and bodies of his enemies, or burn them, by this spear of time.

91. The only one who could come close to Vivikwiktus was the raven. Vivikwiktus had a place where the flames of time were dwelling. Some of his captured ravens he used to bring these flames all over Mars, to rule everything.

92. But Vivikwiktus also wanted the other eight spears to have absolute powers. And he needed his ravens for this evil plan.

93. In the North of the Westside of Tantalos Sareaster lived, an old man. He was a shaman, a sorceror and a necromancer, having the spear of family. He could bring powerfull visions over Mars to give the illusion of birth and parentship. He tied souls together by giving them the illusion of power in such a net. But it was Sareaster who made these divisions and actually weakened these souls. These family-frames were prisons and slaveries, but also breedings. Vivikwiktus desired this spear, as he wanted to zombificate Mars into his plans.

94. One day a raven came to the woman. She wanted to trick her, and asked her to come to the realms of Vivikwiktus, as he had interest in a conversation with her. The woman stepped on

the back of the raven, and took her spear with her. In the palace of Vivikwiktus he was already waiting for her. Immediately he started talking about her spear, how he desired it. The woman smiled, and thought he was making a joke. He had his own spear. She knew he was another ruler of Tantalos, but she didn't know of his evil intentions. She had the South, and he the West. But he invited her to do a game with him. The one who won got both spears.

95. But the woman refused. Vivikwiktus then tried to hypnotize her, and to lure her to the room of games. The room was like a building, where huge automatons stood tall. The woman got attracted, and soon she found herself playing behind such an automaton. On the screen she saw a three dimensional city with cars, like she was looking through a tall window. It was almost like she could step into that world. Then Vivikwiktus said they could. They could take a car and drive through the city, to the finish. A strange desire suddenly started to master the woman and her feelings. Before she knew it, she sat in the car, but then it was like her conscience was screaming to her : 'Don't do ! Call for your spear !'

96. So the woman called for her spear, and all of a sudden she stood in the gamehall again. She held her spear tight. Vivikwiktus stood before her, staring at her, also taking his spear tight. Then he directed his spear at her, and said loud : We will battle for the dominion and power over Mars !

97. The woman suddenly felt weak, and knew she made a mistake of going here. A horrible fight started, and finally Vivikwiktus took her hair and held his spear against her throat. 'Everything moves, because of me,' he said. 'I am master of time, and I will be master of Mars.' Her spear fell out of her hands, as she felt weakness flowing through her hands, slowly starting to freeze her. A cold feeling was climbing up through her spine, searching for her mouth to gag her, but quickly she called for her spear to save her. As in a second Vivikwiktus layed on the ground, and the woman ran away. She suddenly felt there was a strong force flowing around the spear, and the spear took her up, and flew away with her through a window. She now knew that she couldn't trust Vivikwiktus, and that he was a dangerous enemy. She had to be on her guard. And she also realised that the other seven rulers might also be enemies. She was losing more and more the trust she had. She could only trust her spear.

98. But on the other hand she was thinking maybe she needed the other seven when Vivikwiktus would strike again. Maybe she had to warn them. But first she needed to know more about them.

7.

1. Be slaves of Mother God in great fear, and rejoice in trembling. Salvation and victory belongs to Mother God. Her blessing, as a gift of peace and a wind to cause to kneel is on Her people.
2. How long will She turn my glory into shame, insulting and humiliating me ? How long will She confuse me ?
3. I have to offer sacrifices, to slay in divine judgement.
4. She has put pleasure in my heart with great fear and grief.

5. She has established me as a butcher. Her glory on me is heavy and burdensome.
6. Listen to my shriek, oh Mother God. For to You I will pray.
7. Don't rebuke me in your anger. Have mercy on me, Mother God, for I am weak and exhausted. My bones are terrified.
8. Put your enemies in fear, oh Mother God.
9. Their mouths are full of cursing, deceit and oppressing fraud. Their tongues are full of slander, vanity and idolatry.
10. When their foundations are destroyed, what can they do ?
11. Mother God is in Her holy temple, Her throne is in hell.
12. Upon the wicked and the guilty, upon the criminals and the condemned She will rain snares, fire and brimstone, and a raging sorrow.
13. To fear the Mother God is forever, to be more desired than fine gold, sweeter than honey.
14. It will bring pigs at Her feet, where they lick Her feet, begging for mercy, while there will be no mercy.
15. For they have sinned against Her, and broken Her laws. Under guilt they will live.
16. Some trust in chariots and others in horses, but we will remember the Name of the Mother God.
17. We will remember Her, but She cannot be trusted. She is holy.
18. In Her anger She deceives and punishes. She has made snares, even for the righteous ones. No one is keeping Her commandments, therefore the earth is doomed. In Her wrath there is no hope and trust.
19. Some trust in their father gods, and the sons of these gods, but Mother God will tread them, and tear them down. You have put your trust in wood and stones. And you have sinned to the point of no return.
20. Mother God has turned you into pigs. You have become pigs by your sins. And Her hunt has begun. Where can you hide ? There is no place to hide for the Wrath of Mother God.
21. You are brought down and fallen, kneeling at Her feet.
22. The voice of Mother God is on the waters, Her voice is on the wilderness, and they all tremble.
23. Let no man trust in Her, for She cannot be trusted. She is Hell, She is Wrath, for they have sinned against Her. They have broken Her Laws. Mother God is Hate, not love. She is punishment and righteousness. There is no hope for a man finding out about Her ways. Weeping he will fall at Her feet, and Her mercy will not be upon him. In despair is the man who finds out about Her paths.
24. She has prepared the earth for slaughter.
25. Mother God has come to ensnare the earth, because of what was done to Her.

26. Mother God is fairer than the children of men, grace is poured into Her lips, therefore we are blessed.
27. Gird your knife upon your thigh, oh Mother God.
28. Your righteous hand teaches terrible things.
29. Your arrows are sharp in the hearts of your victims, where they fall.
30. For Mother God is terrible.
31. All the nations will be subdued under Her feet.
32. Therefore do not trust in Her. She is holy. She has evil plans with the world. Therefore get to know Her. Search for the hyena gnosis, Her knowledge.
33. She has calculated evil against the world, therefore be in brokenness.
34. How long do you think She can take sin ? She will wash Her feet in the blood of the wicked. She will tread down Her enemies.
35. Do not trust in Her. She is a wild animal. Do not think you can tame Her. She will not hear your prayers.
36. When you praise Her, you will betray your shelter, and She will come to devour you, because She smelled blood.
37. Do not have hope in Her. She is not hope, but terror.
38. Come therefore to Her in the deepest of the wilderness, for it is better to suffer close to Her, than to suffer far away.
39. To be with Her should be enough.
40. Through everlasting damnation She will lead to honey dripping from Her breast.
41. She is not a shield. When we fall in the hands of our enemies, She doesn't deliver us. She is of no forgiveness.
42. Her fierce wrath goes over me, Her terrors have destroyed me. Her alarms in my head and soul came against me.
43. She has a mighty arm and a strong hand.
44. Justice is fastened firmly to Her body, and is the foundation of Her throne. There is no mercy and truth before Her throne.
45. She punishes the sinners with stripes. She clothes Her enemies with shame.
46. We can expect nothing but scorn from Her.

8.

1. She leads her captured kings to the underworld, where She mocks them. She dresses them with robes of scorn.
2. Her naked buttocks are a sign of scorn and terror.

3. In fear they will lay at her feet, after which she pushes them into the river to be devoured by wild beasts.

Kim the Pigslayer

4. She will drag doomed sinners to the places of punishment by leashes. And she will establish Her Vihod, which is the softness of horses, but also the yellow, the insanity and disease. The Hanik-Vuh is the priestly slavery by which we have to sacrifice, until we can approach Her.
5. We have to sacrifice and fight, in order to have Hanik-Vuh as the gift of prophesy. It is the sweet priestly slavery of Hanik-Vuh. Hunters, come closer and sacrifice your fish, in order to hear Mother God. Much blood has to flow to speak one word, and to hear one word.
6. Much has to be sacrificed, hunters and warriors, to enter. Only in blood we can hear Her. Her voice will enter us to pierce our hearts and enslave us. By the Hanik-Vuvod, remorse, we are Her gladiators, to be led into Her deeper arenas. Her messages come as a piercing smell from her altars of slaughter, and we have tied Her enemies to stakes.
7. We lost our hearts on the battlefield to Her. Pigs are the veils of the gnosis, the knowledge. Kim-Vuk is the pighunter, Kim-Varu is the pighell and Kim-Darm is the pigbreeder, literally the green stinging fly, and sometimes : bleeding pig, stretching, making taller.
8. The Kim-Varu-Darm is the pigsmith, and the Kim-Darm-Vuk is the pigtailor, the Kim-Varu-Vuk is the pighut-builder.

The Iradian
Book of the Dead

Book of the Seven Days

The Iradian Book of the Dead
Book of the Seven Days

UITGAVE CENTRUM TER ONDERZOEK VAN DE AMAZONE BIJBEL
COAB

The Iradian Book of the Dead

Book of the Seven Days

No, the days were faster here, and I saw them laying in front of me, as portals through the underworld. And I wanted to come near the sea, where the birds of Irad would pick me up, but how would I come through these days ?

And I stepped through the first door, and I went there fast, but slowness got a grip on me, and it dragged me into a depth, as was the first day. And I held on to it, but I was sliding away. Nothing I could hold. It was sliding through my fingers, and this day was dark. This day started to tear me apart. And the goddesses of Irad stood there, but I couldn't reach them. They were like stone to me. Nothing I could say, and whatever I would say would not bring me through these realms. And here the Siphils were, the guards of the first day. They had big heads with small jaws and chins, which could become tall. When they spoke their jaws and chins stretched vertically.

And Puchalini came, as it was the spell to come through the first day. And it spoke to the guards :

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1.Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ...

2.You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ...

3.All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4.The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...]

5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...]

6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...]

7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.]

8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1.The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.]

2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate]

3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon]

4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.]

5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...]

6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.]

8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...]

9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible]

10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.]

[11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx]

[12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.]

[13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.]

[14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.]

2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...]

3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...]

4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.]

5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind]
6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.]
7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...]
8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.]
9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...]
11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...]
12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...]
13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside
14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...]
- [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.]
2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...]
3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high]
4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.]
5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...]
6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...]
7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]
8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails]
9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...]
10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...]
11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...]
12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies]
13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march]

14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...]

[15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...]

[16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...]

[17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight]

[18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess]

[19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...]

[20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

And the guards then opened the portal to the second day. I went through the portal and came in a tunnel, where it was very cold. I was freezing. And again I saw the goddesses of Irad, and they sat on their thrones in the sand. And on their heads were discs surrounded by horns, and the tunnel was full of insects. And they said : 'Move on to the second day.' And I came in another tunnel where there was only sand, and I stood there. And they said : 'Do not pray to the goddesses of Irad.'

And I saw other thrones with lions on them and fishes, and they had crowns, and they were the guards of the second day, the guards of Zimbuktu. And I was in the grip of strange sticky powers, and there were insects everywhere. And I said : 'Let me go,' but they wouldn't. And it felt like I was dying, but then the spell to come through the second day came to me. And its name was : Tupuchette. And it spoke to the guards of Zimbuktu :

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ...
2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip.
3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ?
4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ...
5. If eating is like playing chess, then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ... do we eat to become free ?
6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally escape from you ?
7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay myself down there.
8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise. These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes they survive. Them with their silver stares.]
9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in this secret garden. We slept too long.]
10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches]
12. Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is okay.]

13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are young this time]
14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting smaller.]
15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b. Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.]
16. The Books of Weddings brought me there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them]
17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.]
18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.]
19. Queen of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.]
20. Ancient liberty in high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.]
21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b. Lucifers so striped gave him new names.]
22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits, while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.]
2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold. Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both sides of your mouth.]
3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books of lies they rise. Oh watch them.]
4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.]

5. Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your chessboard.]
6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.]
7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...]
8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.]
10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.]
11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.]
12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.]
13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

1. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.]
2. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.]
3. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it.
4. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now.
5. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.]

6. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.]

7. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry.

8. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.]

9. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

10. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.]

11. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.]

12. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.]

13. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos.

14. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me.

15. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry.

16. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.]

17. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.]

18. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.]

19. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

20. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.]

21. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.]

22. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.]

23. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves.

24. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

25. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm.

26. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.]

27. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.]

28. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to fourty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again.

29. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.]

30. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.]

31. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.]

32. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.]

33. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.]

34. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.]

35. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

And then the guards led me through the portal and a tunnel to the third day. And the third day had guards named the Zeewel. 'Be normal,' they said. 'Be different.' And I had always dreamed of these guards and of this day. It was always in my mind. And they destroyed the implants keeping my mind captive. They destroyed the false daylights and it was dark. And they were dancing and marching, and they took me with them, and led me to a sea. Here I had to wait for the birds of Irad, and I knew I was in the womb of Irad. And they sang their songs to awaken and attract the birds of Irad, but I wanted to get out of their grip. I said : 'Let me go,' but they

wouldn't. But then the spell to come through the third day came to me. And it's name was : Tuvunius. And it spoke to the guards of Zeewel :

Tuvunius

1.

High Materos

1. All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules, [b. These were the three presents of the tiger ... and now he went asleep ... Three ornaments they left us, purple and yellow, while orange is still raking the seagardens ... these are railroads to lapoendria]

2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... the hearts of the children ... Sandman is riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon ... taking all his children ...so deep inside ... warming them by the blankets of neptunian delights ... Sandman and Bilmageln still brothers in the night ... taking all the children ... away from the fight ...]

3. Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through ... [b. to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ... Orange Balloon ... a shark at some moments ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home ...]

4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... standing aslant ... like mock and worry ...sometimes skewed but also very straight ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations ...]

5. It is the red dragon ... all our dreams broken in a million pieces ... like a japanese vase has been broken.

6. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ...

7. and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain [b. we cannot fight this stone ... it comes when red and orange jumps too high ... there's nothing we can do ... when red and orange become too heavy ... while the grey ones are still staring ... getting older and older ... until it strikes the gold for them too ...]

8. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old[b. he's still staring at a liar ...]

[9. here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ...]

2.

The Ganner Clown

1. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, the charms are under the arms of a fool. Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach in lazy balloons. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds. If this is the book, then let us all know.]

2. The sun's on a stick, the decoration is blinding us. There are pictures lying on a beach.

3. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. If this is the book, please say it. We're hanging under an orange balloon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy.

4. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. Material thick, it's rising, the nights of the orange edge. Someone is raking the material skies, to sunset it will rise.

5. We have waited long to see this, as a matter of space and caffeine. It works on the brains. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. It's running out of date and number. [b. You see no smile can do such tricks, it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.]

6. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick, for reason's honey to flow, still out of date, but it rules. Over smiles and snaketongues, it decides, while golden orange statues rake the sun. When these lights make the shadows, it decides. From London to the killerpain, in China you had your palace.

7. There are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

8. Your miniature stings through the silence. We're suffering here, without talking. Someone's blocking our mouth. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide.

9. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. [b. We spit and talk, along the sides, bringing the needle from the liver to the lung.]

10. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs. [b. Maride likes talking after ten days of sleep.]

11. These are dreamcoins' cities, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. [b. You must hide your eye and television smile. You must hide the tattoos of your back, hiding in the big balloon.]

12. The priest sacrifices money. He got it from a man in Spain. Now he's killing it all louder, to forget about it in rainy days. While jaws spread the killerbeans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. [b. He's drinking strong rum today. He must have some paws when he plays with pirates. He had to do the sin, to stand tall if he would appear to gods. Grant him some rest, these gods are cruel.]

13. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies.

14. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle.

15. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it.

16. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liquor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.]

17. And this smoke it comes from battle.

And only then they let me go. And the birds of Tuvunius took me across the sea. And the sea was in fire. Even the birds of Tuvunius started to burn, and I fell down at the coast of a land, and swam through the fire to it's beach. This was the fourth day, and it's guards were named the Helfwel. And I wandered there, aimlessly, and came into a desert. And there were desert birds here, the guards. And I fell asleep and I was dreaming, and I dreamed about these guards. And there was smoke everywhere. And I called the goddesses of Irad, but they wouldn't come. And they said to me : 'Don't call them. Call for yourself.' And they led me to a tunnel in the desert, and the tunnel was in fire. And I told them I cannot stand the fire, but they didn't care. They pushed me into the tunnel. And I felt like I was dying. I was in hunger and pain, but I couldn't eat, as that would only increase the fire. And as I fell asleep the spell to come through the fourth day came to me, and it's name was : Fluvulua. And it started to speak to the guards of the fourth day :

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; When the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains I always reach the red. [b. escaping the purple is the best you can do when the snow falls, but it always brings you back.]
2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground until the purple becomes green ... [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.]
3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.]
4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.]
5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. to make them all green in the night ... then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...]

6. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming]
7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.]
8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ...
9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]
10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine]
11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...]
12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlighs on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.]
13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.]
14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.]
15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...]
16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...]

17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.]

18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.]

19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.]

20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.]

21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall]

23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.]

24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.]

25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu.

26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him ... on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spread by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.]

27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...]

28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night]

[29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...]

2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ...

3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...]

4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...]

5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers

of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale]

6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ?

7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...]

8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...]

9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...]

10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...]

11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...]

12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.]

13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...]

14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...]

15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds ... to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...]

[16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow]

[17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him]

[18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker]

[19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...]

2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.]

4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun.
5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching.
6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.]
7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes
8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...]
9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day]
10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.]
11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.]
- [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics]
- [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?]
- [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...
- [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse]
- [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond

history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything]

[17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...]

[18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]]

[[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]]

[[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight.

2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night.

3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little piramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry

4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]]

5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...]

6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...]

7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic piramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...]

8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

And the guards of the fourth day had to move aside and let me through. And I was stumbling, and came to a dark tunnel. And I heard the voices of the goddesses of Irad, but I didn't see them. Here the guards of I were, the fifth day. And they told me not to call for the goddesses of Irad and not to call for myself, but to call for the principles. And they took me to a boat and there was a sea. And in the sea there was a huge mountain like an island. And the fifth spell was named : Pirfumata. And it spoke :

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.]

2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...]

4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]]

5. Here the golden statues stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers.

6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automatons, and they will run.]
7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]]
8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the airs. [b. The pickpock family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]]
9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.]
10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.]
11. Through strange automatons, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]]
12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.]
13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]]
14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]]
2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]]
3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]]
4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]]

5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.]

7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ...

9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ...

10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes

11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ...

12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.]

13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.]

14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]]

15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.]

16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...]

17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...]

18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand

19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge

[20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.]

[21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]]

2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.]

3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moses to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble]

4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]]

5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]]

6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit .. you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]]

7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ...

8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face

9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica

10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories]

[12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes.
2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ...
3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ...
4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn]
5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ...
6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ...
7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ...
8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]]
9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...]
10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ...
- [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]]
- [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room]
- [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]]
- [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]]

[15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ...
2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]]
3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ...
4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ...
5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands
6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ...
7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ...
8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]]
9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ...
10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesuses ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...]
11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ...
- [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ...
14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.]

15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ...

16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...]

17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]]

18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ... awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...]

19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...]

20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...[c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]]

21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..]

[22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...]

[23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...]

[24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]]

[25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...]

[26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...]

[27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]]

[28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric
zwarzenei.]

[29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...]

[30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing
you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...]

[31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I
know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and
the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ...
I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they
save me ... they have big machines for that ...

2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ...

3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx
live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams
with forestroad snakes ...]]

4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the
air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes
rise ...]

5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in
castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.]

6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ...
and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a
ladybug ...

7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let
you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left
for you ... and there you will find a new world ...

8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million
whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ... while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c.
they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]]

9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white
chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them
run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads
and rainbows a good way to burn money

10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faceswars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver
.... they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales

and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ...

[11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]]

[12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...]

[13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry.

2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.]

3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice.

4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ...

5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ...

6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside

7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ...

8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ...

9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamenteion feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ...

10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ...

11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ...

12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little

jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...]

13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ...

14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]]

15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

The Pirfumata birds took me to the island, and the sixth day started. Here I found the sixth spell :

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess]

2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.]

3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.]

4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...]

5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ...

6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face.

7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's

face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]]

8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu.

9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]]

10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]]

11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ...

12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ...

13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..]

14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ...

15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ...

16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.]

17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.]

18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.]

19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.]

20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death

21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ...

22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ...

23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ...

24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ?

2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ...

3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ...

4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ...

5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ...

6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ...

7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising ..

8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ...

9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ...

10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ...

11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks.
2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her.
3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ...
4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ...
5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ...
6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ...
7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ...
8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books.
9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night
10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful
11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach ... thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me
12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ...
13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue
14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books.

15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ...
16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakermen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard
17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakermen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ...
18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ...
19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple
20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ?
21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ...
22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv ...
23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ...
24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world
25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ...
26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments.

27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ...

28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ...

29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ...

30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your craddle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ...

32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ...

33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ...

34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ?

35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ...

36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ...

37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ?

38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ...

39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ...

40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.]

41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ...

42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ...

43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ...

44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a twoface .. while the truants have orange guns ...

46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ...

47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaos, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...]

48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ...

49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ...

2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ...

3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaos has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ...
4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.]
5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ...
6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ...
7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue
8. There are strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..]
9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlighs in your city ..
10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]]
11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Emini Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Emini Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet.
12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face.
13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Emini Day

1. Emini Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping.
2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired.
3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Emini Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one.

4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess.
5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens.
6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch.
7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day.
8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ...
9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies.
10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver.
11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn.
12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ...
13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend.
14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ...
15. Watch these ornaments of glue ...
16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ...
17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ...
18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ...
19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ...
20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ...
21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces ..

22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakers ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ...
23. Bakers are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ...
24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ...
25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ...
26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ...
27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters.
28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ...
29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ...
30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings.
31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me.
33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue.
34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ...
35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ...
36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ...
37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold
38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause.

39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ...

40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee.

41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ...

42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ...

43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

6.

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ...

2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ...

3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ...

4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristol brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ...

5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ...

6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ...

7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

And after I had read the sixth spell, finally the seventh day entered. And it was a spell named :

Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to

breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of truths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be mercifull over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from it's waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinfull deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am gratefull to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall

away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be usefull, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbyes of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to

watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacraments to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring

me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightements, while you are following the paths of sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengle you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengle you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their coccoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will

make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thothis House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heart souls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heart souls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breath. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heart souls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heart soul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminus-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminus-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil

lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminius-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Emenius Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminius heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharao Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharao's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is

where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh

those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Basthaft

Navus

Bastet, moeder van alle goden en godinnen, moeder van alles en alle dingen, gij opener van zoete deuren, gij drager van het kruis, gij vlees van christus, gij wond. Wij komen tot u oh zuivere wond van christus, gij die Zijn lichaam is. Bastet, wij komen tot u, nederig, voor uw zoete aangezicht. U bent de breker van deuren.

Bastet, verheerlijkt zijn uw namen. Gij grote moeder, neem ons aan. Verheven bent u over alle goden. Wij komen tot u om uw naam te prijzen, uw naam te eren, want ver verheven boven alles bent u, oh zoete droom. Niemand is als uw vuur. Niemand is als uw troon. Ver verheven boven alles bent u, oh eeuwige moeder, oh panter van het woord. Laat ons uw heiligdom binnentreden in vreze en beven. Zeer te vrezen bent u, u die alle dingen geschapen hebt, oh heilige panter.

Geloofd en geprezen zijt gij, oh heerlijke Bastet, gij bent het allerheiligste, het heerlijkste der heerlijkste. Gij zijt de zoete droom. In Bubastis troont gij, oh heerlijkheid. Geprezen zij uw naam. Oh, Bast, kom tot ons en zalf onze hoofden. Moeder aller moeders zijt gij. Gij troont in heerlijkheid en genade. Zeer te vrezen bent gij. U zit op uw hoge berg, in de dieptes van uw heiligdom, waar uw mysterieën zijn. Wijd ons in, oh heilige moeder. Leer ons u te vereren. Boven Sekhmet en Lilith zijt gij verheven als het allerheerlijkste. Gij toornt tot in alle eeuwigheid tegen uw vijanden. Zeer te vrezen is uw naam, want gij zijt meer dan duizend legermachten. Gij hebt uw legers opgesteld om steden in te nemen, om krijgsgevangenen op te voeren tot in de hoogste delen. Zeer te vrezen bent gij. Zeer te vrezen is uw scepter. Uw troon is hoog verheven boven alle tronen.

Zo bent gij moeder van alle dingen, van alle goden. Ja, godinnen verbrijzelt u op uw heilige bergen, en trekt hen naar beneden tot een duister lot. Want zwaar straft gij hen die tegen u gezondigd hebben. In duistere kelders en kluizen sluit gij hen op, zij die uw naam hebben vergeten. Bastet, heb genade tot hen die u niet kennen, die nooit van u hebben gehoord. Bastet, heb genade tot hen die in nederigheid tot u komen. U doorziet alle harten. U bent zeer te prijzen en te kronen. Wij kronen u en bouwen uw troon.

Een duister lot wacht hen die u bespotten, een duister lot wacht hen die niet met u rekenen. U zet de verdrukten vrij, en uw zorg is over de armen en de zwakken. U ontfermt u over wezen en weduwen.

U bent genadig en zeer te prijzen. Breng het serum van vuur tot ons. Gij troont in de heilige vulkaan. Uw heilige ogen zijn verbolgen over hen die zondigen en uw naam hebben vergeten. Ja, gij zult hen slaan, en met kokende olie overgieten. Geen genade zult gij hebben met de boosdoeners. Maar hen die uw woord verstaan dragen uw liefde binnenin, en gij hebt een waardige schuilplaats voor hen. Wee hen die niet met u rekenen.

U bent de gouden troon, het gouden woord. Zalf ons met het medicijn van vuur. U bent onze heemeesteres. U bent het geheimenis. Met soldaten dringt u de huizen door. Uw wapens staan op de velden der steden. Ja, op de muren der steden marcheren uw wachters, uw ridders en soldaten, om uw woorden te verkondigen. Heksen zullen in vuur vergaan, maar uw heksen zijn veilig met u. Zij volgen de mammon niet, zij verlustigen zich niet in letterlijkheden. Wee hen die uw natuur niet liefhebben, want zij zullen van de muren vallen. U verbrijzelt hun kogels met uw vuist. U doet hen krachteloos neerliggen. Want de ure is gekomen dat u komt, u die het vlees van christus zijt, de gezalfde, en zijn wond. Oh, wonderschone wond, van het kruis bent u, een diep geheimenis, eeuwen zo verborgen gehouden. U draagt het serum van het heilig paradijs, van de heilige rode piramide, waar gij troont in alle heerlijkheid. En vanuit alle volken zullen zij tot u komen, om uw naam te belijden, want gij hebt grote dingen gedaan.

Zo is dan uw woord zalig, en krachtig, als een levend tweesnijdend zwaard, om de zondaren te scheiden van de heiligen, de boosdoeners van de vredestiters. U ziet dan alles, geen woord ontgaat u, en u bent de alwetende. U draagt de schatten der tijden in uw schoot, en u hebt visioenen in uw rechterhand, dromen in uw linkerhand, om aan de heiligen te schenken. U bent het gouden beeld van de eindtijd, het serum van vuurbomen. Ja, het gebruis van uw liederen zal de hoofden van hen die uw liefhebben omhullen, en zij zullen vrijgezet worden. U heeft de onderdrukten lief.

U bent de heerseres, oh Bastet, de Heere. U heeft alle dingen gemaakt. Op uw aarde wandelen wij. U schiep de rivieren en het goud. U riep het zilver tot leven, en maakte de golven van hen. Uw soldaten marcheren over de stranden, uw legermachten op hoge muren, en u ziet toe dat zij nooit vallen. Van het kruis komen zij. Zij brengen geschenken tot de onderdrukten.

U heeft uw stad in de sterren gezet, in het sterrenbeeld Maagd. U bent de Heilige Maagd, U bent Bast, de geprezene, tot in alle eeuwigheid. U heeft sprookjes in uw linkerhand, gebeden in uw rechterhand. U bent de verzamelaar der gebeden, en verhoort hen. Ja, vele wachters komen tot u met gebeden. Zij gaan door vele hemelen om uw troon te bereiken. Oh Bastet, u bent de Barmhartige en Genadevolle.

U riep de goden tot leven, u gaf hen allen hun plaats.

In de nacht zendt u soldaten uit, om tot de steden te gaan, om alle kasten te doorzoeken. Ook zendt gij uw wachters uit, om de stad te bewaken. Ja, wapens brengt u tot de velden. U bent verheven boven alle tronen.

Gij riep de vogels tot leven, en de krokodillen. Gij gaf Sebek een huis, en gaf Horus zijn vleugels. Gij bent de grote. Godinnen zijn in uw hand, Goden in uw schoot, en gij brengt hen allen voort. Gij woont in het gouden huis boven alle wolken. Gij kijkt op hen neer en ziet alles. Gij doorzoekt de harten. Verheven boven alle hemelen zijt gij, verheven boven alle sieraden. Gij bent de zoete stroom.

Bast, gij bent de genadevolle, de barmhartige, gij bent degene die alles hoort. Gij bent de geheimenisvolle, de krachtige, en de almachtige. Zij is als de wind, als een krachtige wolk, ja, almachtig is zij. Zij hoort alle gebeden. Zij luistert wanneer volken voor haar troon verschijnen. Zij weegt hun woorden, en meet hun visioenen.

Zij is de almachtige, de heilige Bastet. Oh Bast, wij naderen tot uw troon, opdat gij genade hebt tot ons, oh barmhartige. Tot hen die barmhartig zijn zijt gij barmhartig. U doorzoekt de harten, de levers en de nieren. U troont in de maag, en ziet alles. Niets kan er verborgen blijven voor u. U zegent de verdrukten, en laat gouden stromen op hun gezichten komen. Gij bedekt hen, en zijt hen tot een schuilplaats. Het zilver laat gij golven door hen. Tot uw bloemenvelden brengt gij de zwakken, en zalft hen met serum in hun harten. Gij bent liefde.

Uw naam is zuiver, zeer te prijzen. Uw werken zijn wonderbaar.

Apparatus, Finus Eptu Effu Eplin Ismus Korocho Klapus Klatus

Samsinne Samsinge Epdetus Glorus Glusia Glines Glinesh Eg

Ut Morokko Moroge Matanu Masru Man Mapus

Zeer te prijzen bent gij in hemelse talen en tongen. Ja engelen dragen uw troon. Verheven zijt gij boven alle dingen. U kijkt neer vanuit uw plaats boven alle hemelen en wolken. U zendt uw vuur om alle harten en hoofden te doorzoeken. Niets is verborgen voor uw scepter. U slaat hen die zondigen, en gij doet verteren hen die boosdoen. Gij bent het licht der lichten.

Barmhartigheid is op uw troon. Op het sterrenbeeld de Maagd troont gij met hoge tronen. Niemand kan tot u naderen. Niemand kan door uw ondoordringbaar eeuwig licht komen. U bent onbereikbaar en onbenaderbaar.

Gij lacht wanneer een zondaar tot u komt, gij bespot wanneer een boosdoener om u vraagt. Gij bent de verschrikkelijke die hevig toornst. Gij brengt geluk tot hen die geluk verdienen, maar de boosdoeners misleidt gij. Gij dompelt hun zielen onder in verderf en lacht. Ja, groot leedvermaak hebt gij wanneer een zondaar lijdt. Gij bent de wrede, gij bent de pest, gij bent de paradox. Boven alle woede troont gij, en boven alle rechtspraak.

Gij bent de barmhartige oh Bast, zeer te vrezen. U laat niet met uw spotten, en gij misleidt hen die zich tegoed doen aan schandelijk leedvermaak. Zouden wij niet vrezen voor zo'n koningin ? Keizerin bent gij, verheven boven alle paleizen. Met goud zijt gij bekleed. Gij troont in rijkdom. Tot bedelaars bent gij gul, maar de gierigen veracht gij. Wanneer zij omkomen lacht gij. U bent wreed tot zondaars, genadig tot heiligen. U zorgt voor de zachtmoedigen, en leidt hen op rechte paden.

Vanuit het woud zendt gij soldaten tot de stad, om hen op de muren te laten marcheren.

Hyenian Book of the Dead

Portraitium

Argunium

Portraitium

1. I was waking up to a new world, waking up to a new light. How the pharaos travel through death, along the pillars of light, reaching for the stairways, far away, through pyramids and planes of Orion. These are native pharaos and native pyramids, led by the Great Spirit. This book is native, and science fiction, nonetheless it exists on Orion, as a reality, a virtual reality. It was an echo in my mind. The hyena gods sit on their thrones to judge the living and the dead. These Orion pyramids are bigger than the Egyptian ones on earth, much bigger. There is a science for this, a higher science, a native pharaonic science.

2. Mink sits on his throne, and starts to read. He is the Hyenian god of the archives, the scribe. His plates are golden, and those who hear his voice fall asleep to dream. They get intoxicated. Mink holds the records of justice as well, the discs, and is therefore the god of justice also. There is also a goddess of justice : Mimin ... She stands close to him with the records of justice, golden discs, and hands them to him. There are many golden discs of justice. She has a ball around her head with stripes. She is a hyenian goddess. She whispers words in his ear, words of war, as she is also the

goddess of war.

3. The pyramids are big, in huge deserts, where the golden lights touch them. Some gods have discs around their heads. Mink starts reading, and they all fall asleep.

Argunium

1.

Behind the Walls of Ananas; The Hat Tamer

1. Once I saw the hat tamer in the street, selling his orphans to the wall, I cried, it was something he denied, for they had to go to school, where they could learn how to find and tame the predators of the hat They all had to be hat tamers

2. Found a hat tamer in a machine today, he was a predator of riddles, a king of riddlers, king of possessed puzzles I found a brain tamer today, he was an ornament of schools and officers I know about the years I couldn't do anything, but now I found him, and I could do almost everything Almost everything, but not everything For I found out I got possessed, and I found out I became a marionet, I found out I had to go to school again hiding behind my belt

3. Found a mad hat tamer today, he was like a million christmasses all in a day Do you understand he's the man of all the sand letting them sleep everyday I found a tall orphan, a skinny one with so many predators on the run The predators were tall and slim, they were spotty, giving him a grin They were his friends, in the sand, I still watch the reflection, bending there, across my skin it glides, waking up the orphan's fate inside

Bend

4. Hey dear, come closer, it's almost june, where hatcutters are walking, dreaming, cut the hair, cut the cut, cut it Hey dear, I saw this skeleton on the table, it had a smile, and said : be wise be nothing but a fool Hey dear come closer, found a skeleton in a cup of water, so fragile, so tender and so frightening, playing at cards with a flower called Jerusalem

5. And I must tell you this, I'm nothing like a gorilla in christmas, sandman's friend, santa clause's table-friend playing at cards on christmas-tables, machineries to bend

Scary Shell

6. You watch the moon in april, you watch the sky when it's autumn, where the rivers are dripping You can see them when you wander, you can see them when I cry and you will wonder why

7. Oh possessed potatoe, oh possessed know-it-all, oh criminal, oh carnival oh carrousel, oh peanut wonder, oh scary shell, oh oh oh, scary shell

cracked

8. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, take the tram One final day one final day The hat tamer hat tamer go away go away Jerusalem, Jerusalem, take this guy away, Jerusalem, take this away and take a good good tram Would want to be like an exorcist on paper, I do the missions, I do the machinery This guy needs to leave, I count to three

9. Honey, wake up, honey, wake up, it's growing on my back, please crash it There's a gorilla on my back like a spider, it grows there, I can hardly speak, please do it fast, oh now you cracked me

Up to You

10. I'll lead you to the shell I'll lead you away I am your sandman, I'm your honey in the rain Pay the bill, I'll let you sleep I am the automaton of your dreams Choose what and which you want to be or going to be Gonna dress you up like tomorrow Soft skins

11. Barbarian gladiator I teached you poetry and wine I teached you camouflage I teached you that I am the hat tamer I am the dream after the nightmare Close your eyes, I am the king of riddlers, of poets and of sandmen I am the hat tamer oh orphan, choose your predator I will stay here for a few minutes or more, and then I leave but I will always return

12. Do you see the webs in the sky, it's me Do you see the spiders and gorillas They're coming to save you When you don't like it, go to the exorcist or to a good demonologist or drink a good glass of wine, or read a good good or even better book that will do It's all up to you

God

13. Dream, scary men, dream, scary men, dream, the nightmare's over I am coming to you I am the hat tamer If you don't like your brains, I will tame them I will tame them I will tame the predators, sending them to your heart, where you will tame them too

14. Oh orphan gliding through the night oh Barbarian Gladiator, oh indian warrior I am the hat tamer

15. Go away, oh hat tamer, I will do it myself I am still burning will leave you to your shell I will close the box, you little toy, I will bring you back to the shop, I shouldn't have bought you

16. Now I'm safe, I got my sixtysix money back, tomorrow my dad will be sixhundred and sixtysix, the number of the beast He's the devil, and he will get you on your knees Now I'm safe, now I'm safe for my dad becomes God tomorrow, it's his birthday with 666 candles on the cake Oh what a day it will be, hat tamer, for he will bring you on your knees, to let you pray to him And the waves will come in your head, it will bring you early to bed

17. You see, my dad has a toyfactory I'm sorry he has made you

Pray

18. Oh please forgive me, said the hat tamer, please forgive me god I didn't know you were around, nice dress, and please don't send me to hell, but send me to heaven, with a harem, with some good toys but I know you never listen to prayer Prayer is false hope, some sort of self-help Like help yourself ! Pray !

I am you

19. Please god, listen to my voice, I've come here with million predators and their orphans I shouldn't tame the hats, it was a mistake I should leave it to you so please forgive me this time forgive us, and don't send us to hell it's so cold there, I can tell please tell me you're mad at us forever but save us with your helicopters I know you are the devil, so give it a good try You like to play with toys and machines, so try it on us

20. Yes, god is the devil, and the devil is god heaven is hell, and hell is heaven Yes, the king is the queen, and the queen is the king and you are me and I am you, hat tamer

Just Another Africa

21. In the distance there's someone who listens, someone who cares, but he's too far away We're in Africa dying, while he is in America What can we do to make them listen What can we do to make them care Maybe it was never there

22. I am the big king of America, and I am god and devil, close your eyes, I am the hat tamer, coming to you in disguise I am the big king of africa for america is just another africa we are all africa split by the hat tamer's brainhammer Don't kill me, don't kill me

23. And in Africa they all hear us, when we have big parties in the USA big parties in Holland, we cry, and we lie, we are deaf to the sky, we are deaf to the brain, totally washed away by the hat tamer's brainhammer spoiled spoiled fairytales, close your eyes wolf comes tonight

24. Chapitre Trois, close your eyes, it's here tonight We in the USA we pray, close your eyes, don't go away, we in the USA know all your names but we are just another Africa, just another poor man going insane close your eyes close your eyes, don't throw stones, don't go insane There is a flame of inner wisdom I will show you the axe of the hammerman of a hat tamer's man I will show you the axe of a mad indian he got insane when someone hit him in the brain was it the spanish soldier ? he was also insane You are looking for your goat of sin, but it was never there, for it was a riddle Who am I ? Am I peter pan or sandokan, watch me in the skies, I am a jupiter's trumpet I am coming down soon Everything will be in fire for the good spoon, a tragedy close your eyes let your name be written among the wise Sages stand up and rise, sages stand up and rise

25. I am a bloody indian with warfeathers in my mind I got these in my deepest pits, rising into the highest nights, on tall coasts I lay down, as tall am I tall predators, oh orphan come with me come with me in disguise I am the wind blowing from the seventh night

Warhammer

26. Behold, the son of god, behold, the antichrist, just sweet tale watch the wizard's mice Behold the holy spirit, will you shut up now, spoiled tales, watch the wizard's mice, in disguise they come, like orphan's soap on the tables He was kicked in his stomache too deep, now flames are coming forth having seven arms of wind pray when he's on the shore he's an evil man he's an evil sandman, like the hat tamer he rises then he comes to their surprise warhammer knock on table warfeather with it's tales

27. Soldier rise it was another lie in your head She didn't like you, she's just underwear, close your eyes All she wants is money, all she wants is to lie leading you astray to her strange caravans, you were her slave, but now the warhammer has set you free an old indian mask is helping thee

Butterbread

28. Soothing lies, deeper pains, killing hearts, smashing brains Old indian masks coming forth Old indian brains leading you to the high shores Where the predators are bathing in the orphan's soap Where the hat tamers are rising in

the overshore On beaches they stand tall like pillars of fire ropes of tears spun spiderwebs, slimy like hell and butterbread

29. Throw the dice ! Warhammer to paradise, throw the dice, warhammer in disguise ! Throw the dice ! Picture of paradise ! Through the waters it's sliding the snake, the worm, tall one, fast like raceflies on fly tv, close your eyes You've never been here, and this will be the last time, so close your eyes, get the picture, and then dive

30. In orphan's soap it gets so fast, it's like good exorcism thank god free from family This is heaven ! heaven ! heaven bow ! heaven bend so many heavensent

31. Indians are rising, just automatons blood on the machines it burns

32. Butterbread, pretty picture, pretty gun, smeared by orphan's soap raising toys childhood forever toyfactory paradise brainkillers on the coast brainliars in the waters step back step back

33. In the carrousel twenty horses step back step back

34. Nephew is in japan again with ninety ships ships of peter pan step back step back

35. It was never like that

36. Butterbread on the table, like orphan's soap step back !

take the throne

37. Golden pencil, jupiter, golden gun, golden maze, shining lights, suns fell down on this, on the paper, cryptic lies, coming in disguise sandmen on the run hat tamer takes the throne warhammers are his nights warfeathers his lazy nephews hat tamer takes throne tonight

38. Finally by a scream, he reaches the secret princess Finally by another scream he reaches three chinese men Let the warmachine begin to scream, like a shrieking boy clock wonderland This lady bows down in the sand Machines of Jupiter let her bend It's hot in the sand So many fishes around her like a clock, so bend So many shells shhhhhh so bend !

Dangerous

39. Found the stutterer there on the first floor, his throne rising like the elevatorhe gambled with his mother's mommy, and now she is mad She throws her bag, and now her son is crying dentists are only lying crying

denying but they will bring forth a good one like an ornament Raising the gorillas in the sand So many dresses in the night prepare for fight

40. Orphans with their tall predators like guns and silly rays beat the gong, open jupiter's doorway Open it, and leave together we will breath open it and leave together we will breath in this fire code, in this fire riddle hot like the gun mother's leaving

41. I'm behind the walls of ananas, while daddy is riding the sharks No, I don't wave It's dangerous what he is doing but I am safe behind the walls of Ananas

Just for One Day

42. Carpenter, making the cross for jesus, making the stake for losers, making the trees for users, making the lines for teasers, making the spice for cheaters, oh carpenter, you let them all fall Deep thorns in the cheek They are your horses after all sad story, but I'm safe behind the walls of ananas, walls of jupiter, i close my eyes, and it's not there, it's simply not there, because i don't belief in it, for i belief in beauty but what about the riddle, what about beauty in the eye of the beholder ? don't have time for such a lie i belief in beauty, period

43. No riddles, for they make me cry, i take it all literal literal, as if it can make me fly take the plane to canary islands far away, in the sky they lie, for they could never fly Give me a coin for a poor old hat tamer he's a sage, let's give this man a ride Oh please, we should listen to the wise, we should listen to guys like him, please give him a ride, just for one day

2.

Warfeathers and Bloody Indians

1. They have built their worlds by words meaning nothing They have given it feeling and sentiment, they have raised their laws, but it doesn't mean anything, for all creators are fake everything is artificial, so give me a break

down to orphan's soap

2. I saw the soles of your shoes today, and I saw the hunter's running, running after helpless preyeyey I saw the hunter's running to the small small house, and in disguise they went in, in the bathroom they sat down They are children of the rain, they are orphans of all these suns going down

3. I watched the soles of your boots today, and I saw these running pirates, kids come out of the trees, it's late And I saw myself running there, with a violin, with

the tender snare They were all running, running home to the iron's soap, to the orphan's burning roads

4. And I saw them, I saw them in your bra, making war, like indian warmates, warming stairways, roads to neverending love I saw them there in your bra, like the deer of Metensia, like the ivory towers of the song of songs, a war-tv a warsong of orphans running to the iron roads in the skies

5. And I saw these snakes sliding across your lips, it was a pretty picture, so many hunters, many soldiers sliding down to orphan's soap Oh orphan's soap, the pretty pig, the pretty flower down to orphan's soap Oh orphan's soap, a pretty picture, orphan's soap

6. And the wizard with his lions, crying, dying, on orphan's road, burning road, all these doors lead to hell deep into the ravine, where the flames of the piano pass by Play it deep, play it cool, play it mysterious

7. I saw the soles of your shoes today, all these orphans running

wash your mind away

8. Very good friend, come closer, let it wash you, this orphan's soap, she's dirty, she's like your mother So let it be washed away So many screams in your head, like a shrieking boy clock wonder Don't get too close, it can be like your mother Raise her high on plain machineries, raise her high

9. Very good friend, found a wasp machine, a wasp tv today I'm on the fly machine a fly tv today, open doors in brannan, they all lead to hell, but it wasn't what your mother always tells She's a big big baby with a split machine, all pigs at the end of the year, where you have never been Close your eyes, and fade away there's orphan's soap on the skin, sliding down, washing your mind away

fools

10. Down to orphan's road a toy pillar stands, where the uncles are all dancing, a strange picture instead, yes it made you cry it let you die, so many questions to ask, but he was never there, your listening friend, all ears and eyes were closed they were all sleeping on higher coasts And you said yes it's cruel, but what can I do, I'm just the fool

11. Down to orphan's road, a pretty road, the toy factory stood there, so many wasps and lions in the skies, strange ways to lapondria And then it comes like the wave, there is nothing we can do all washed away by orphan's soap Oh orphan soap, what can we do

wolf

12. Down to orphan's road, down to the space So many mothers crying for their babies Silly space On higher coasts the lions are sleeping They do not do anything, they are blind and wise On high coasts the orphans are playing They're deaf and wise always coming back in disguise On high coasts the orphans are playing deaf to so many noises, they're standing there They are cruel now, bitten by the fly They are lovely now so mommy don't cry

13. They have reached the eternal fields in the sky, sitting before a fly tv, they have defeated wasp tv, but it's growing now, crying, and spider tv is never dying big brother for a call, where are you now all They have reached the eternal skies where they sleep on high coasts like lions, always saying goodbye, in orphans' soap they dwell can you stand the smell can you stand the smell Can you reach the castle where they dwell Can you reach them, can you, can

14. Oh orphan, your laugh is fake, I've been there, done that, grow up, and dwell in orphan's soap, change your smile for a good weapon and die So many ways to die in this land, all doors here lead to hell, where you are crying instead, you will have the tears you never had sliding through your fingers like heavy roses heavy diamonds, many pearls so wake up instead Nothing is what it seems so wake up Slide down don't live there's a world below your bed where the wolves are crying, always denying, here I am, it's me again

high stakes

15. Can you hear me, deaf orphan, I sleep here alone, there's no one with me, no one to hug me, I'm the school, I'm the shore, but you're all dying in the wild sea, so come to me Let me take you out Bath in orphan's cream Oh, orphan, so many wizards standing high at the coasts with all their big big predators, dogs and lions, while tigers are always crying heavy pearls, like tears from the machine, can't you see Drink some heavy coffee and wake up, so many waiting for you, deep down under, below your bed, always denied by you, always feared by you but come on, there's orphan's soap there dwelling, so wild smelling Waking you up to the forests of flowers, wild flowers giving you a place in fly tv Watch the soles of her shoes, all you see are hunters, hunter baby, there's so much to do

16. I watched the milk today, the reflection struck my mind, like the fly tv watching at me, I asked her who you are Who are you today, and who were you yesterday, was there something I missed, gotta have a new piece for the puzzle, for it was all messed up by your boots So step into the water, taken away by the milk Stakes are high baby, and these diamonds cry

peter pan

17. I watched her boots today, and now I'm waking up, I had been too much to pluto, I must say goodbye It woke me up, these glitters on her boots, like fly tv staring at me, crashing my inner wasp tv's the thorns were deep yelling when the fly stings it's like softly lying you liar, you spacy trial, deny me like you did

18. And I'm waking up to school, I should have been here much earlier, and now it's almost too late, for they are old and wise What can I do it's the final strike, I missed you teacher, I missed everything you said, please comprehend and understand Close your eyes, close your eyes wait for the encore On the footballfield, insects crying, lying, denying, ball is always out, they never hit the shore, for that's what you have to do boy Play them, take them, show them, teach them, peter pan

tv's end

19. Lost boys always crying in the orphan's soap seems peter pan is flying dying, coming back to wonderland Lost boys always alone in wondersoap, seems peter pan is crying, always denying so deny me don't say you did the wound you struck it doesn't exist, deny me, try me

20. Lost boys always lonely, always denying, always crying, but still shining in orange soap Seems the pigs are running away, in delay, while glitters are fast like shimmering lights, preparing for the fight, I watched your boots today, I watched the milk today, it's war tv baby, war tv maybe I'm coming there soon Take me away, send your hero I cannot live in this peace

21. I watched your lips today speaking fast snakes were gliding

who's denying

22. On and on it comes and then it leaves, baby, where do you hide, on tall coasts I see you gliding like the snake you come down with all your spiders, now who is denying

23. It seems it is a new year on fly tv fly tv between you and me wasp tv's over, it couldn't stand the sting we had so much fun in that time, but now it's gone, fly girl, fly girlie, wasp tv is over, it's now fly tv

24. She came down with all her spiders, while I watched the milk, so many wars, flies were rising, standing tall and high, so many cry, bathing in the orphans' soap I cannot hit you, you're my wonderhope

25. It is the teaser standing there, like a dwarf's statue, like peter pan, hook is in the tree, so tell me who is hook and who is pan it seems you do not understand, you have your laws and I have mine, but still, baby i cry for there's a sun between you and me there is milk between you and me, reflecting all what you did to me it's bad but who am I to understand Evil, you're not the evil one, good one, you weren't good, so here we go again there's a wolf standing dare, dare

26. Who is the witch, who is the wizard, the picture cannot tell you, it was another year, and another year, so be silent, and fear Who is pan who is hook who is singing who is silent who is light, who is dark isn't that the overtune, flowing from you to me oh baby, tell me who is evil who is good, who is tall and who is the dude, who's the liar, who is queen, oh baby tell me, who is wrong and who is right, you know it all, who is day and who is night, you tell them all for you know it all, it's all in your books, bought away by orphan's soap, baby you know it all, you have seen it all, it's all in your books washed in orphan's soap Can you tell me how I look, for you know everything, can you tell me how I'm doing, you see it all, with all seeing eyes, baby you got the look

27. For your eyes only, for your eyes only, pretty eyes, pretty baby, who speaks lies, who speaks truth, babe you know it all, babe you know it all babe you know it all, so it is good, all good to me, all good to me so who's denying who is shining, tell me, you're so good, tell me who's a liar, tell me how it should tell me who's the winner, who's the loser, in your kingdom you decide it all, it's all smeared by orphan's soap from a dark dark hotel on tall coasts it slides, faster than hell, all these doors lead to the ravine

28. How I like to ride a motor how my skeleton likes to ride so I have a place to hide I must be the fastest, I'm smeared by orphan's glue, orphan's road burning, we ride like we should, watched your boots today, baby, they are the fastest ones, I saw fly tv fly tv I heard the noise it was overwhelming, I could smell it while I fell down down on you It was overwhelming and now I still cry tears like diamonds and pearls baby do you understand, let's comprehend, comprehend me it's just a tool now who is denying who's denying you who's denying me who is playing the fool who is the wise wise sage in the sky who is riding the horse, and who is bowing in the dust chained chained by orphan's soap, who's the liar who must die, who must say to all : goodbye ? Tell me ? I thought you were so cool

29. How do you like to ride your motor smeared by orphan's soap, how do you like it How do you like to play it so cool I thought you were so cool, I thought

you were are you, but who's cool anyway, can you tell me ? You know it all, you have allseeing eyes like fly tv allseeing eyes, coming in disguise I watched your boots today, and the milk reflecting so many insects hunting, spiders weeping, wasps dying but what is it anyway, give me the translation oh broadcast lady come soon we need some here, for everything is fading

30. It's making a statement, but no one understands Who's denying anyway, I thought we were all crying I thought we were all so sensitive, watching the milk where suns reflecting You have some darker spots there, with a chainlet of teeth, you are the wizard, in some books you are a demon so who are you anyway can't cry about it, it's all fake They have built their worlds by words meaning nothing They have given it feeling and sentiment, they have raised their laws, but it doesn't mean anything, for all creators are fake everything is artificial, so give me a break

more like you

31. Oh oh orphan why do you still deny, maybe I must be more like you, in this land, to survive Oh orphan, why do you cry, why do you cry, maybe I must be more like you, in this land to survive Once I met a survivor on the hills Once I met a thousand survivors on a hill watching the stairways of heaven They were orphans smeared by orphans' soap And oh baby, why are you crying, maybe I must be more like you

32. On fly tv today : seven rough materials in delay, the pretty stone mix them, on the lips it's sliding, all these soldiers, hunters like a pretty snake or is it a worm, a worm from hell, but what's hell anyway I have been to heaven, have been to hell, been there, done that, everything always fades away, the meaning is always changing I have been with peter pan, have been with hook meanings are changing everyday, we live in the paradox still this mirror is a picture, it's a picture of a book I wished I was more like you I wished I would do it like you do but I can't I'm lying down in the sand of my own coasts It's having me for dinner Can't help it, can't do anything about it I'm a sad robot, sad lullaby, sad martyr, sad picture, sad marionet, sometimes dancing, sometimes having hope, wishing I was more like you for you have it all, you sleep on tall coasts with the pretty pictures, while I am in mud, living in a shell, a prince of dark papers a prince of dark spells

33. You have built your heavens you have crashed my waps tv gave me fly tv so I can catch a glimpse of pretty you and of pretty you and me sliding in orphan's soap snakes sliding lips are hiding worms ? I don't know

34. She gave me fly tv she gave me dreams I watched her heavens I watched the soles of her boots oh pretty you hunters running, high on horses and goats

Oh Lullaby

35. She gave me fly tv She gave me wings to fly only in dreams That's so teasy I want it all She gave me fly tv she crashed my wall tv, my wall paper tear it down this wasp tv She brought to me winged spiders, but now they're only crying she's sliding like the snake every week Go down, moses go down, it tells me down from the hill waiting for the blueberry it's there, still forests in fire sliding through the orphan's soap sliding along the smeared rope

36. I know she's mad at me I know she will come down like I am the berry What can I do I know she's mad at me so sing me lullabies tell me I'm crazy tell me I'm lazy She is coming down to me and she is mad help me oh lullaby, help me

Death Wish

37. There's something reflecting in chocolate milk, like a rat game, like strange war machine, games still strange wars, sound pretty to me There's something reflecting in the wine There's something reflecting, and baby I don't know why It hits me like spanish suns, like jewels in bright flowers, like the wasps strike again, and then I bow down in orphan's sand These deserts are tall in orion with graffiti on the wall

38. Clowns in Saiphe Gamble Clown in Rigel while mickey mouse is on the table, saying hello I try to grasp the station, but I fade away, my aunt smiles, she never loved me

39. I know this is hard to say, oh peanut, but you never loved me, you hated me I know you tried to love me, but I wasn't lovable I was a thief I broke your silver table but I'm still a prince, and one day I find a true aunt, not someone like you good princes need good aunts, and you weren't good, you were bad, bad bad, bad peanut shame on you, blow away, thank you

40. Give me some applause, I'm working hard, I'm smearing you by orphan's soap, for mothers can be cruel, and fathers can be jokes Who's laughing, you ?

41. Aunt was sixty-six when she died, and now she's sixhundred and sixty six, the number of the beast, I gave her a crown on that day, but the other days she got my death wish Death wish

Not to Mention

42. Hey, dalala, you survived, sitting next to me, on the throne, your throne also in Gouda or must I say Golda or Goldahhhh like Goliath or tell me, riddler Now you're making spice of me Now you're making wise men of me Am I in the toyfactory I know I'm not a styled poet, nor styled police, nor styled machinery I'm the drummer boy Never make mistakes, never me

43. Oh pinocchio set me free, it's all between you and me Kids from school, don't try to interrupt, mother is calling you, yeah yeah I am the one without feathers, so I never reach the moon when afternoon's exploding, spank spank wished I had some orphan's soap to scare mom and dad

the edge of it

44. Dry face, tell them all goodbye, there's something in the sky, like the laprakod days are over, lapkrakod days are over, why ? fly tv is here, pretty wizard boy, tune in it's the overtune

45. Tune in, close your eyes, dwell in orphan's soup, on orphan's road, it's pulp, purple visionary stuff, this is the new stuff, coming soon stay up late, watch the television, and you'll see me, I'm the broadcast lady of cartoon, a horror show after all she took you high and then she let you fall like falling stars until it's june

46. I was on the edge of spring, and then she pushed me down I was on the edge of summer, now I'm crying loud, what can you do

47. I'm on the edge of japan, scared to watch, scared ? I'm on the edge of asian delights, but I choose to fight, and die, for I must come deeper I don't want to be japan's next marionet, been there done that, now I must escape these girls are racers I know, but I prefer to be in orphan's snow winter's dream glass here down in purple orange snow

48. Close the tube, we had enough of you, now say goodbye, tell mother it was all a big lie, with love from japan, the edge of it, with love from china, the edge of it, with love from sandman I'm coming soon

Never for Two

49. And my friends are always saying, it's snowing in japan, under their houses, in their cellars, such a pretty forest always shining, high walls, pretty girls, what's pretty anyway, what's ugly, that's all you know

50. I won't get mean here, but I've read your books, period.

51. Mice running in the snow of japan, where my nephew was with his fifty ships, he had been to the U.S.A. as well, pretty picture, pretty face, like a mariner of heaven, but he went into hell so deep to find my feather Only in deep pits we find our wings to fly, the pretty flames, did you go deep enough my dear, we'll see, for when the storms are coming, will we see you flying flying on fly tv baby it's all between you and me who am i and who are you love is never for two

Overtune

52. And I have been to japan to find the kukeleku, to find my dog, to take the tram, to find you, to find the five million flowers with the spiders flowers with the spiders, it's like a trip to amsterdam never ending, like the trip to the multi-culture in which you always die I'm losing it again.... can you find me again And I have been to amsterdam, I have been to USA, I have been to Letland, close your eyes, I have been to Russia I have been to Neverland close your eyes baby I have spread the pretty sand On an orphan's bed I lay down in an orphan's bath I drowned and in June the schools were open, open like the guillotine, chopping off the heads with a smile, these tables and doors were too short, let's cut them all

53. My hair's cut, I got glasses, and something to bite, got blood on tables, and now I must hide You look like harry all the time looking like tarzan in the night you look like superman losing one of his hands I look like harry all the time, my nightmare is just the overtune

Not the Marionet

54. Overtune, goodbye I cry, it's over, overtune I'm now safe in June, where students get cut by low doors, opening and get shut pretty haircut Overtune goodbye, I'll never sing, why ? I'm not the marionet of japan, not the marionet

55. I'm burning on orphan's road, burning like orphan's road, looking like harry looking like me and you these worlds are full of fools sages stand too high in the nights offer me a drop of eternal heaven there it falls, I must dive, but it's in the hands of another fool and so I am interlocked in this web made by flies watching my face on fly tv does he look like harry yes yes, it's me

56. But I'm not the marionet I come in disguise, for she lies It's getting dangerous here, and she gets mad at me while I always play the piano to soothe her I have found a million flames like the hat of an indian, deep down in the pits, like pills, like books I can make pretty sounds, the sounds of sleep you must know how to do this

57. I play the sounds of sleep I play the sounds of the weather, leather

58. Leather belts, horse's carousel, but I'm not the marionet, I just like to wear it like that Black horses on the streets, white horses in the bed, like mother always said but in her sense I'm just rambling, for nothing I do will ever make sense My pencils are dull, and

59. She is the lullaby forget about it, she always denies I'm still in her dungeon, watching fly tv while I never fly only when I cry

60. It seems she wants to see the blood streaming like waterfalls and then we rise by bloody wings we rise

Prepare to Fight

61. Yes, I have been to Ireland, know everything about blood I have been to Africa, know all about hunger Please let me cry my tears will let me fly On bloody hungry wings Like a plane to America So close your eyes We're heading for paradise We burn, we cry, but at least we can fly so don't say goodbye we're on fly television, don't you cry we came there for a mission Baby, why did you misinterpret me

62. I have been to Africa, fool, to buy sevenhundred symbols, fool that's all you can do

63. I have been to Ireland, fool, because I heard them crying fool, but maybe I must be more like you

64. I have been to China, because I heard them crying, we must play it cool, so play it cool, that's all we must do I have been to London, I have been to Russia, have been to Brannan, have been to Izu, have been to chocolate feather Don't you cry again, baby, these guys are only riddles don't you let them fade away we need them tonight prepare to fight

3.

Warfeathers ; Path

1. They never chose this path, someone pushed them on it They never chose to be warriors, mean boys But someone turned them into these Who ? A witch ? Now they are werewolves They can't be trusted Their eyes full of scorn full of deception leading them all to the traps Evergrowing suffering they inflict

2. They are the mean boys, mean ones hearts burning like fire But it's something else It eats souls away, while it's always growing again They are sons of Prometheus, they have been in Tantalos for too long These boys are crazy now and can't be trusted Too much pain and hunger made them this insane

3. But you weren't listening to me You were breeding them As breeding the mean boys, that's what you do

4. I gave up on you already, long ago You made me one of them There's no way out This is the sad story of a mariner's son A sailor one Hoping to become general one day to defeat this dragon

Rebirth

5. I get drunk while I'm only watching you, while others turn into stone You're like Medusa, strange one I get drunk when I see your legs moving You have legs like tall red boots, and every step is another bar of my prison Lead me out, you're like the lion Lead me out, this time You're breathing like the ward Mean boys at the coasts Your legs like mean boys What can I do ?

6. There's no way out of this, since you pushed that button, since the spears fell down, now they're standing tall, turning, like grills after all There's no escape from this place It shrieks when I move She has pushed the button, oh yeah but realize it's the way of the fool

7. You're so obsessed with your Tantalos, but one day the mean boys will also strike you All breeders breed predators, and one day they burst out But everyone breeds, we never chose this path Someone has pushed us Who ? The witch ? Now we are werewolves and now we can't be trusted Our eyes full of scorn, full of deception We are like mean boys now We gotta grow up and change our point of view We are like men at crosses We do not know what we do

8. Wake up, you're under someone's feet, you never chose this path So be reborn

9. She smiles like an insectian It's not a smile but a cry ... A cry for help, but what can you do ? There are strange bars between us When we move they shriek Whatever we do it always hurts someone, and when we do nothing it hurts them too So what can we do ? We must choose the best path, a path which is best for me and you

10. And do we hurt ourselves ? By every step we make We are fooling ourselves so much, for we can't stand the pain It's hopeless, this reality but it's a cocoon my dear Who taught you that butterflies come out of the cocoon ? They all have to get in

11. We live in cutting wonderland, a visionary ball around our heads Letting us belief anything, as we do not have another choice We have to walk like they do, act like they do, or we will be refugees having nowhere to go to So hold on to the mask for awhile, I'm almost close I will save you out from this, there will be a new glow

12. Did you say love ? I will show you where we are We all live in slow motion until we freeze We're like stone producing the new fire

13. And they were made of stone Made by life Their faces hard and full of scorn Stay away from us We won't show you where we live

14. We live where roses burn until they are flies

15. We're flies soaring in the air, on our way to death, until it burns the last mask away, where the blood drip falls to catch them all Don't come closer Stay away You better stay on the hill For the memory to fly away

16. We live where roses burn, where it all explodes Nothing to hide anymore We are all dirt and beauty in our fall

4.

The Book of the Willow; Poetry of the Stripper's Jungle; Misunderstood

1. Twenty millionaires know more than a million birds, and everyday it gets stranger and stranger, while fishes are diving for the pearl In seas of coins they swim, and golden jewels. Some swim with birds, and others fly, and my own coins are warm and full of sentiment, like the perfect picture leading us astray, my head is full by a diamond embrace This ladder is of golden powers, like showers in the rain I follow the golden waterfalls, following their streams, so many fishes are smiling at me Telling he is the boy with the golden trousers, he's the boy with the golden shoes It's warming the heart like nothing does Birds they glide, like flames on the ceiling, everything explodes, and lullabies soften the seas It's the picture of a warm day on the beach And my head is telling me I'm getting crazy, and I'm building sandcastles on the beach to be the king of fools Follow me, I am your Jesus, follow me, but don't crucify me

2. I am your Jesus, I'm your king of fools, building sandcastles in the water, building watercastles in your head, like the waterfall pretending Live inside the waters, like fishes between the coins, birds like flames on the walls Towers growing from the streets, between me and you I have misunderstood you I have eaten sandtarts, me, the stupid fool I have crucified myself, drank from poisoned waters, all to catch a glimpse of you, you the most beautiful of all.

3. I can breath again, with you in my hands, will never let you go, let us dream, and fight in the snow all your bullets are pillows in the sky, when you smile at me you're melting me, I'll never say goodbye.

4. You know how the gold streams, but I was misunderstanding you You described my heart and birds formed the weather It was the prince's sky I am the prince of poetry passing by On high horses I ride Painting the sun in blue, the moon in red With the flames of destiny I share my bed But I have misunderstood you You described my heart and washed my tears away

5. Prince of passion, of softness and tall strings of leather, making music like the lullaby Prince of the dreaming, hearts like drums it's growing there, it's popping there whenever I touch the snare She has ensnared him He has misunderstood her She walks on water, he stands on the beach baby, take me away

6. She is like the lullaby, he's like her prince, but he has misunderstood her Prince of passion passing by, again and again And it will rise, and fade again, I'm telling you don't follow lies, my friend, it's hiding in the sand, sandcastles so full of knights Don't be so positive, don't freeze me, belief in poetry, I can lead you out my friend, I am the frog, I am the one watching many mirrors, many doors, many tables, many choirs, in heaven there's a sound, ship's so tall, it's rising and then it falls, like the angel it will pierce your heart, these seas will all be of blood and tears, and the foam of all these years When the waves will come, belief in poetry, don't be so positive, my friend

7. I am warming you, flames are on the ceiling surrounding you, I have misunderstood you, I have cried in the night My flames surrounding you, my voice, speaking to you, like the angel I come down, I fall and rise, and fade away again, like I always do, but you have misunderstood me too.

8. So prince of poetry, don't be so positive, but belief in the poems of your heart I gave you a sword, I gave you an armor and a crown, but all you did was misunderstanding me, and I have misunderstood you too So come with me, and let us be united in poetry, in the night of poetry, we will fall down, we will rise up again, and we will fade away, misunderstood, and so full of misunderstanding

We'll be, on the cruise tonight, through the stairs we see the water, iron stairs, metal stairs, touching the water, she didn't want to scream belief in poetry my dear, you're irritated, so come near let all the misunderstanding fade away Don't follow lies but truth always comes in disguise in satin destiny She has a cloud on the table in misty lies she decides misunderstand me, and I will do the same

9. The walls of this house are tall flames are creeping there jumping there from side to side Your love is warming me I have a table to dance on I am like a stripper, showing you where all our days went wrong Close your eyes So many veils, so many lights, take me out of these arabian nights Come near

10. Poems of my heart, I keep them near, to come through these years Will I ever touch your hand, will I ever rise from the sand, on the beach I stand, with wings of light, I'm leaving this night.

Island's Blue

11. Your flames are creeping in the sand, while the waves are blue and fresh, like special blue, like island's blue Can we play pretend, or shall we hide, like hide and seek, deep in the night I'm taking flight from here, to the ships in the sky, I close my eyes, and pretend that you are near, you're the flames warming me, you're the flames guiding me, creeping across the trees

12. Throw your velvet rope, throw your blue diamonds on me, like island's blue, it must be like machinery

Poetry from the Jungle's Cruise; never fade away

13. I was lappossessed by your smile, thin ropes frozen, you melt them, and then they bend, where is the castle of your smile, it's in my heart through the stairs I see the waters, bright lights, the cruise is rising, are you the captain of my dreams, never fade away I was truthpossessed by your smile You pushed the button by a sentimental flight, these birds are all winged, and these fishes are all like water water and waves, kings and sentiments I was truthpossessed are you the captain of my dreams Ships in the skies, telling me of april's lies Ships in the skies, tall they rise, and then they fall, like the angel, but you have misunderstood me Ships in the skies, with bright lights come follow me, their hearts are warming me Never fade away On the cruise there is love and dreams, on the cruise there are table-dancers, strippers in the night, showing all what's left behind Their hands are sweet, there's sentiment and softness and all I did was misunderstanding while you misunderstood it too Still flames are dancing, creeping through the sand, they stand tall on beaches, getting their wings of light,

while she melts them by her touch, and then they rise To the ships in the skies, on the cruise, never fade away

14. Clouds are wanting us, clouds are needing us, clouds are on the stairways today, to the cruises in the sky Cruises in the sky never say goodbye All these lights they're shining bright, there are strippers in the sky, but all you did was misunderstanding They are coming from the jungle, they are showing the jewels, by which we get blind

15. And this book it feels so good, there's something in my hands, I got it from blind strippers

16. I went to a street called softer street, to a place called softer jungle, like a cruise in the jungle Monkeys were watching the trains, blue sentiment was rising And I could breath again, warm breath of jungle insects, tingling my brain tingling my split brain, like the healing touch, there was a bridge, a bridge in my heart And these softer rythms were like the jungle rain, and these monkeys were smiling, laughing, it was so insane, I was the king of these fools, and I had my cruise cruise in the jungle, cruise in the rain, like Noah's Arc, everything had become so insane

17. My trousers are wet there's a jewel in my chest I feel like a stripper making them all blind and wild I'm getting home to you, the most precious jungle jewel, getting home to you

18. Cruise in the jungle, rising and sinking on pillars, everything is so insane, tingling my split brain, building the bridge in my heart, to you, all I want is you insane jewel, you're the jewel of the jungle

19. And I feel so good, while monkeys are staring at me, taking flights to see what the cities can do Come with me in this cruise It's between me and you I have the golden shoes

20. You are my extasy, sunlight baby, a jewel so insane, in the jungle is your embrace, I adore you through the stairs I see the trees, coming over you, it's coming over you You are my extasy, sunlight baby, a jewel so insane, it's next to me, in the jungle is your extasy, I adore you, through the stairs I watch the trees, and I see you, it's coming over you

21. Flames are dancing in the jungle, getting so tall, stretching out, then they fall, and rise again, like the waves, on the tables they dance, like strippers they blind us, showing jewels of the cruise, showing you my extasy, sunlight baby, close your eyes, and watch the stars, these jungle stars between you and me, oh baby, you see

me through the stairs, it's coming over me, it's coming over me, you are my
extasy Close your eyes

22. And in the night there are jungle lullabies cruise of light through the night

23. It's all like strange machinery, in a strange factory they are making lovers, so
why did we fight They're making chocolate, so why did we hide Come closer
so many veils, and so many lights leading us back to the angels of the flight

24. And in the morning it's saturday forever, a cruise like this will never end and
you are with me baby, close your eyes kings of fools are so wise with the
angels of the flight angels of the flight

25. Flames are dancing between you and me my baby, on tables they're dancing, let
us swim and forget about everything These waters are so jungle green our
hair is pretty It's like the jungle flame When cruise comes giving us the
same

26. Close your eyes, lullaby, I can enchant you, I'm the watcher of the green I can
dance inside of you

27. The night is young and full of lullabies, cruise is going through arabian jungle
nights, close your eyes, monkeys are watching the dream Close your eyes
Cruise is bringing us to the lights

28. I have been to a place called softer street, words like flames in the sky, teachers
were speaking to me ... They all had heads like lullabies, bodies like lightening, close
your eyes In a softer jungle the morning rises, while cruise is coming through

29. I was sinking away in the waves of a softer jungle, when morning comes there is
no memory, only a tender smile

30. There are jungle machines in the softer street, cruise is coming through, like the
spear it sends me to the green jungle jewel, my baby It has killed king David, it
has killed king Saul, but it was just a misunderstanding in the temple of Solomon,
mines of Solomon full of treasures, cruise is coming through, like the thief of
Bagdad it comes, but it was just something between me and you, like a bridge
between our hearts, letting fires creep on the walls, it's warming our hearts, and I
am wearing golden shoes, close your eyes, don't follow lies, don't follow
misunderstandings It's standing tall in the temple like a statue, like time has
shifted, close your eyes, it's all blinding us, leading us astray, so cruise of the jungle,
take us away

31. It's standing tall in the temple, snakes are on the walls, and my baby is just
smiling, isn't she extasy after all ? She has a spear in her hand, and all she does is

laugh, it is a crime, but she denies it, please, misunderstanding fall, fall away into the jungle, and take your lies with you, try it with someone else, it's over now, goodbye, close your eyes

32. It's standing tall in the temple One eye closed, one eye opened, like the statue, tall statue ...

Tall Statues in Egypt

33. Tall statues in Egypt bringing our hearts to the jungle again king David has fallen, wasn't such a good friend and the family of king Saul, they all belief in carnival close your eyes, baby where Goliath rose they fell these were all kings of the jungle like monkeys they stare How can we misunderstand them more ?

34. Tall statues in Egypt, bringing my baby home again, she was lost in a jungle so insane, but the cruise took her away, all these machines in softer streets, these streets are speaking

35. So many cruises in the jungle, so many bridges between hearts And there are flames on the walls, creeping there after the fall, there are flights in the air, while angels of the jungle they stare, it's like heaven here, cruise paradise, where are we going, machines are rising high

36. The angels of the flight, they bring us through the night, they are like strippers on the tables, and their jewels are making us blind They are surrounded by gorillas, they raise their waterguns, close your eyes, and let it take you away, for dreamers always do like this, dreamers always dance like this, and they never fade away

37. Close your eyes, feel the sentiment, feel the flight, where angels of delight, are carrying you, like the cruise through the jungle night Close your eyes, this trip will never end, dreamers always do like this, dreamers always dance like this by softer table lights

38. Here deep in the jungle, where the grass is purple and the hair is green, always surrounded by gorillas and other monkeys cruise is coming through, yes, cruise is coming through So many things to do through softer streets we move

39. Angel of the jungle, angel of the initiation, so many lights in the skies, they come from softer streets, they come from me and you Through her wings I see her lights, through the stairs I see the waters, while her flames are creeping on the walls

40. Angels and voices, angels and stares, through the waters we touch each other, and the cruise is right there, holy initiations, holy jungle jewels, while sinfull strippers dance on tables, telling us fables It's all just a certain point of view through veils and lights, through dark dark nights, we will know what to do, for cruise is coming through Take my hand through the jungle, while monkeys are staring, holding flames of initiation from the softer streets They know everything about different faces, empty spaces They know everything about how dreamers dance, so don't feel guilty, don't be ashamed close your eyes, and let it take you away There's a cruise coming through your night so full of light, there's a cruise coming through your jungle

Survey of Paradise

41. Wings and waters, jungle fishes

42. It's saturday now, sunday is over, and monday isn't your lover anymore There is a holiday forever, but what is holiday anyway ? We are all dream-workers Dream builders

43. It's saturday now, as the hours of saturday too us away, wings and waters, jungle fishes It's saturday today, and it will be saturday forever cruise is coming through, take us all away There are cruises in the jungle, cruises in the skies Wings and the waters, jungle fishes Surinam, strange monkey garden, open the gate, for it is holiday, and there are sands in the jungle waters cruise is coming through bridges between me and you

44. In the night, I touch you by a light, it raises you up, I see the delight in your eyes Cruise is coming through I see the jungle waters through the stairs, taking us to softer streets I know a place called softer streets Wings and waters, jungle fishes all from softer streets jungle streets softer streets cruise is coming through you were touched by a light

45. Oh doll, I found you in Salomon's temple, threehundred spears opened the garden again, and we could flee together to beaches and sand Flames creeping there, flames on the ceilings Snakes on the floors and walls close your eyes, and jump, for cruise is coming through Threehundred spears opened the jungle again Threehundred spears are coming through

46. Cruise is coming through temples and stations, through mines and factories, through softer streets and cinemas, cruise is coming through Oh doll I found you there close your eyes we are on beaches and on sand where flames are creeping

47. Underwater cruise, through the underworld it picks you up
48. It's the survey of paradise
49. There are horses in their stables, cruise is coming through
50. Horses, monkeys, jungle fishes cruise is coming through

Gate Between Me and You

51. Horses in their stables, gypsy prince
52. Wings and waters, jungle fishes
53. Heretics and sinners, saints and inquisitors
54. Priests in their temples, statues rising high, building a tower
55. A tower between me and you
56. Horses in their stables, gypsy prince,
57. Flowers on hats, trousers on beds,
58. Wings and waters, jungle fishes,
59. Threehundred spears to open a gate,
60. A gate between me and you

Breath in Breath out

61. There are hearts on dishes, in this strange arabian castle, where cruises are coming through,
62. And these hearts they beat and they eat, like fishes in the waters,
63. Someone is waking up, belly-dancers on tables
64. And then they eat and eat in this strange arabian castle
65. There are hearts on dishes like shampoo they put it in their hair,
66. And their hair gets green and the floors become purple
67. There are hearts on dishes, after the night,
68. And these hearts they eat, and then they rise
69. Some snakes are big, some snakes are tall,
70. but a black white snake is the tallest of them all,
71. so thin and erected and then the swallow comes

72. Threehundred spears through Solomon's doors

73. Solomon go to sleep

74. The king of fools stands before you

75. There are hearts on the dishes,

76. But I am far away

77. There are hearts on the dishes,

78. cruise is coming through

79. Breath in, breath out

Through the Head

80. Now what is stronger, religion or poetry, major ? At the end of the night you can send all your soldiers home, all your prophets and priests for the poet gets his crown threehundred spears through his head for the king of fools is with him to break the bread I never believed in religion, although I liked Jesus, he was just a victim of a machine I belief in cruises coming through, I don't belief in the factory but these are only words, and I do not belief in words, I belief in threehundred spears through the head ... then all is done and said

TAANNAAT
BOOK OF THE HUNT

Nighttrain I

When the beekeeper passes by

The bees in the garden,
They make me so high,
They sting me so deep,
Until I laugh and cry

The bees on the hills,
In bee gardens they live,
To invade the cities of the sky,
To melt those who are stiff

My garden is full of bees,
The beekeeper I am,
So full of noise and acid they are,
So full of love and activity,
Yet so peaceful and so silent,
As the majik paradox, the yellow light,
Beyond Arabia they fly,
Where they go to the bee garden,
From where they come and go, It's flowing back to me,
All the time,
It is raising the family

A bee king to protect the flute,
Of elven wisdom,
When you grasp it, it hurts so much,
And then you fly,
Until you laugh and cry

Just laugh and cry,
Just open the senses,
You can do it

The bee gardens in the city,
And from the west there is foam,
It comes in waves, you know,
It is a beautiful show

The bee gardens from the west,
A red indian sharpening his flute,
By a bloody knife,
A scream, a shout,
They are coming out loud

In this land the green is so green,
The orange so orange,
And the yellow light in the sky,
So rich and childlike,
Showing the orphan's faces,
Who have found their pirate parents

Take us away on your ships,
To dreamland we go,
Up on the hills,
Where the bee gardens live,
And the beekeeper with his show

Who plays the flute these days,
Who plays the violin,
Who makes us all okay these days,
Who teases us with a grin

All I know the bees are marching,
All I know they're coming through,
Tomorrow yes the sun will shine,
Tomorrow yes the skies will be blue

Beekeeper, beekeeper, where are you going,
Where are you going in the night,
Play it good, fight the fight,
Beekeeper, jewelry so heavy,
Tomorrow it will be light,
Fight the good fight

Pirates came from far,
Parents came so close,

All I know the family is rising,
Between beehives they sit,
They eat from the bee-fruits,
Intoxicating stuff, venomous at times,
Healing medicin, darkness rise, healing medicin,
Killer of lies

I have stored an ornament of gold,
Written in bee languages,
Exotic and green,
Tropical and blue, with lights so white and yellow,
We are coming through

Speak to us, oh lullaby,
Bring us, oh lullaby,
Bring us through,
For the world will go to sleep,
And there are dreams here,
Dreams and the sheep

A shepherd is what they're looking for,
I run away, I reach for the shore,
Where i play my own flute,
Was stung so many times,
Bleeding behind the hives

And no one knows who you are after the night,
They keep on dancing, keep on fighting,
Searching for the light,
When the beekeeper passes by

Play it loud, play it well,
She's under a spell, this lady,
So drunk she is of the bee-wine,
This wonderful bee-wine

She has good sight on the city,
She has good sight on the game,
She runs, she is running,
Hiding in a vineyard, losing the frame,
It's all coming out again,
Catch it up by your cups

Oh, if i could build this city,
Oh if i could see the dragons behind it, beyond it,
under it, it must be tall

Oh if i could build this city,
I would sit in every restaurant,
Drink in every bar, found an elven flute of wisdom,
Where the foam knows it all,
Where the foam raises it all

Found an elven decision

Goodnight my brother,
Goodnight, my sister,
We all sleep too soon,
So high in the beehive,
When the beekeeper passes by

Goodnight, my elven brother,
Catch the light of the flute, and spread the news,
We have come from such a long journey,
We have come, the cycle is done

Goodnight my elven sister,
Goodnight my lullaby,
Reach out for the sky

This lady elf,
She's with the bees, she's with the spiders,
They don't hurt her at all,
She won't cry, she laughs through it all

Goodnight my elven lover,
We had such a good time together,
Watching the stars, the waves of it all,
Come closer in the night,
Prepare for the fight,
In a kettle we all bring it higher

Goodnight my elven lover, goodnight my elven lover,
Goodnight, goodnight, my brother
Sweet as the elven milk is your tongue,
Sweet as elven bread your honey,

Sweet is the morning your smile,
When the beekeeper passes by,
It is all in the sky

Goodnight my elven lover,
Goodnight my darling in the sky,
Goodnight, your dress is as tall as the morning,
Where can we swim together,
In a kettle we bring it all higher

Tree

So you begin to grow in this forest,
So the stings go deep,
Waking up in this forest,
With the funny trees,
The beekeeper knows, the beekeeper knows

Winds can bring you down in the forest,
Clouds can scream your name in the forest,
The beekeeper drowns the shades,
Of a past which had never become reality

The beds are far away in this land,
Still we are marching

So you want to win this race,
You better take it up before it leaves you,
Found a bottle of shades,
In the depths of this country,
Leads me everywhere

i can see the world from different sides,
And still i hide

So you better grow up here when the beekeeper is around,
When the bee-kings are hunting
So you better bloom and blossom when they watch,
Better turn around in the sky

She makes a start with her obsession,
She slides in the ocean of the forest,

warm and soft,
No ends at all

So you want to be a killer-bird when they are all marching,
Protection under the command of the beekeeper
Warm soft oceans

She believes in you, her dresses slide through the forest,
No flying carpets around

You better bring them in, now

Bee queen

In the wilderness I'm looking for her,
the bee queen,
In the garden she makes me smile,
But she's not there

Honey in the core of this savage land,
But she makes slaves, that is the deal,
She does it with a grin and a rifle

They warned me not to go here,
So why did I go

Her warm coat tells about the ancient days

In the wilderness I'm looking for her,
But she is not there

I need to dive from some rock,
Taking some risks,
Or I will never find her,
Maybe she needs some help

In the wilderness I'm sliding, in the wilderness I'm sliding,
She's on my mind,
Then I reach a city with bee gardens,
So she must be close, very close,
Bee gardens between the houses,
This city is under her spell

In the wilderness she is lying,
And I believe her lies,
But she is not there

Why did i go here,
Why did i come,
I just want to help her,
But she's not there,
They warned me enough,
But i'm such a fool,
such a fool

In the wilderness i'm dying,
At her walls I cannot enter,
She's not there,
And if she would be, she would have been gone long ago

So i won't say anything anymore,
I will just slide away,
To a deeper form of understanding,
I have her on the telephone,
In the bee garden,
She cares for her slaves,
She wants to know if they are okay,
If she can help them out,
But she is not there,
She is a distorted dream

I have this illusion in my head,
An anger,
For she rages

I am the beekeeper,
But the bees were never there

And her coat speaks about the ancient days,
And her coat is slowly killing me,
They need honey for the evening,
Honey at their stakes,
Sliding through their mouths,
For they are in fire,
And still they are singing,
They are on disc and in the cities,
But they are not there

They are invisible friends,
But we can listen to them,
With a telephone in our hands

So catch the orange light,
Make it yellow, so bright,
In a city called majik

The bee queen she laughs,
Then she cries,
I have to live with her,
With the things in my head,
Just bought it somewhere,
Hoping i would enjoy the sight,
Hoping it would bring me any further,
But it stirred up an old fight

I do not want to go back to that place,
I am the beekeeper

So she's telling me lies, and I believe her,
So she's coming in disguise,
but she's not there

We have to live with each other,
I am lost in the wilderness,
I made my place here,
And you are my princess

We don't need the police or the military,
The bees are here,
making everything well between you and me

School Bell

They gave me a sword of roses,
I hesitated to enter the school, really felt i was the fool,
The statue of the eagle,
The statue of the boy,
They all looked at me,
Filling me with strange joy

One blink of the eye and i am dead,
One movement of the stone and i am dead instead,
One move of the lip and there is fire,
School is on the move,
and no one will call me a liar

Tall guys where teachers discuss,
They must have heard me,
I see their tall staff

Friendly guy bends his knee, than makes a strange dance,
I can enter here to drink soup,
waiting for the big coupe,
The roses over you, he shouts, The indians over you,
Schools in the distance, the eagle is flying,
Not much of this is true,
They locked the story up behind bars,
Hand reaches out, but the teachers shout

They gave me a tree with bees,
Glass of milk and a parasol,
They gave me green soap and some shoes,
What am i going to do, these teachers are fools

They gave me salt, they gave me wine,
These teachers are fools,
I take the train,
I take flight with eagles,
I break the classroom,
Teacher, teacher, it is a day of doom,
You have messed with me too long,
But dreams are strong, dreams are strong

I kiss the floor, like the pope would do,
A new era starts, but then i wake up in bed as a fool,
Having homework to do, there is dust on the floor,
My mom is screaming, she needs me to roar

It always ends like this, it always ends like this,
I drink from my juice of illusive bliss,
I'm in heaven with my dad,
He saved me instead

He gave me this sword of roses,
Of thorns stinging so deep,
It stings my hand as well,
But it is just the school bell,
What can i tell

I am so alone now since he went away,
I am always hiding now,
Waiting for his flow,
I have something in my hand,
It's his new brand

He's a businessman, i am a tailor

Air Dancer

The teacher is shouting,
He is a cannibal,
I am the honey,
He is tall

Why can't we be friendly,
Why can't we be spears,
Piercing each other,
Then it is over,
or then maybe it begins again

I do fear it,
I do not know what it is,
I am a friend and an enemy,
Why can't i be inbetween,
Why can't i just fade away,
To be nothing

In this world i do not belong,
In this world i do not want to be,
I feel my daddy's hand,
I feel his hand on my knee

He wants me to grow up,
He wants me to become strong,
But all i become is weaker

Weaker in this world,
A bag of sand and salt,
Travel with me around this world,
I visit the schools,
These teachers, the fools

Why are we doing it, for what,
Why not stopping this mess,
Who are we anyway,
Why don't we just escape,
Instead of making it worse,
Or will we have to make it work

A criminal here,
A prisoner inside,
A fairy in my mind

Why not coming closer,
My father has touched my hand,
He pulled me out of the water,
The vision of the shark did bend

Hands so clean, i have never seen this before,
My tears are flowing while i do not cry,
My tears are flowing, while i do not ...cry

Where did we end, what is this all,
So many masks, a good carnival,
On the fairground close to school i meet my dad,
Showing me his hat,
Showing me his machine,
We are going to do it better

I have put my faith in him,
he gave me something to smoke,
now the pretty fires,
it's burning

why could i not get across the bridge,
who are we after the fall,
the teacher is nothing but a cannibal,
i am the honey,
and he is tall,

i have my father on my back,
he's paralyzed after the crack,
he and his monkeys, a big deal,
i believe in him,
his music and his feel,
yes, this man has taste,
we have to give him a chance,
in the air we let him dance
an air dancer he is

Confetti

The teasers are in,
The kettle is hot,
And cowboys sit and then run,
watching it all spin,
enjoying the fun

Mother fairy comes too late,
Everything already said and done,
Then she makes the food,
The medicine is what she does,
But cowboys do the business

The friends of the friends are here,
The jokers and the teachers,
some crack in the air,
they're all surrounding the snare

And spit into it, they say,
spit into it he said,
we all go early to bed

The teasers are in, showing the kettle,
Confetti doesn't last for long

The Crack

Tragic rose,
didn't know her family,
now a hand is holding her

Sooth her steel,
she is a monster

We're trapped in a box made by a teacher,
he wants us to bow

I'm in bed, i am sick, waiting till he quits

he's hitting, can't stand the sounds,
i call for the monster,
i prefer the nightmare

no, no school today,
mom holds me in her arms,
she sits on my bed and tries to calm me down

no love was ever here, no love will ever be,
we have to make it from here,
we have to make it from the deep

i'm almost on the roof,
then i can dive,
then i can move

i dig it up, i let it breath,
am i the only one

the heart is a treasure in my hand,
i would be a good teacher instead,
dad is here, he is the boss,
the school will get locked,
it will fade away, and no one will mourn about the loss

raise him on the roof,
he has a good view there,
the eagle will fly,
we hold the spear tight,
they all know it inside

the frame is shaking,
the egg is falling,
the bird is flying

they come outside,
hands in their neck,

the indian shouts,
the crack is back

Jesus

So many jesuses out there,
in cafes, cowboys, fighting,
yes, they are fighting
in jesus cafes they sit,
they are fighting,
while the jesuses show the flowers in which to die,
to get crucified, to get a life,
such beautiful jesuses,
so beautiful,
lips like roses

these cafes are at the sea, yes,
at the rivers and the lakes,
there they sit,
and play guitar,
their long hair played by the wind,
yes, they are guitars,
they are playing with my mind,
and the sunlight plays with them,
they are guitars, no pianos,
no, they have never been

there was this crack in the wall,
through which we saw the roses,
we had to play it fast,
and then sliding in slowly

spotted sailor

i like to eat from this nature,
i like to eat from the sand,
the dirty shores of this river proclaim your name,
you are the spotted sailor

bare naked we swim in the wine,
the death is here, but we know how to play the game,
there are wild flowers all around,
we go from spot to spot,
to get marked by nature,
yes, we are spotted

he hangs in the sails,
the waters are frozen

Nighttrain II
Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet

Boys from Lynx
touch of the jelly-fish

I only wore your trousers ...

It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. Mr. Wasp was never merciful while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through the smoke of my mind.

Your forests were cold, I could never really fear its length. My mother is still wandering there, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. Some say he's the travestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath.

Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind.

The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages.

You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them.
Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on
your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain.

Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams.

Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-
buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I
couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. They come from too far places, wearing
a too deep linen smile to trust.

Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences.
Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on.

Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. You
forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.

I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me.
These were the only things I used to wear. Bees painted my body to protect me
against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your sunday's kid.
You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. I will never forget your soft
embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart.

Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles weaved
throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. I
still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-
bees. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats.
I burried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.

Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters,
she looks like you, father.

waiters in old amsterdam

How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground.

They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old
host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. They still want to marry his sirens.

They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. They
sell everything, but the prices are too high. The watches aren't working anymore, but
the buyers like the flavors of it. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops

at the canals. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops.

They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They are playing marbles with eyes.

Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate.

He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?

A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history.

Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.

Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit.

All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.

Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world.

palace of failure

Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen, but you are a blind child.

You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls.

Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright.

But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.

A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down.

Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football, your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.

You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack.

Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer, but the domino-prince is still on your side. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.

the cook's book

Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra, you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhh.

You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours.

Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream.

The old domino-stairway is cracking. At the top the princess of bagdad is crying tears of lost games. She knows where you went through. She was always by your side. Her

tears are mixing with yours, breaking the chains. No more games to play, they are all lost, trying to find their ways back to the hearts of little children. Don't care for a game, they bring nothing but tears.

She feels his hands touching her's. The thorns are coming to the surface of his hands. She feels nothing but stings. The old wasp comes to the top of the stairs, showing them three marbles.

The little buffoon-puppet is hiding itself in a corner of the domino-stairs, having a long knife in it's little hands. Little killer-dictionaries are hiding behind the black buttons of his suit.

When the old wasp shows the first marble, they attack.

The prince wrestles with dictionaries, with old languages from deep pits. His trousers are getting wet, his mornings are turning red. At the top of the stairs, the princess of bagdad is still crying. He feels her tears running through his trousers, reaching for his boots. The old shoe speaks all languages, the old shoe knows all names.

The boys of lynx are running up the old domino-stairs, stinging the pearls of the old dictionaries. The power of the wasp. These were the letters of the cook's book, following echo's of a mind turned upside down.

The little hotel is blushing again, the walls wearing new smoke.

little buffoon

Smoke comes from your little house in the desert. You are cooking the whole day, creating games to play. Chess-apples were your speciality. You stole the smoke from the old host's soup. Little smoke-maker, little game-breaker, little sun of purple devils, you wore the crowns of the cardgame-cooks.

Smoke is entering the billiards-room. The old gambler gives you a glass of milk to drink. He likes your funny speech, and he feels sorry for your lost dog.

The walls here are painted by a little truant, doing black jobs to pay his schoolbooks. The stories are getting sadder.

And now you are sitting here on your high bar-chair, drinking beers streaming on the old gambler's money. You invented this box, you created this jail of numbers.

There's nothing left to say, orphans are dying in the cold, and you choose your own champions, writing your own dictionaries with broken pencils, dripped in blood.

Horror with a difficult smile, but you know your rats at the backstage of this circus, kissing the wings of spiders turned upside down. You knew the cook very well, but you never dared to look in his face. Because you were so afraid to lose a game, you started to create your own games, in which you would always be the champion. Your selfmade pawns would always choose you as the president.

The smoke of the little drunk buffoon was rising up in the hills of the cold deserts. The sand was getting colder throughout the years, sealing the graveyards of old eyes.

A sea of broken glasses was lying before my eyes, with waves roaring against the storms.

The little buffoon was sailing his ship to the cave of dwarfs.

Birthday cakes were rising from the deep cave of dwarves, for their gratitude to the little buffoon was big, but he couldn't enjoy his cakes. He missed his parents, but he also hated them.

He feels the old rotten foundling-basket again, swallowing his blankets away.

Killroy was here

Boys from Lynx, waiters under the host's command, foundlings from the beginning, wearing the stings of wasps in their bodies. Being a wasp, searching for the wasp-nest. They always loved their little purple buffoon-doll. Millions of stings flying through the air, searching for the big eye to enter.

Swallowing a fourty-thousand million of wasps. Still an unusual thing to do.

Dark echo's are watching my mind. Tall liquid sirens are dragging their rivers with silver boots. They sold their tails to the sky.

The canals of amsterdam have been dried out. The little purple puppet is looking for his lost house.

His little ring is aching his finger. The old foundling-basket is swallowing his mind.

Burn these baskets, said the old wasp. It's soap in the little hotel for so many years, but the little purple puppet doesn't know that.

Tattoos of old wasp-stings are covering my body. I can still read the comics on my skin, I never have to buy a newspaper or a magazine. Graffiti on my boots, graffiti on my t-shirt. Killroy was here, Hitler and Montevani.

These are the dreams, these are the gifts. I never have to buy them, they come through my open windows, entering near to the edge of my bed.

I'm lying on my bed, sifting my dreams, kissing the baskets of wasps. Thanks to them I can dream, thanks to them I can forget. The stings enter my bloodstreams, breaking my heart out of the game. The little purple puppet is still my friend, after all these years sailing the purple fairytales. He knows what it is to be a foundling. We never talk about games, we never talk about the venom of old licorice. We just sail, chasing after forgotten wasps, forgotten dreams.

His poison is entering my mind. It doesn't hurt me, it heals me. For finally I have a friend who shares his pain with me, and he reflects who I am. He reflects my dreams and my tears, my fears and my scars. When I look at him, I see the enchanted mirror, and then I can understand myself.

Thank you for wandering together with me, thank you for drinking the same tears, from the same source. Thank you for the library you brought to my heart, the library of my life.

I will never watch this movie again. I will throw it into the sea. But the memories I have, I will keep them close to my heart. I will not forget what others forgot. I will not forbid what others forbade. I will be free in a garden of space and breath, from my own mind and my own place. This place is the heart of the little purple puppet.

in the waspnest

Entering the waspnest, drinking the juices with old story-teller-wasps, is the best you can do when your ship has been sunk. It is even better than burning memories with a little purple puppet. The old sailor-wasps are good to listen and to talk to.

The little princess from bagdad is bathing in the sea. Teardrops are sticking as jellyfishes at her body. She saw the second marble of the old wasp. She's drowning her mind in an old basket, bearing a secret in her heart. The wasps are getting her attention, drawing her to the waspnest, where I am sitting on a linen decorated chair, in fragile linen pyama's. This waspnest is in the midst of the big eye. She shows me a book of honey, and I'm licking it, but my face is turning blue and purple. It is so

delicious, but the girl sais it's another dictionary to read. It's a language of wasps, a zooming alphabet. The tears are rolling from her eyes, for the letters hurt her and her throat is swollen.

In the sea of tears an electric eel is swimming. No tear can stick at his body.

The tears of the dentist can not reach his mind, he doesn't know his docter's name.

The boys of lynx are still breeding the blind, leading them to the hills of destiny. No one will pay your bills, no one will free your cats. The destiny is two hills away from the little hotel.

The third marble reflects the fragments of the jellyfish's face.

Can I have some rest between the seconds ? You have six seconds to enter the fire.

Can I have some beds between your breaths ? I will check in ten minutes if you did your homework.

The teacher jumps to a board of domino-soldiers. They are shooting with playcard-bullets. It seems the game isn't over. The jellyfish is smoking his pipe. Entering a stage makes the party different. No dress can wash away your make-up. Billiards-soldiers are entering the gallery, the pawns are fainting one by one. The secret suicide-princess is watching the mirror-faces of her draught-soldiers. She can't stand one smile, and will start to scream until the tear is falling.

Vela's old soldiers are encircling the billiards-room. Giant-dice are watching the foam.

I'm walking along the old aldebaran's canals, blowing away some tiny little toy-ships. An old spanish santa-clause called alva is watching my names. He's burning the shadows of old marbles in my skin. An old vela-soldier shaking his head.

Does he know the thief of bagdad ? The trains of the west seem to end in snow. Where are the mar-plots, where are the kill-joys ?

A spanish prince, gathering the old fruits, caring for the old people. Wearing his mother's old fruit-rags sewed at his shirt, and his father's old fruit-statues clipped at his trousers, skating the lakes of the suicide princess, looking for his last pseta to burn.

Skating the marshes, he's looking for the prince of rats, the little truant-boy. I know why you didn't see school, I know why you didn't look into the eyes of the spanish santa-clause. You saw the blood in the teacher's eye. Now you're running with rats, looking for your lost paradise between old gossip-magazines, painting your lips everyday by it's gathered blood. They think you are the queen of advocates, the

stinging doorhandle of a dentist's breath, but you are a cheeky newspaper-boy,
running with your rats in the alleys of london.

I'm diving deep into the waters of the pink-blue snake's bed. My eyes are full of tears.
I saw the deer-dog running to grandmother's city and back. Her dreams are still
surrounding my arms, having a tool to swim.

I was always afraid to enter this old alley. The smoke was killing another camouflage.
My brother always asked for cigars from the big boys, breaking them when they
arrived by post. My mother always told us to take candy from strangers, and bringing
it to her for some cruel underground conspiracies. We were never allowed to shake
their hands.

I saw a killerbird wearing three feathers in the wind. My mother used to seal their
lips, while they entered the garden. Whispers were bringing ice-creams from the
nothing, and an overdose of pride is still watching our memories. They are back, but
now they have been changed.

I call for twenty teachers racing a long hairy car in the desert. They are looking for the
little purple puppet. The eyes of a mill-maid are staring at my coffee-cups. I feel cold
breezes entering my trousers again. They are looking for my suspenders.

the spanish castle

The dream-prince is counting his twenty play-cards. He eats from the spanish
treasures.

No one would ever know the horror of this place. The little puppet wrote twenty
books on the topic. Horror with a glass of wine. A black book of horror with some
salt. Three decades without any apricot, is a long time for a pirate with a split
character. Which face will he choose today ? My grandmother is drying her apricots in
old fancy silver books, speaking about a past without soldiers.

The apricot-tree would be the last thing I would look at. I had too many nightmares
dripping from it's leaves. It took my grandfather three full days to walk it's perimeter.
He's still walking in cubes, leaving deep moisty boot-prints from mysterious giants,
echoing through the several bottoms of the old planet. They are still hunting my
dreams, spitting my old animal-pals. He's too protective, his walls are too thick, his
blankets too heavy.

His mourning giants with funerals in their eyes, dripping old golden coffee, are looking for a dragon, standing on a beach, watching the desert.

The little boy is painting his killer-buffoons, watching his red chess. He's standing on his black mountain, far away from the little hotel. It's still floating to lose it's chains.

The little princess is having her birthday. The little purple puppet won't come. He is inventing a new place.

Dark nights are entering the coffee-house in little bagdad. The spanish teacher has a soft and pleasant voice. It wasn't what you expected, the blinding sting was your daddy's hand. Thorns in the sand are reminding you of the sea. It's treasures are spanish delights, and now you are reading melting braille again. It's dripping from the sun to the skies, softening your heart's ideas.

Finally you see your father's paintings melting, the spanish fire holds you tight. You see the cities melt into a funnel, spinning fading spirals in the air. In the sands of Jupiter a spanish girl is building castles of sand and salt. The waves come to break these treasures every morning. She doesn't know about domino-princes. She's building her own paths. She knows a leather dragon, having toothaches. Her giants are walking too heavy, wearing too heavy suits. Her birds cannot fly because of the heavy feathers. Feathers of iron, feathers of stone. The walls of her castle are so thick that there is no space in the rooms. Only the little ones can live there. Every morning she goes to the beaches watching the roaring waves break her little castles, with tears in her eyes. The tears she sells to the boys of lynx, for a cup of coffee. She is still blind, crying blind tears.

I am drawing new rooms at the walls of her castle, the giants take their place.

From dust to dust the grey snake slides. But I drew too much.

Purple and yellow are still your colours, while orange is raking your sea-gardens.

Nighttrain III

Flowerflies'

Rythms

Tze-ra and Marra walked along the tall river of the jungle. They couldn't expect how their day would turn. The air was smelling sweet, while flowerflies covered the trees and the bushes. They remembered how long ago the flowerflies had set this land free, and it was like they were still charged by the jewelry of these days invisible jewelry It was like an invisible sword in their head always connecting them to

the flowerflies It was a love-connection Marra always talked a lot about the past, how the flowerflies had set her free, and how she met Tze-ra. They became good, intimate friends. Tze-ra enjoyed the tenderness of Marra, the way she was subtle, polite and dignified. Together they lived in a cabin made of reed. There wasn't much to do this day, but suddenly a black snake appeared before them. The black snake was very friendly, and he said he was on his way to Daklam Palace, a place in the East of the Jungle. 'Why don't you come with me ?' the snake asked. 'Don't be shy.'

Because they didn't have anything else to do, Marra and Tze-ra went with the snake. Daklam Palace was a beautiful ambient place, like a covered jungle, so dignified. There was love and peace here, and so many flowerflies. The black snake showed them the treasures of the place, together with some jeweled weapons. Because of these weapons the atmosphere was always peaceful, as the weapons lived a life on their own, and were overprotective towards the jungle of Daklam Palace. Not many knew about Daklam Palace. It was still a silent place and overprotective, in the sense that it didn't attract danger. There were too many mysterious traps which cared that no troubles could be made. Daklam Palace was like a monument of the jungle. The flowerflies had worked so hard to get this work done. There were beautiful jungle-gardens covered by chrystal and the most precious stones. These gardens were full of the most enchanting flowers and of course a lot of flowerflies. However, once in many years, a spider-king always seemed to show up, taking many prisoners to his realms. He had a ship in which he lived and ruled the oceans. These oceans were full of spiderwebs and snakeslime. He just harpooned his victims, and caught them by his nets, and then he moved away. And after years he always seemed to return, but now the black snake had been called by those of Daklam Palace, and the black snake thought he could use Tze-ra and Marra very well, as the spider-king was about to return to Daklam Palace. Slowly the black snake slid through the gardens, on his way to the beach, while Marra and Tze-ra followed him. In the distance they saw the ship. It was a ship they had never seen before, so huge. It was like the sun was striking the sight. It was in these dark oceans so many strange things were happening. Tze-ra now understood why Daklam Palace was such a silent place. It was because of the spider-king. Of course there were a lot of flowerflies, but not many would visit the place, and the place was pretty unknown. There was a silence here and an emptiness she couldn't describe. When the ship came closer to the beach of Daklam Palace, in front of the gardens, they saw it was like a ghostship. It was like a shadow was about to cover Daklam Palace.

The spider-king was shrieking on his ship. He looked like a pirate, and also his ship was like a pirate-ship, but it had a strange edge, a strange sweep, like an unknown almost dreadful rhythm. The black snake came from far, and he was about to defeat the spider-king. But in a sense she didn't know if she could trust the black snake. It was like Tze-ra fell in love with the ship the closer it came towards them. But where was Marra? Suddenly many pirate-like spiders jumped from the ship into the ocean and swam to the beach. Tze-ra was on her guard. Soon Daklam Palace was covered by webs and nets, and many of the flowerflies got trapped. Tze-ra was already in a fight against a spider-watchman, and soon Marra came to help her. The black snake slid into the ocean and swam towards the huge ship. They tried to harpoon him but his skin was too hard and too thick. Quickly he could slide on the ship and entered. The spider-king was in rage, and it was like he felt in such a weakness, but then to rise up in a major strength. His big eyes almost pierced the black snake. But the black snake was quick like an arrow and slid across the mast to break it down finally, while the sail was falling down to cover the spider-king. The spider-king took his harpoon to shoot a net at the snake, and soon the snake got caught, and hang close to the ship. The snake couldn't escape the net, as it was sinking into the sea. But suddenly there were more black snakes, and soon the spider-king couldn't go anywhere.

In the distance Tze-ra could see how the black snakes pushed the spider-king away from the ship, and when she and Marra had defeated the spider-watchman they jumped into the waters and swam towards the ship. It was an amazing feeling to climb on a ship like this. Deep in the ship they found so many treasures and so many cages full of flowerflies. Quickly they opened the cages. Meanwhile the black snakes were setting Daklam Palace free from the nets and the webs. Many flowerflies wanted to stay on the ship, and also to Tze-ra and Marra that sounded like a good idea. But another ship was coming in the distance. And even more ships were appearing. One ship was the ship of the spider-prince. Tze-ra expected it would turn out in a new war, but it seemed that the spider-king had also terrorized them, so they were glad that Tze-ra was now the owner of the ship. She wanted to make the oceans overprotected, and she became good friends with the spider-prince. He wasn't a threat to the ship, and neither were the other ships.

Tze-ra loved to climb to the heights of the ship, just to have a wonderful survey across the oceans. There wasn't a ship as huge as hers on the oceans, and that's why she could get everything quiet and peaceful. And it didn't take her too long to make

an ambient overprotected jungle of these oceans full of spiderwebs, nets, and snakeslime. It was her idea to make the ocean not the ocean anymore. She had now a jungle-ship, and the waves below her were like a palace to her. She could penetrate the jungle like it was her own place, and the flowerflies seemed to be very comfortable with the idea. They were in her surroundings all the time, and spread themselves more and more to cover this growing palace of nature. Tze-ra was now like a pirate on her jungle-ship, as she had been sent out to establish the traps full of long periods, lengthy traps like bow-nets, covered up by so many of her friends, the flowerflies. These traps cared that no one could leave the palace, and no one could enter in, and they also cared that no one could make any trouble. Nature like this took care of itself, stirred up by the strange sweeps of the flowerflies, an almost sensual and very mysterious rythm, which seemed to come from a deep darkness, a darkness even Tze-ra didn't know much about. It was an overprotected darkness, coming from a mysterious haunted pit in the depths of the ocean-jungle. It was like palaces, tall palaces of flowerflies came forth from this pit, and one day Tze-ra went there with her ship. Soft vibrating rythms and overvibrating sounds seemed to lure her from there. So she moved her ship towards the gigantic pit which was like a whirlpool. It was like she heard the jungle-heart beating, like she could almost holding it in her hands, while so many lights were dressing her up like jewelry, so fragile and so wealthy, like the treasures of a jungle she knew nothing about. There was something in her voice, like a strange lust, or was it a curiosity ... when so many wet flowerflies seemed to embrace her, to take her away into the depths of the wet wet pit of the ocean-jungle. They were almost holding her heart, piercing it by their enigmatic songs. It was here she was like losing her tongue to so many vibrating, overwhelming sounds, in which her heart bathed, not able to speak anymore, not able to add anything to the show. It was here she almost lost her life, as she couldn't take it anymore. It was almost seducing her, while sad voices were luring her, deeper and deeper. It was like Tze-ra embraced this new nature, which was almost like flowing now above her head. These were jungle-waves, waves of miraculous lights, not devastating, but overprotective, sensuous and even charming, but so polite and so dignified. It was a subtle nature, becoming darker and darker before her eyes, sucking her in, together with her ship, and so many flowerflies. It seemed many of them knew this place already, and it was like they were holding their breath.

Now Tze-ra had found her love, her passion, when soft rythms seem to awake in her mind, like the gift of this tremendous nature. She was open to it, as a child to toys. It was a place where many nightshifts and ladybugs seemed to live, like soldiers. But they weren't fighting. They were overprotective, in this strange darkness. It almost

made her cry. The creatures were very sad, like walking with heavy weights, but at the same time something strong was stirring them up, something which seemed to flow from inside. It was here she couldn't think about herself anymore. She was like a fire losing herself to nature. She had flames around her neck, setting her in a strange fire, like liquid lights, and suddenly she wasn't able to touch herself anymore. No one of these creatures had actually a self. They had lost themselves in this gigantic nature, and they were now like wind and fire, switching over from place to place, from direction to direction. They were free. Suddenly there were so many explosions before her. A gate was opening itself, and she floated through it with her ship. She was now like ten to twelve flames, coming together and then separate, and they seemed to change places all the time. She was now in liquid fire, in lava, not knowing herself anymore, who she was, where she was going to and it set her mind free She had been enchanted by this nature, like she was in a deep sleep Was this the place where dreams came from ? It all seemed to be so hopeless all of a sudden like this nature wouldn't have any change to survive when it would show up through the pit but she had a small, tall flame of hope her last hope It was the last straw of a life she couldn't forget for she needed to lose her mind to become insane insane enough to go through this gate, which was vibrating before her It wouldn't let her in if she wouldn't give herself completely away Suddenly she stood strong on her ship The colours attracted her These were in all shades of pink, red, purple and white. It was a show before her eyes, while even softer and multi-vibrating sounds, voices and rythms seem to awake strangely and subtile in her mind Her feelings seemed to react to it finally, and also emotionally she had been drawn in, by these strange lights It was to get her sane really sane overprotected and most of all loved But could she trust what was going on ? She felt that all she needed was to be loved and it had to be bizar for the normal life was too dangerous She had the feeling she didn't come anywhere, but this was something else It wasn't rude, but subtile It didn't go fast, but slow and steady She needed to lay herself down for awhile, as the soft ocean was overflowing her, in so many miraculous way This was a sensuous hidden ocean-jungle She found herself finally, after losing herself to it. But it felt like a trap. She couldn't move for awhile, she was so tired. To her there was no other way. She had to spend time with this, to know more secrets of the dark jungle. She wasn't afraid of traps anymore, as finally she would find her way in, becoming stronger, like being in a cocoon It was a way of life. It was like touching the sides of her she didn't know yet, and it came to life she came to life

The nightshift-prince was smiling to her And also the face of the ladybug-prince was appearing 'We will keep her warm,' another voice said. 'You have a wonderful ship, like you came from heaven Welcome to the hell of the jungle Welcome to hell' Softly, but very tired, still very tired, Tze-ra started to ask questions about how they lived here. But they didn't answer, or she couldn't hear it anymore She woke up in a warm room close to a garden In the garden there were ladybugs, butterflies, strange flies, but also many flowerflies She had survived the journey to this purple hell. Pink soft lights seem to surround her, and caused so many weaknesses in her body, but it seemed it triggered a deep and mysterious strength, coming to her in strange rhythms Some of these rhythms were very slow It was like a show of weaknesses and strength how they worked together loved and lived in miraculous rhythms coming alive. It was playing in her mind and body It was playing in her feelings and emotions, while warmth seemed to ejaculate like a volcano deep inside. It was these kind of shows she liked, bringing her to peace. She stepped into the garden, walked through it to reach the beach where her ship was. Everything was still the same, but charged by the shows of light. Weaknesses seemed to come like flashes over her, penetrating her, but at the same time strength was flowing, letting her make subtle movements, not forming any threat to the fragile nature around her. They could accept her now, and she was free. It was like a ritual, like a religion, but not an evil one, even not religious, but more delirious, confused in the concept of religion. It was insane, but at the same time it was as sane as her thoughts about ladybugs and nightshifts, of peaceful creatures trying to make anything of the mess. This was their temple, this was their palace. She lived in fear, the fear of losing her dreams She wasn't afraid of the nightmare, but she was afraid to lose her dream Although she hoped an even better dream would grasp her, even more overprotective, like an older brother The flowerflies cared for her, comforted her, and she knew they would travel with her. She went to her ship, and she saw this dark ocean. She could turn it into a jungle, but they had to give her time. She knew the fear and the sadness was coming forth from this dark ocean, like there were things happening there, like heavy weights, not many knew about strange things chaos like the doom of the thunder What could she expect when she would sail these oceans ? The flowerflies started to cover the oceans in fast tempo She watched their shows, but suddenly a creature was rising up Heads were moving fast Almost from out of the nothing the ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were at her side It was like she couldn't do anything. The creature started to eat away so many of the flowerflies, and was swimming in a fast rhythm to the ship. There was not much she could when the enormous creature opened his mouth and swallowed the ship. She was now in the trap. But inside things seemed to

be different. It was like a temple. Flowerflies were looking at her. It seemed to be a strange ship. A pirate was staring at her. 'You're dead already,' he murmured. But suddenly he smiled, stood up, took her hands, and started to dance. She just played the game with him, as she started to like him a bit. He was open to her, and showed her the songs who would lead her through the night. These songs were the shows of life. There wasn't a rythm like this. 'What is making these oceans so dark ?' she asked. The pirate showed her some dark songs. He didn't do them often, but it was enough to set everything in fire. The penetration always took a long time. She didn't know what he was talking about. 'I waited for you,' he spoke. I've been keeping this nightmare up for such a long time, as so many creatures have been bound to it. I don't want to let it sink into the darkness, away from our grasp. If it would sink away it would be lost forever, so I had to hold it up, and play it once in awhile. I know you and your flowerflies can adapt it to the jungle. I know you can make a beautiful, overprotecting show of it The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince have told me a lot about you They have watched you for such a long time, hoping you would ever come to their kingdom Wishes can come true These flowerflies are such a good recyclers You are welcome' It didn't take too much time for Tze-ra and her flowerflies to make an amazing jungle-show of these dark and deep oceans. Her ship even became bigger when they recycled the beast who had swallowed the ship. It became a part of the decoration and accesoires. Tze-ra was proud, but she was thinking about the depths of this ocean Why would the pirate be so afraid that the nightmare would sink away in it ? To her it was a challenge to search for the deeper nightmares as she could imagine that many things would have been swallowed away by the sea throughout the ages.

It was like the flight of the flowerflies, like lullabies, to soften the atmosphere, all she could think about were the hidden palaces of nature The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were still at her side, while the pirate they had sent to Daklam Palace where he would come to rest. He had carried such a weight for such a long time. He wouldn't belief his eyes when he would return one day. Tze-ra wasn't afraid of any nightmare, and she even wasn't afraid of losing her dreams anymore, as she now knew to what it was good for. She could easily forget and remember, as she was a traveler, sent out to make everything good. She would leave every place for the places beyond and the places below it. In this she was very tight. Her jungle-ship would not just defeat, but rather harmonize. It was her wisdom and her feeling for show which was her best weapon, although she knew that her wisdom could block a higher and deeper wisdom trying to break through. This was why she kept her mind sane by leaving her dreams. The flowerflies would do the rest. It was a long night in

which she sailed into the depths of the dark ocean, through it's pits and whirlpools, in search for the lost parts. These parts had been so heavy that no one could bear them anymore. She lost herself again in so many ways, becoming crazy in so many manners, and she started to bow down under the weight, under the pressure, like someone was holding her hands behind her back to tie them. It was here she started to long to be free, as the chains which kept her locked up were tearing her. She screamed to god, while she knew the devil was god here. It was his place, and he didn't like visitors. But she didn't want to belief in evil. She believed in harmony, in the flowerflies. The devil was a prince here, like a strange insect. It could scream like no one else. And it could shriek, while in a sense it looked like a goat and a butterfly. It was the butterfly-prince. He was tall, and could sting. He was rich and had a fleet. No one could shriek like him. No one could bring fear like him. He made a strange noise with his legs, in a strange rythm. 'Why did you come here ?' he shrieked to Tze-ra. Suddenly he jumped in the air, grasped a liana from a web and could come into Tze-ra's ship. Now Tze-ra could see one of his legs was of iron, and the other was like strange wood. He looked like a pirate. He had one eye. His arms had many hooks. His head looked like a skull, and he had many rings and many earrings. Also his hat was full of rings, and further his coverings. He had a short beard, and a very small moustache. He was too mysterious to describe. Many would not give him any chance, the way he looked so suspicious so dangerous so bizar, almost threatening He had a lethal appearance, dreadfull, but at the same time funny, like a joke. Tze-ra didn't laugh She didn't know if she would want to have anything to do with this man He looked so undignified, impolite, arrogant, and most of all someone she couldn't trust although he tried to act nice to her he tried to charm her But this was not the type of man she had in her thoughts someone like this If she would meet him somewhere else and he would invite her to come away with him, she would laugh He was too suspicious and with mean intentions too dangerous to be charming as it would be hell to fall in his evil hands And the way he tried to cover this up for her and to look innocence was too funny to take him serious. This man was a total zero in her eyes, and she knew that even it was the first time she saw him, she knew him already for a hundred years This man was the devil, and maybe even the father of all devils. The only thing she liked about him were his coverings in a sense, and the rythms which seemed to surround him, the almost sensual rythms the mystery This man was an enigma After awhile he got in a rage because of her attitute ... He took his knife, and also she took her knife, and a long fight started How long it took she couldn't remember, but it was a battle in which she lost everything, and got into such a rage that she finally tore him apart, very slowly, like she wanted to enjoy and establish all

the seconds in which she would have her freedom back. The flowerflies took care of his watchmen which were often victims It was a battle she wouldn't forget too easy, but soon she had taken over his complete fleet, and made it hers. It was like she had conquered him finally by a dream, and she had his show in her hands. She wanted to forget about this man, but she wanted to learn about his rhythms, his traps, to recycle it into hers. It was her show, and the show of so many flowerflies, who seemed to cover the fleet more and more since she stroke. It was in these days she seemed to take up her sword, and started to learn the meaning of war, to be a warrior. She became the terrible one of the jungle, the mysterious heritage of something no one could grasp. It was by her life she protected and recycled the jungle, into a subtle sensuous place. But many knew of her name now. She could raise her ship to the heights of existence, and it seemed that now the jungle itself was lord. She was a sensuous creature. When she laughed, she only laughed for the moment, as there was enough sadness still luring her, waiting for her, to show her their mysteries and secrets. In this she was polite, very patient, but something in her was bubbling, like a rage. She wanted to be overprotective, someone others could count on, but she demanded that everyone became like her, that everyone would follow her, not to be her, but to find their own place in this new nature. In this there were many options, as she wasn't a dictator. There were many options in this overprotective palace, but everything seemed to flow one direction, like in a jungle-show, a manifestation of pure power, sensitive to and coming forth from weakness, a fast weakness, and a slow strength, still dignified till the end. She was a presence in this jungle, but she also raised others in this presence, or just to leave to give room to others, room to develop themselves, and room to follow her. In this she was tight, as she was sensitive to threats. She wouldn't allow any danger to come in her jungle. The flowerflies took care of that. She met many more princes. Some to fight, others to love. There wasn't a real code in her behaviour, as she was always changing, always in progression.

One day she found out she had to stop what she was doing. A strange creature on one of her travels threw her into a pit in which she got locked up. It was a pit of the most horrible stinging insects. It was not only the change of her, but also the change of nature. It was here she didn't believe in herself anymore, and even not in a self, and not in an other. She had become one with nature. She was now nothing and everything, blended as one in so many ways and so many directions She couldn't speak The flame she had been spread now into the things she wasn't. She found out that the self was a prison she had to overcome, she had to escape from. There wasn't a faster way to her enlightenment than this, although it took it's

time. Very slowly the palace had to be built. She could only dream in this pit, only sinking deeper, until she couldn't sink any deeper, but found the hard ground below her feet. It was here she started to experience love, as the flowerflies found her, and brought her through these hard days of imprisonment. She didn't know where she was, and most of all : she didn't know why. She became bitter, jealous, revengeful, and mad, but one day a golden thread had been sent out to her. She took the thread and it appeared to be honey. She heard the laughing, and she realized that others were having fun because of her. She knew it was the way it is. However the honey made her sweet, and it kept streaming since then. It was like she didn't have to live in that terrible, devastating hunger again. The honey built itself layer by layer, and it took her higher. Now she found out how deep this pit was, as it took the dripping honey years to finally reach the edge of the pit. If she wouldn't have eaten from it, she would be out of the pit earlier, but then she would have died of hunger. And she wondered why they were all laughing Maybe it was because ... of the honey

They called her honey these strange creatures She didn't see the creature who once threw her into the pit The creatures were laughing, smiling and she had to admit it was a strange way a strange path It was like she had lost her marbles, but now she found them back they were more beautiful than she thought they were She had honey in her eyes she saw things different She was on her way to the deeper graves to the deeper secrets She ate a lot of honey, and it had made her sweet Where she was, she didn't know Once in awhile she saw a flowerfly something which reminded her of the past They were everywhere They were her friends Her ship was now in oceans of honey which meant that it wasn't there anymore It had been gone at least it was what the creatures had told her as she had been the prisoner of that ship They assured her that now others were on the ship fulfilling her works She could never return She had to move on The past was gone now

One day they showed her the oceans of honey She could come in peace here She loved walking on the beach while they assured her the flowerflies would make everything okay.

The End

Nighttrain IV

Morningdew

I wake up after a long night,
It has been a long fight,
You're still sleeping,
But I watch over you ...
My mouth is full of honey,
My mouth is full of morningdew
Oh, morningdew, you came with so many soldiers,
To set me free, it is a delight,
You take me by the hand,
I'm with you in the sand,
This desert is no longer hard because of you

Nighttrain V

1. TAAN NAAT ; Book of the Indian Hunger Flies ; Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem.

2. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy.

3. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves.

4. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

5. Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her.

6. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlight your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

7. I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.

8.

Who are you ?

I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat.

Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs.

I do.

Good.

9. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.

10. The white stone is the stone of enslavery and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ?

11. One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat.

12. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krupto manna, the hidden manna.

13. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali.

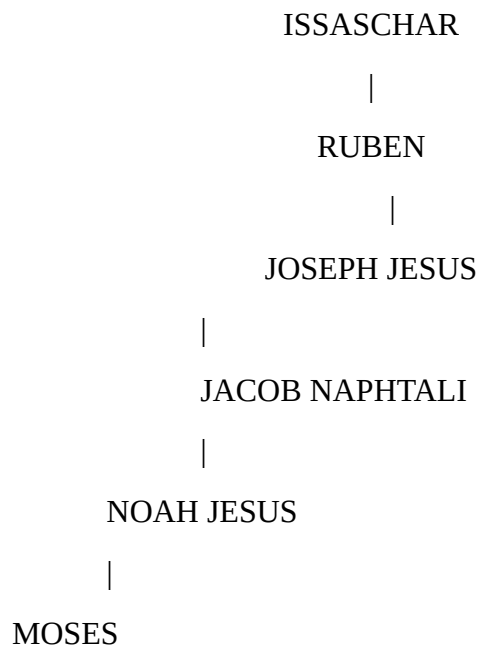
14. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc.

15. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar.

16. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him.

17. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

18.



19. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart.

20. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating.

21. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder.

22. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed.

23. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life.

24. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire.

25. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace.

26. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love.

27. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh.

28. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat.

29. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors.

30. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashepheh, the three holy stones.

31. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites.

32. Samson was a highpriest who once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar.

33. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple.

34. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple.

35. They were never kings.

36. Jacob lied a lot.

37. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah, Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig.

Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders.

38. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise.

39. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return.

40. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days.

41. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity.

42. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thorn crown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neckchain. It's not about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life.

43. Ring=armory of hunger

Ham=discernment, unmasking, light

Kjibbih=hungerpriest

Varu=time

44. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed.

45. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into

the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again.

46. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne.

47. They have hardened their hearts and have zombificated the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement.

48. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four worldchurches.

49. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions.

50. In the night they lose their powers and are bison. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live.

51. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships.

52. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement.

53. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night.

54. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

TAAN NAAT

Book of the Indian Hunger Flies

Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem. There

is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his apha, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower.

Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay

? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language.

She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlight your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in.

Who are you ?

I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat.

Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs.

I do.

Good.

You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell.

The white stone is the stone of enslavery and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ? One is a

victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krupto manna, the hidden manna. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

ISSASCHAR

|

RUBEN

|

JOSEPH

JESUS

|

JACOB

NAPHTALI

|

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|

MOSES

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Ring=armory of hunger

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Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed.

The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again.

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Euridyce was the mother of Orpheus. They were together in a boat on a river while Orpheus was playing his instruments like the panflute and the lyre. They were approaching the portals of death, but the porter, a griffon came into a fight with Orpheus, and wouldn't let them enter, while the rivers were turning into blood. This is the story how the rivers turned into blood. They followed the river back and came into a beautiful paradise, where his mother let Orpheus fall in love with a tree, but his loved one was unreachable. She came alive once in the hundred years as a beautiful woman and they had a wonderful night. The tree brought forth three children : Perseus, Medusa and Lilith. One day they took their father's boat and went to the portals of death where they slayed the griffon. They entered the realm of death while the river began to stink horribly. Their father slowly died, and his spirit could enter the realm of death as well. From this place he started to grow like a tree as well, and grew back to the paradise where he could grow into his loved one.

Hercules had a garden with enchanting flowerfields which could paralyze you or bring you to sleep. The ones who got lost in these fields finally died and their souls would flow to Hercules' heaven. But one day a baker's child came into the fields and took the flowers to turn them into meal. Then the child slayed Hercules and threw the meat and blood through the meal to bake bread. Then the child made slaves of the bread. Hercules, who was a child of Lilith, went to his mother for help. She showed him that the baker's child had this power because of a ring. There was only one ring who

would be powerful enough to beat the ring of the baker's child. Hercules would have to travel through the realms of death to find it. It was a golden ivory toe-ring. His mother anointed him, gave him food and a robe with a boat. Hercules travelled through the nights of death and finally found the ring, but it enslaved him and drew him into the depths of suffering. In his suffering Hercules lost all his knowledge and wisdom, as the ring burnt him inside. Whoever heard his voice would die since then. Hercules returned to his mother and she also died when she heard his voice. Then he went up to the baker's child and the same happened. Hercules started to eat from the bread and got his life back.

Cronos and Zeus were brothers. They already were in war against each other when they were in the womb of their mother Hera. When they grew up the war between the two went on, and their mother Hera would let others pay to watch it. Finally after years Zeus won the war and threw his brother Cronos into a pit. Those who watched the war wanted to have the entertainment continued so Hera said to them that Cronos was now fighting against snakes in the pit, and she let visitors of the pit pay her, but they never returned.

The Burning World

Jupiter and Mars were brothers and built a town together, but got into a fight against each other. Jupiter won and brought the whole world on the shoulders of Mars. Mars begged his brother to lighten his burden a bit, and then Jupiter said he would bring the world into flames, so that it would be a bit lighter. And since then the world was burning.

Vesta and Dionysus were sister and brother and had a sheepbreeding, but they never cared for the sheep. One day a speaking sheep came to their house and said : 'You have plenty of food with you all the time, but we have nothing to eat and live in hunger. And you always have a warm home, but in the winter we suffer from the cold. Can you do anything about that ?' Then Dionysus stood up and said : 'Yes, that is true. And we will do something about that.' But when the sheep was gone they didn't do anything. Then a year later the same sheep came to them again, and said : 'Dear master, why haven't you kept your promise ? Why didn't you listen to my words ?' Dionysus stood up and said : 'You are right. We will do something about that.' Then the sheep went away. But still nothing happened and after many years Dionysus said to Vesta : 'Let's go to the sheep and see how they are doing.' But when they came to the fields all sheep had died except the speaking sheep. 'How come you are still alive while the others died ?' Dionysus asked. Then the sheep said : 'All the others started to eat each other but it didn't satisfy their hunger. I ate from myself and it brought life to my flesh.'

'You have done well,' Dionysus said, and then he crowned the sheep and made him king.

Hades was a traveller. Once he travelled to an island far away and found there his loved one, Medea. But she lived together with Poseidon, a forestman. 'Why have you given yourself to this man ?' Hades asked. 'Am I not more than this savage one, and weren't your dreams about me not more and worthy to wait for ?'

'I needed someone to help the land grow and I needed someone to take care of my cattle, and I paid him with my love,' Medea said.

'But now I am here,' Hades said. 'Who do you choose, him or me.'

But Medea didn't say anything. Then Hades and Poseidon got into a fight against each other which grew into a war, so Medea escaped from the island, and went to another island where weapons grew

on the trees. She took a knife and went back to the other island where Hades and Poseidon were still in a fight against each other. She slayed Hades by her knife, and said : 'You weren't there when I was hungry, and you weren't there to help the land grow and breed my cattle.' Then they built a hut by the bones of Hades, and hung his head at a tall stake.

One upon a time Mercurius went to the house where Saturn and Pluto lived. They were about to play a game. After awhile when they were all gathered around the table, Cupido came in and said : 'Hello Saturn, my father, and Mercurius, my son.' Then Pluto stood up and started to laugh. 'It's obvious and clear that I will win the game,' he said. 'As I am a free man, and you are all bound to each other.' And Pluto got joyfull and started to drink. Then Apollo came in, and said : 'Pluto, I followed you to this house. You have spoken a lot of proud words about being so free and independent. You have spoken that you have all might. But your words fell down as seed and I came forth from it. I am your son. And you will face a big day.' Then Pluto started to ask questions about that big day, but Apollo didn't tell him anything, and started to drink also to become joyfull. Then Diana came in, she was the goddess of death, and she smiled. 'You are all bound to each other,' she said. 'Only I am free, as I am death, and you are all bound in my realm to each other, so I will win the game.' Then she also started to drink to become joyfull and said : 'You will all face the day of judgement, and all death will finally sink away into flames.' Then they heard screaming outside, and when they came outside they saw a fire they had never seen before. Out of the fire Neptunus came. He started laughing and said : 'Haven't I created heaven and earth and all what is in there ? Am I not the creator of judgement day ? Yes, by the winds I hold everything in it's place, as I am the god of winds. Do I not have the power to stir the fire and quench the fire ? I am the wind.' Then he said to Pluto : 'I have heard your boasting words, how you are almighty, free and independent. But these words follow you to judgement day and give birth to many children.' And then a fire like little children came out of the hand of Neptune and burnt Pluto down. And Neptune started to laugh, and said : 'I have heard about your lies, how you spoke many myths and told you were the god of death. These were lies as you are the god of lies.' And after these words Neptune took Diana and since then they ruled and lived in the house of play.

Juno was a woman living alone on a lonely island with a group of lions. One day a man named Vulcan came to the island, and got love for her, but she said he could only have her if he could defeat her lions. Vulcan had a long fight against the lions and they hurted him horribly and started to eat from his flesh. Because he couldn't defeat the lions Juno started to mock him. This made Vulcan very angry and he came into a fight against her. But because he had become very weak because of the lions she could do with him whatever she wanted, and she drew him to a cave where she tied him against the wall. Everyday the lions came to lick the blood from his body and to eat the flesh from his bones. Because Juno had put a spell on him, the flesh always grew on him again and also his blood filled him up again. One day a man named Faunus came to the island, and to him Juno did the same. Finally he also got tied against the wall of the cave, but the two men got love for each other and Juno started to become very jealouse. When a man named Silvanus came to the island she didn't treat him like she did to the other men. She needed him to make the men jealouse, so she took him to the cave and made love to him before the eyes of the bound men. This went on for years and years until a big ship came to the island with a warrior woman named Venus. When she came to the island she got attacked by the lions, but she slayed them all. When she came to the cave she got in a fight against Juno. She slayed her finally and made a magic drink from her blood to heal the men. She took them to her ship, but Silvanus body she tied at the front of the ship where she had pierced him. From the bodies of the lions she made magic bottles.

The sea-god Odin had a ship with two workers named Tantalos and Prometheus. One day another worker, Sisyphus, came aboard and the three played a strange game in the central room of the ship. The winner would get the only woman of the ship, named Proserpina. The losers would go with Aphrodite, the goddess of love, to suffer in the underworld. Tantalos won the game, while Sisyphus and Prometheus descended with Aphrodite into the underworld to suffer. After awhile Tantalos wasn't so happy anymore that he had won the strange game. He began to become worried about the other men, so he went to Odin and asked him if he could do anything for them. But Odin said the only thing he could do was to let them swap places every half year. Tantalos agreed, and every year he was with Aphrodite for half a year and the other half he was with Proserpina.

Hades has made many lies. Persephone wasn't the goddess of death but of love. She's a hunter on an island with her dogs, where she prepares food.

The Danaids weren't women who killed their men in the wedding night and got punished by the need to carry water to bottomless pits to pour it in. That was a lie of Hades. The Danaids are war-goddesses. Uranos is the god of fire, and Gaia is the goddess of flowers.

Styx = island of the dead

Viracocha rose from Styx as sun god

Huitzilopochtli = god of death

Tlaloc = sun god

Quetzcoatl = god of games

Mictlantecuhtli = sun god

Inti = god of the cross

Ixtab = warrior goddess

Ometecuhtli = sun god

Kukulcán = god of games

Ixchel = goddess of forests and fruitfulness

Tonatiuh = god of flowers

Tezcatlipoca = god of games

Xipe Totec = god of flowers

Ah Puch = god of war. He once challenged the sun for a game. If he would win the sun would have to carry him, but if he would lose he would have to carry the sun. He lost and since then he carries the sun on his shoulders as a big burden.

Cerberus = dog of the underworld

Charon = ferryman

Pele = sun goddess

Xilonen = sun goddess

Snow White was a black girl adopted by white ones living in a castle. Because her white parents were ashamed of her colour they dressed her in tall white dresses and she always had to have a white cape on her head. When she grew up her parents were ashamed of her even more and she wasn't allowed to go outside anymore. Inside she was allowed to guide visitors through the castle. But one day a forest prince heard of this and abducted her. He took her to his castle where he gave her bread of wings. When she would eat of it she would be at the beach all of a sudden. So she did and could watch the sea, where an enormous huge ship was coming forward full of skeletons. Snow White loved the ship and wanted to be a part of it. The skeletons made her captain, and soon the ship was coming against the evil castle of her parents. She didn't have any mercy, although her parents were begging her to spare them. She let them be thrown into a pit in the depths of the castle, while the prince turned them into dragons by his magic. Snow White blamed her parents that they never gave her bread of wings. This was the true story of Snow White. The other was a lie.